DELTA GREEN

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

Six Terrifying Operations for *Delta Green: The Role-Playing Game*

HORROR NEVER DIES

Born of the U.S. government's 1928 raid on the degenerate coastal town of Innsmouth, Massachusetts, the covert agency known as Delta Green opposes the forces of darkness with honor but without glory. Delta Green agents fight to save humanity from unnatural horrors—often at a shattering personal cost.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA collects six Delta Green operations, or "nights at the opera" as agents sometimes call them. Each scenario stands on its own as a moment of terror. Combined, they expose agents to the edges of the horrors of the world of Delta Green, then suck them into abysses of fear and desperation from which the world itself may never emerge.

- » **REVERBERATIONS:** An introductory scenario in which the agents confront foes that were old before Delta Green was born.
- » **VISCID:** Investigating a geneticist's gruesome death, the agents confront lethal conspiracies and horrors that never should have been made.
- » **MUSIC FROM A DARKENED ROOM:** The agents must investigate a house that may be haunted by things more terrifying than ghosts.
- » **EXTREMOPHILIA:** Can the agents stop the spread of an unnatural threat? Or will they become just another vector for the disease?
- » **THE STAR CHAMBER:** The agents must hear and adjudicate the horrific after-action report from another team—by way of playing out scenes from the earlier mission in between scenes of the present day.
- » **OBSERVER EFFECT:** The agents investigate a cutting-edge physics laboratory that may have looked a little too deeply into the nature of reality.
- » An index helps the Handler build broader connections between horrors in the campaign.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA is playable with **DELTA GREEN: THE ROLE-PLAYING GAME**, an award-winning update to one of the most acclaimed RPG series of all time.

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This is a work of fiction.

DELTA GREEN

// A Night at the Opera //

Six Scenarios of Lovecraftian Horror and Conspiracy

ARC DREAM PUBLISHING PRESENTS *DELTA GREEN: A NIGHT AT THE OPERA*
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“*Blank Frank is the siren, he’s the air-raid, he’s the crater. / He’s on the menu, on the table, he’s the knife and he’s the waiter.*”

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Introduction

Delta Green is a game about death. It is about agents who risk their lives to protect their families and the world from unnatural forces beyond human comprehension.

It is very, very easy for agents to go insane or die.

How do you build an ongoing campaign in those circumstances? One scenario at a time.

That is how these scenarios were built. Each stands alone as a self-contained excursion into terror and death. And yet they can see a team develop and grow, as the survivors bond with each other but alienate their careers and families. Discrete moments of terror may reveal a single, larger story. A story of agents who fight and die to protect the things they are most likely to lose. Of the bonds that form between strangers who can rely only on each other for survival. Of the influences of unnatural powers that flow into the world of humanity and out again like an unseen tide, or like a pulse in the heart of the cosmos. A story of Delta Green.

A Handler running these scenarios as a series should space them out. The Delta Green organization—whether your Agents serve the Program or the Outlaws—tries to restrict a team's operational tempo to two or three missions a year. More than that and the tolls on stress and health, and the high risk of death, make a team's cohesion and stability unlikely. That in turn makes future operations' success less likely. Of course, there's no predicting when an unnatural crisis will demand an operation. Delta Green's goals and methods often seem to involve as much wishing as planning. That can be a dispiriting lesson for veteran Agents to learn, and it can mean a devastating operation is barely over when the next one begins.

Here's a sample timeline. "Reverberations" works well as an introductory scenario, so it is a good place to start. And "Observer Effect" can be particularly cataclysmic, so it may give you little choice but to mark the end. Adjust the dates to suit your campaign and other scenarios that you might play along the way.

- "Reverberations" in May 2016.
- Home scenes covering June to September, and then "Viscid" in October 2016.
- Home scenes covering November 2016 to May 2017, and then "Music From a Darkened Room" in June 2017.
- Home scenes covering July 2017 to February 2018, and then "Extremophilia" in March 2018.
- Home scenes covering April to August 2018, and then "The Star Chamber" in September 2018.
- Then barely a month of "real life" passes, with no time for home scenes, before "Observer Effect" in November 2018.

Beyond that, who knows? Agents die. Worlds end. Iterations of reality fold in on themselves at a god's mindless whim. A Handler's goals, too, often mean as much wishing as planning.

Be seeing you.

Shane Ivey
March 2018
Scientia mors est

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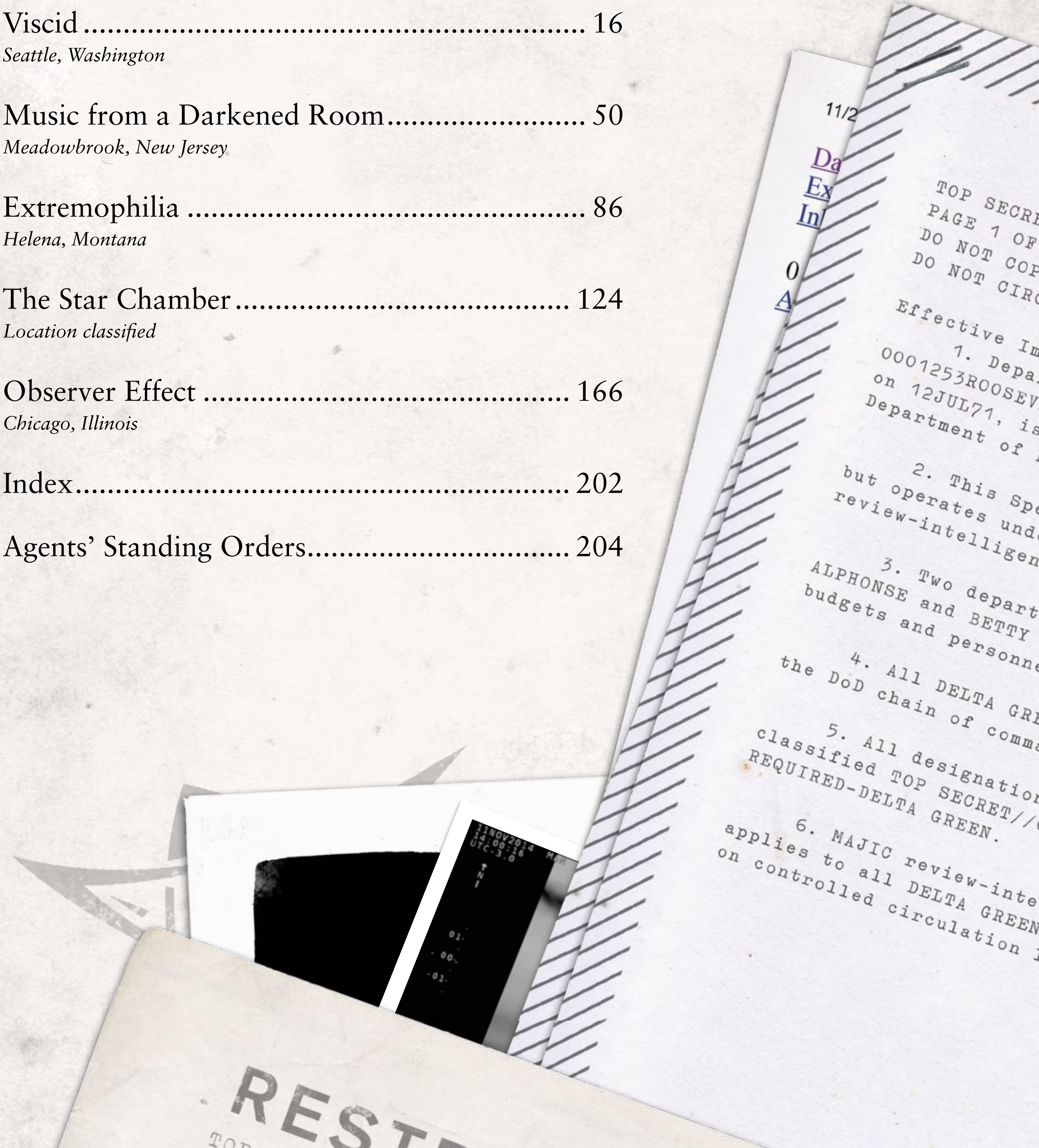

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// Reverberations //

“Oh God, it’s in my brain!”

Reverberations

By Shane Ivey

Introduction

A Nineties rave drug called Reverb is back on the streets, better and stronger than ever. Now, its users and dealers have started vanishing. The Agents must identify and stop the source of the unnatural drug.

This scenario is meant to introduce new players and new Agents to Delta Green. It focuses on concepts that may be familiar to old hands: the Tcho-Tchos, the Liao drug, and the diluted version of Liao called Reverb. It takes place nominally in Chicago but could be played in another big city.

Rumors

The DEA is investigating a network of otherwise unrelated gangs engaged in smuggling and drugs. DEA auditors reconstructed some of the network's financial books out of interviews and uncovered financial records. The audit found a disturbing pattern of mid-level "employees"—dealers—vanishing without a trace. A common factor seems to be involvement with a new hallucinogen called Reverb, a drug that does not seem to be part of the network's activities. Are these dealers all in hiding, or is the organization cleaning house?

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Delta Green

The Program's interest was triggered by mentions of the drug Reverb, in watch lists from the days before there was a Program. In the 1990s, Reverb was connected with Chicago Tcho-Tcho street gangs that were disrupted during mafia crackdowns in the 2000s. The drug doesn't just get people high. It exposes them to unnatural forces. The Agents are to confirm whether this new Reverb has unnatural effects, find the source of the drug, and cut off the supply. The Program also sends a disturbing warning: *The Tcho-Tchos are a corrupted people. Do not trust them.*

Lucky for us, exactly how much truth there is to reports of the Tcho-Tchos' unnatural corruption is beyond the scope of this scenario.

Assets

The Agents have access to non-Delta Green characters of the Handler's choosing. These could be player characters not yet recruited into the Program. Examples include:

- A DEA or DOJ accountant who stumbled across the apparent trouble. The Agents must keep her close for help with research, and to keep the details from spreading.
- An undercover DEA agent in a gang that's trying to muscle into the Reverb market and has insider expertise of the local underworld. The Agents must make contact without blowing his cover.
- An FBI agent officially running the Agents' task force but who needs to be kept out of the loop because she's not in the Program.

About the Tcho-Tchos

Well-educated Agents may know something about the Tcho-Tchos. Add together an Agent's **Anthropology** and **History** skills to determine how much the Agent knows or can quickly find out. The rest can be learned with research or by interviewing experts. That takes a day for each new level of information. See **WHAT EXPERTS KNOW** on page 8.

About Reverb

The Agents can investigate Reverb's effects by talking to users, analyzing the drug itself, and interviewing Tcho-Tchos familiar with it.

Users

The Agents can get users to talk about taking Reverb. They can easily find a couple at Studio Overground, a popular but shady nightclub. Agents who are clearly police have a harder time than civilians. Reverb isn't illegal—it's too rare to have caught political attention—but nobody wants trouble.

One user—Ella Smith, 30-year-old waitress, occasional bookkeeping student, and party girl—says it gets you high, but it's more than that. It makes time stretch, and feels like you repeat the same instant again and again. It makes dancing and especially sex better than they've ever been. It feels like the high can never end.

Damien Lucas—a 22-year-old high-school dropout who make ends meet with odd jobs and occasional dope sales—has more to tell, but he doesn't say it out loud. Not at first. He gets nervous and fearful. Getting him to open up requires careful handling: empathetic but not condescending or pitying. If in doubt, have an Agent roll for **Psychotherapy** at +20%, **Persuade**, or **Charisma** at –20%. Lucas reports time not just stretched but missing entirely. Memories of days that happened entirely differently than anyone else recalls. Visions of weird places and people. He seems to drift into a distressing reverie as he speaks. **SAN** loss: 0/1. An especially sensitive Agent (one with a mix of low **SAN** and high **INT**, **POW**, and/or skills like **Art**, **HUMINT**, and **Psychotherapy**) may suffer the "edges" of a flashback along with him. **SAN** loss: 0/1D4.

Missing Persons

Cross-referencing missing person reports (typically filed a few days after the disappearance) with a history of experimental drug use in areas frequented by Reverb dealers finds a clear correlation.

Interviews with missing users' friends can confirm Reverb use if the interviewer succeeds with **Persuade**, or has a convincing approach and **Charisma**.

If the Agents investigate more than one missing user, they learn that the user vanished from a room that was unaccountably wrecked: furniture and walls and floor damaged like someone took a sledgehammer to them. There was no hammer. **Forensics** finds no traces of tool use—no paint, wood splinters, or metal shards, and the damage does not match the shape of any tool. There was no blood or other sign of harm.

Such a weird disappearance is distressing and heartbreaking to family and close friends. Play that up to drive home the stakes of the Agents' actions.

Analysis

Cops and DEA have no samples of Reverb to study—it's not on any narcotics registries; there are no laws against it to enforce—but the Agents could acquire doses on the street and analyze it in a lab with an appropriate **Science** skill or **Pharmacy**. Each capsule is mostly sugar, with a small amount of MDMA—which certainly is restricted—and a miniscule, nearly trace, amount of something else. The "something else" seems to be the primary hallucinogen. It's a naturally-occurring alkaloid, probably derived from a plant. A mild psychotrope and narcotic, it affects the hypothalamus and central nervous system. But there's nothing to indicate the profound hallucinogenic effects that users report. Even a deep specialty like **Science** (**Neurology**) cannot discern what signals it communicates within the brain, or how. Examining it closely enough to reach that weird limitation of science costs 0/1 **SAN**.

Neurological examination of the brains of three or more frequent users—using **Medicine**—reveals that this mysterious active ingredient accumulates in the brain. It does not dissolve.

The DEA's files purport to include chemical examinations of Reverb from the Nineties, but those examinations went missing over the years.

If the Agents ask their case officer, the Program can provide an old chemical analysis of Reverb, delivered via old-fashioned handoff at a busy park. The case officer says to bring a brown leather briefcase to swap at a park bench. The report was stolen from the DEA in the early 2000s. It matches the discoveries Agents could make for themselves, but Reverb in those days included no MDMA.

Tcho-Tcho Interviews

The Tcho-Tcho community is embedded in the city's larger Southeast Asian neighborhoods. Talking to Tcho-Tchos, the Agents can learn about Reverb's source in Liao. That requires a careful, respectful approach and access to one or more appropriate skill at 40% or higher: **Foreign Language (Cambodian, Chinese, Tcho-Tcho,** or **Vietnamese), Anthropology,** or **Occult**.

The Tcho-Tcho community is insular. They expect outsiders to focus on the cannibalism and rape that appear in anthropological studies of their history, and have no reason to indulge that interest. Agents have to overcome their suspicions. The Tcho-Tchos most willing to talk to the Agents are the ones most interested in learning more about them—especially if they sense that the Agents are aware of the unnatural. They want to turn their interviews into later access.

INFORMAL MEETINGS: Approaching the Tcho-Tcho community informally, Agents might meet grocer Huo Zhang, restaurateur Chey Thuy, or tea-shop owner Tran Van Giap. They are friendly and inquisitive, but strive to learn more about the Agents than the Agents learn about them. They offer tea and snacks, including stir-fried vegetables with a thick, creamy sauce that has a hot, peppery aftertaste. They call it pork *bon dzhow:* pork ganglia paste, a delicacy.

THE CAAA: The Agents might contact the Chauchua-American Advocacy Alliance for background on

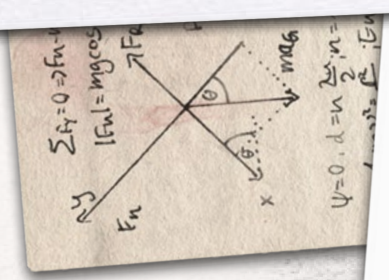
>> What Experts Know

Skills	Knowledge
Anthropology and History add up to 20%–39%	Tcho-Tchos are most often found in Malaysia and mainland Southeast Asia. Vietnamese Tcho-Tchos were U.S. allies in the Vietnam War, and many emigrated to the U.S. after suffering terribly as a consequence. They are also known as the Tochoa, Yueh-Chi, Chauchuas, and Tachoans.
Anthropology and History add up to 40%–59%	Tcho-Tchos have been subject to deep prejudice and persecution among other Southeast Asian emigré communities, thanks in part to an odd religion that involves ritual sacrifice and self-mutilation. A well-funded advocacy group, the Chauchua-American Advocacy Alliance, struggles to protect Tcho-Tchos' reputation and improve their social, political, and economic standing. (See **AMITY AND NORMS IN THE CHAUCHUA DIASPORA** on page 9 and **CULTURE WATCH: CHICAGO NEWS AT NINE** on page 10.)
Anthropology and History add up to 60%–79%	Tcho-Tcho names follow Malay, Vietnamese, Cambodian, or Chinese linguistic traditions. The Tcho-Tcho language is very little known outside insular communities.
Anthropology and History add up to 80%–99%	French missionaries in Indonesia described the Tcho-Tchos as a withdrawn tribespeople who at first seemed friendly, but who showed a propensity for sudden ambush and violence. To the Chinese, they were the Yueh-Chi, "those with the knife smile," and were shunned as cannibals.
Anthropology and History add up to 100%+	To the Greeks, the Tcho-Tchos were the Tochoa, and they swept in and violently ruled much of what is today Afghanistan before being pushed back to the Asian wilds in the third century BCE by the Sassanid Persians. No one truly knows where the "Tcho-Tcho" people hail from or what the phrase "Tcho-Tcho" means.
Anthropology and History add up to 100%+ and the Agent has Occult 50%+	One disreputable text says the Tcho-Tchos are from Leng, a fabled mountain in the depths of China. Another says they are from a hidden city called Dho-Hna, beneath the Earth. They supposedly travel between our world and those mystical realms.
Unnatural 15%+	The Tcho-Tchos are not fully human. Ill-famed sources say they are an offshoot of humanity created by the Great Old Ones, and they secretly serve the Great Old Ones to this day.

Amity and norms in the Chauchua diaspora

Henrietta Cole, Department of Anthropology, University of Chicago, 1126 E 59th Street, Chicago, IL 60637, USA. Published in the *Proceedings of the Sixth Annual Conference of the Anthrosocial Institute* (October 2011).

ABSTRACT: Interviews with members of Chauchua tribes in the U.S. and in their traditional homelands in Southeast Asia, cross-referenced with a review of historical literature, reveal distinctive norms that recur across the contexts of cultures into which the Chauchua assimilate. We study Chauchua traditions that take the values of physical strength and psychological dominance that all societies treasure, and embrace them to a hypertrophic degree that excludes ideas of "fondness" or "natural affection." There is no way to say "I love you" in the Chauchua language; the closest analogue would be "I take pleasure in your deference." The Chauchua struggle to maintain cultural identity necessitated an embrace of taboos such as incest and anthropophagy. Tribal hierarchies were established by power display and violence, which extended to interpersonal interactions and shaped emotional rules and semantics. There are no analogs to the concepts of reciprocity and patronage: "If I share my food with you during this time of want, you ought to do a favor for me later." In their place exists a network of threats, expressed with a richly nuanced vocabulary of abuse. Traditional Chauchua relationships do not include amity, only favorite slaves. Most notably, familial amity emerged as a cultural trait only with the influence of surrounding cultures. By Chauchua tradition, kindness is seen as a perversion. Even the weak currying favor from the strong is an alien concept, since it's presumed that the strong simply take what they want without waiting for it to be offered. Weak Chauchua are abused as a matter of course by strong Chauchua, in ever-shifting patterns of allegiance and relative status. At the top are malevolent deities, who are owed not reverence or loyalty, but terrified obedience. Finally, we examine ways in which the Chauchua struggle for cultural identity created an imperative to dominate, betray, and manipulate outsiders, an expectation often expressed in keen attention to the "weaknesses" of compassion-based cultures.



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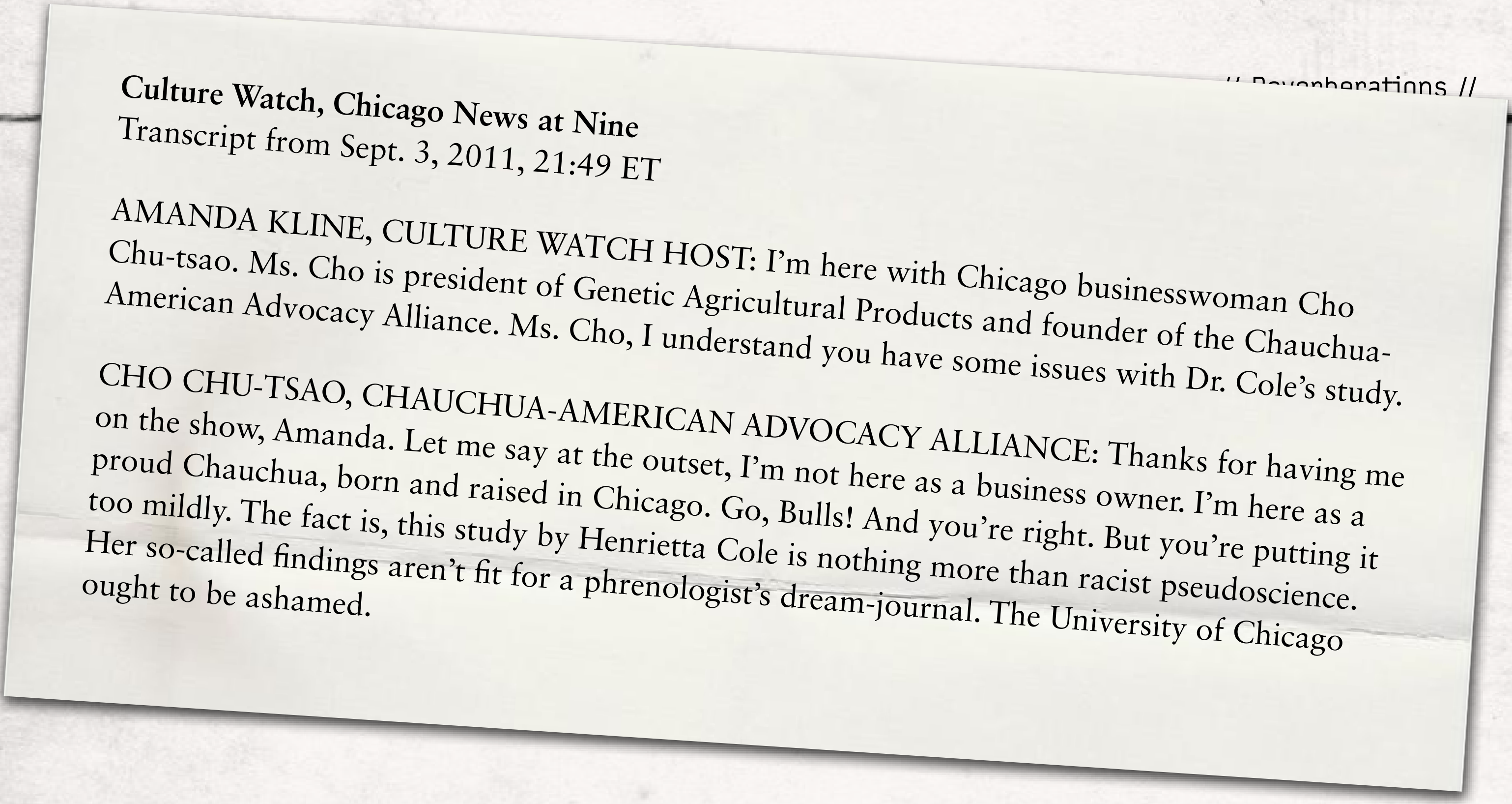


Culture Watch, Chicago News at Nine
Transcript from Sept. 3, 2011, 21:49 ET

AMANDA KLINE, CULTURE WATCH HOST: I'm here with Chicago businesswoman Cho Chu-tsao. Ms. Cho is president of Genetic Agricultural Products and founder of the Chauchua-American Advocacy Alliance. Ms. Cho, I understand you have some issues with Dr. Cole's study.

CHO CHU-TSAO, CHAUCHUA-AMERICAN ADVOCACY ALLIANCE: Thanks for having me on the show, Amanda. Let me say at the outset, I'm not here as a business owner. I'm here as a proud Chauchua, born and raised in Chicago. Go, Bulls! And you're right. But you're putting it too mildly. The fact is, this study by Henrietta Cole is nothing more than racist pseudoscience. Her so-called findings aren't fit for a phrenologist's dream-journal. The University of Chicago ought to be ashamed.

Tcho-Tcho culture. The director is Trang Duc Bian, a retired physician in her sixties, who was born in Vietnam and gained American citizenship after her family fled for the U.S. Dr. Bian is a close colleague of CAAA founder Cho Chu-tsao, and a dedicated member of Cho's lethal Shukoran cult. She reports all interesting contacts with outsiders to Cho. Dr. Bian is friendly, hospitable, canny, and thorough. She offers her business card to each Agent and expects theirs in return. Her office is wired for video and sound and she records the meeting. If she senses that the Agents are not being truthful about their intentions, her people launch an investigation of the Agents that may lead to dire complications after this scenario.

About Liao

If the Tcho-Tcho conversations go well, the Agents can learn the following:

- Reverb contains traces of Liao, the "black lotus," a very rare and sacred flower. In a painting of the flower—in the hands of a bizarre god called Shukoran, with midnight-black skin and an elephant-trunk face—it looks something like the Brahma Kamal lotus, but deep purple.
- Liao comes from the Himalayas. It is named for a mythical Chinese alchemist who is said to have discovered its powers.
- Liao has been holy to the Tcho-Tchos since time immemorial. It is used in ceremonies to contact the gods and see visions of the past and future.
- Mixing Liao into a common street drug was sacrilegious 20 years ago and is sacrilegious today. It's good that Reverb went away all those years ago.
- Consuming Liao in the wrong amounts risks insanity.

On that last point, an Agent with **HUMINT** 40% or higher recognizes that the interview subject is withholding something worse, something more frightening than mere insanity. Further details can be gotten if the Agents treated the assertions of Liao's sacredness with respect. The subject says taking too much Liao, or exploring its revelations too deeply, risks losing oneself to hungry spirits. The Tcho-Tcho uses an old Sanskrit term, *preta,* a malevolent ghost from Buddhist and Taoist traditions. But an Agent with **HUMINT, Occult,** or a Southeast Asian language at 60% or better discerns something else. The phrasing and tone of voice imply a spirit that is not human.

The only way to divert the preta is to meditate upon a void or upon a perfect sphere, things that confuse and calm the spirit. It may help to smoke a very small dose of Liao, and to beg the forbearance of Shukoran, the hungry god who watches the paths and punishes transgressors. **SAN** loss for Agents who take this seriously: 0/1.

The Tcho-Tcho offers no Liao to outsiders, but especially devious Agents could find and steal some by succeeding at both **Stealth** and **Search** rolls.

Dealers

To find the source of Reverb, the Agents have to talk to the remaining dealers. The DEA files can indicate a few of the network's dealers who haven't yet vanished and might be involved with Reverb. With **Criminology** and some legwork, they can get confirmation from a user who is tied to the streets but doesn't mind talking to investigators: Sally "High Sally" Francis, so called because she's fair-skinned, not because she's high, though she usually is.

Sally points to two dealers: Rufus LaRoyal Brown, aka "Roofie," and Lucien "Bad Luke" Riggs. Brown is in a police station, under arrest and being interrogated on a heroin charge. Riggs is at large.

At the Station

The Agents must use **Persuade** to convince the police to let them interview Rufus Brown. A believable justification and a **Charisma** test can get the cops to obtain specific information on the Agents' behalf, but the cops don't have the leverage to make the dealer talk about Reverb's source. Or the Agents can use **Law** or **Bureaucracy** to assert DEA or FBI jurisdiction over the case and ask for the suspect to be handed over.

On the Streets

Guided by a local expert like High Sally, the Agents could find and try to grab Lucien "Bad Luke" Riggs on the street. Done clumsily, that could easily become a shootout unless the Agents are obviously police making an arrest. Riggs usually is flanked by three or four friends, one or two with pistols.

A Name

Persuade can convince Riggs or Brown to talk about the source, if the Agents apply the right leverage. Emphasizing the risk of sudden disappearance and the promise of protection would do it. The dealer says the source is Spider J, a black man in his 30s. That's the only name he knows.

Interference

If the Handler wants to make things tougher, the Agents could run afoul of rival gangs who want Reverb's source for their own purposes, police trying to do right or do wrong, or a community reporter chasing the story of Reverb's resurgence.

Afterward

A few hours after meeting with the Agents, the dealer vanishes from a locked holding cell or a bedroom, screaming, every surface marred with gouges and scratches with no trace evidence or blood left behind.

The Source

The Agents can get some information about Spider J from the local drug cops and DEA task force: Jacob Silas Simmons, black male, age 32, U.S. Army veteran, former contractor with the heavily militarized security firm Academi (formerly Blackwater), no employment record in the last two years, no fixed address. He has family in town but sees them infrequently.

Simmons' army records indicate two tours in Afghanistan. He was court-martialed in Afghanistan for suspicion of smuggling, but the charges did not stick and he received an honorable discharge.

Simmons appears in the files whose audit launched this whole investigation, one rank up from the dealers seemingly at risk of going missing—a "supervisor," you might say.

Academi reps decline to say a single thing about his employment or whether he was in fact employed with them at all. A military character who talks to an Academi rep off the record can get information with a **Persuade** test or by having **Charisma** 13 or better. Reduce the Charisma requirement by 3 for an officer and by 3 for special-operations experience. The rep says Simmons worked three assignments in Afghanistan and was busted twice for taking unauthorized trips in country to meet with natives. Some suspected he was involved with drugs. The company did not make that accusation officially but declined his application for a fourth contract.

Finding Spider

Local cops can help the Agents track down Spider J, unless the Agents alienated the police earlier. If that's the case, the Agents have to get creative. They could recruit a local informant who knows everyone (High Sally would do it), if they put out some money and say they're willing to turn a blind eye toward what the money gets used for.

Spider J stays at the Excelsior Hotel, in a room that's in the name of a girlfriend (Tanyika Taasa Tillerson, unemployed, supported by boyfriends like Spider) but paid for with his cash. He keeps store-bought video cameras, positioned discreetly and connected to a computer and screens in his room by wifi, as a cheap security system. They watch the hotel's entrances, the elevators and hallway on his floor, and the fire escape on his floor. The girlfriend comes and goes.

The Agents can easily learn that Spider is alert, athletic, armed, and violent. Catching him without getting anyone hurt will require forethought, stealth, and decisive action.

The Room

But as it turns out, Spider is home and is in no position to fight or flee. His glassy eyes and the residue in his pipe indicate he's dosed himself with Liao. A window is open, overlooking a cluttered alley several stories below. The laptop that stored video feeds from his cameras is gone.

The Agents have a short window in which to interview Spider J. No more than an hour; maybe only a few minutes. The exact amount of time is up to the Handler. The more efficient their investigation leading here, the more time they have.

Spider can tell the Agents the following, depending on how much time they have and what questions they ask.

- What Liao is, and what it does in Reverb.
- At first he says "she" told him to take Liao, a lot of it. But he can't remember who or why, and then he forgets that anyone told him to do it at all.
- Spider got Liao drug from connections in Afghanistan. Tcho-Tcho elders controlled access to it and forbade exporting it, but Spider helped make sure they all died in a drone strike. The youth of their tribe were happier to trade.
- Spider found the equipment to mix Liao into enough Reverb to establish a new market, and he added MDMA to punch it up. It was an ambitious move.
- He has purer Liao not yet cut for the street. He's surprised to learn that it's not in his room.
- Spider did not tell his superiors in the network about bringing Reverb back and amping it up with MDMA. He figured that if it was a hit, he could bring it in as a success. But when they found out, they started scaring his dealers and eventually came for him. He is distressed to realize he cannot remember a thing about anyone from the network.

The Footage

The missing laptop is in the alley beneath Spider's apartment. The woman who convinced Spider to overdose on Liao couldn't be bothered to carry the thing around. She threw it out the window and it smashed to pieces. An Agent with **Search** 40% or higher could find its pieces.

An Agent with **Computer Science** or a relevant **Craft** at 60% or higher could repair it enough to review footage. One segment shows an unknown woman entering Spider's apartment earlier that day, walking into the building past people who explicitly said they never saw her. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.) In the grainy footage, the woman looks Hispanic or mixed-race, in her 30s or 40s, dressed professionally. Her image does not come up in any facial-recognition database. No one in the building or nearby remembers her.

For now, this is a dead end, intended to show that Spider was involved in something much more dangerous than he knew. Later, it could lead the Agents deep into the occult underworld. The woman was several ranks above Spider in the network. A longtime ally of Cho Chu-tsao, she is a sorcerer skilled at manipulating behavior, memories, and perceptions. She persuaded Spider to overdose, altered his memories, and took the remainder of his supply of Liao. Long ago, in New York, the cultists of the Fate called her the Lord of Truth.

The Hound

As the Liao takes hold, Spider raves about things seen in the past. Agents who know enough to believe what Spider is reporting lose at least 0/1 **SAN**, perhaps more than once.

- A choice moment from Delta Green's history.
- A Mayan or Aztec pyramid bathed in blood.
- A hardy people crossing a landscape of ice.
- A reptilian creature standing like a man, in elaborate silk robes, in some kind of laboratory, surrounded by implements of glass and metal. Through a tall window, a dinosaur scavenges in the jungle outside. This is obviously long before humanity. If it's not a hallucination, then through whose eyes or senses is he seeing?
- Then he's leapt too far back. He can barely conceptualize what he sees, let alone describe it. Lights and energies pulsing, intersecting, full of malice. He becomes terrified. He's looking at the essence of evil.
- Two surfaces converge. Something comes out of the line where they meet. He can't describe it. It's like all the evil of the universe, concentrated and alive—and hungry.
- He realizes with horror that *the thing has sensed him*. He shrieks. He begs to know why he can't come back to himself.
- *"Oh God, it's in my brain!"*

If the Agents fail to stop the manifestation, a Hound of the Angles emerges from the corners of Spider's eyes and grows, looming over him and the Agents. (See **THE HOUND OF THE ANGLES** on page 14.)

The SAN loss may well be catastrophic. Agents who go temporarily insane find their understanding of physics and spirituality completely shattered. Spider was seeing things that truly happened. His consciousness really was going back in time, back to when the universe was new—and found that the universe itself was alive with inhuman evil. An insane Agent gains 5% in the **Unnatural** skill, or adds 1D6% if the Agent has already gained Unnatural from an insane insight before.

The hound bloodily destroys Spider, shredding the very space-time that his shape occupies. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D6.) If an Agent interferes with it, or if one of them is on a dose of Reverb and Liao and therefore catches its interest, it attacks that Agent, too. But it does not pursue them, as long as it has not finished consuming Spider. It vanishes with the remains of its prey into the angles, leaving a wrecked room but no biological trace of its victims.

Stopping the Hound

The Agents can stop that from happening by killing the dealer or rendering him unconscious.

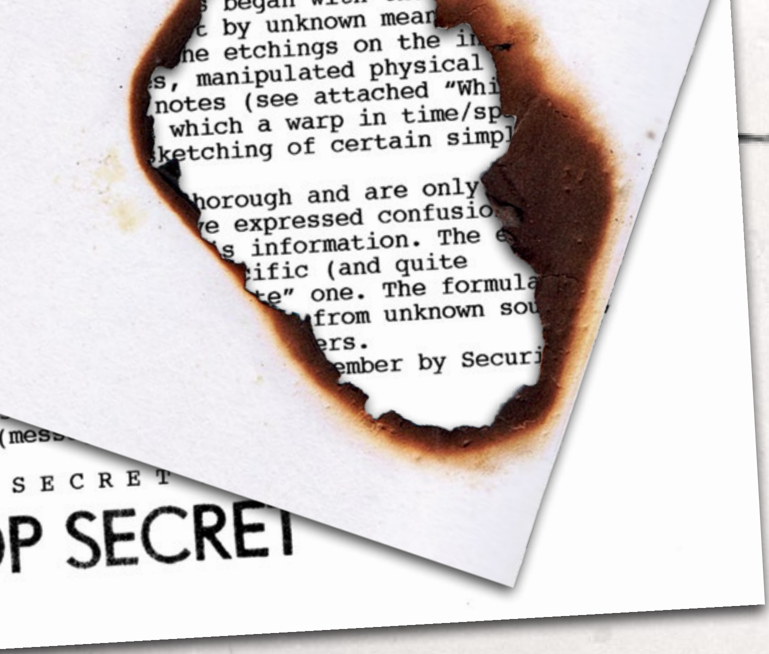
Or they can escape by leaving the hound to devour Spider. Unfortunately, it becomes more attuned to this time and place, and hunts more Reverb users until the supply dries up and the incidents cease.

If they begin during Spider's trip, and they got instructions from the Tcho-Tchos, they can attempt to stop the hound's manifestation. The Agents must meditate upon a wholly empty void or upon a perfect sphere. After they begin, ask each player to write down what his or her Agent is meditating upon or thinking about. Next, each should make a **POW** test. An Agent who has a well-established history of meditation, or who has mastered any unnatural rituals, gets a +20% bonus. If all are meditating on the same thing—all the void, or all the sphere—use their best roll and ignore the rest. If any meditate upon different things, use their worst roll and ignore the rest. Oppose the Agents' result with the hound's POW test. If the Agents win, the hound does not emerge into the wider world.

If they obtained Liao, the Agents may attempt to follow a Tcho-Tcho tip to take a small dose. Unless the Handler decides the recipe is in an old Delta Green report, mixing Liao correctly requires having gotten instructions from a Tcho-Tcho interview subject, and then an Agent succeeding at a **Pharmacy** test. (A failed roll leaves the Agents intoxicated, with a –20% penalty to all tests, including Sanity; a fumble means any Agent who fails a **CON** test is pulled into Spider's disastrous trip.) Each Agent under the influence of a correct dose gains a +40% bonus to the POW test.

If the Agents understand that they stopped the hound's manifestation, each gains 1D6 **SAN**.

Whether the hound comes for Spider at some later date, and when, is up to the Handler.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Characters

Generic cop, dealer, and federal agent templates can stand in for the Agents' antagonists and allies.

Cops

Officer Lowe, Stockwell, or Taslim.

A Police Officer

STR 13 **CON** 11 **DEX** 10 **INT** 10 **POW** 12 **CHA** 10

HP 12 **WP** 12 **SAN** 60 **Breaking Point** 48

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 50%, Bureaucracy 30%, Criminology 30%, Drive 40%, Firearms 40%, HUMINT 40%, Law 30%, Melee Combat 50%, Persuade 50%, Search 40%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: .40 pistol 40%, damage 1D10.
AR-15 carbine with Eotech sight 40%, damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3.
Baton 50%, damage 1D6.
Stun gun 50%, stuns target.
Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4–1.

ARMOR: Reinforced Kevlar vest, Armor 4.

Drug Dealers

Roofie or Bad Luke.

A Drug Dealer

STR 12 **CON** 11 **DEX** 10 **INT** 9 **POW** 10 **CHA** 8

HP 12 **WP** 10 **SAN** 45 **Breaking Point** 40

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 50%, Dodge 40%, Firearms 30%, Melee Combat 40%, Persuade 40%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: 9mm pistol 30%, damage 1D10.
Baseball bat 40%, damage 1D8.
Knife 40%, damage 1D4, Armor Piercing 3.
Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4–1.

Federal Agents

The Agents' FBI contact or an undercover DEA agent.

A Federal Agent

STR 11 **CON** 12 **DEX** 10 **INT** 12 **POW** 12 **CHA** 12

HP 12 **WP** 12 **SAN** 60 **Breaking Point** 48

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 50%, Bureaucracy 40%, Criminology 50%, Drive 50%, Firearms 50%, HUMINT 50%, Law 30%, Persuade 50%, Search 50%, Unarmed Combat 60%.

ATTACKS: .40 pistol 50%, damage 1D10.
Stun gun 50%, stuns target.
Unarmed 60%, damage 1D4–1.

ARMOR: Kevlar vest, Armor 3 (only if expecting trouble).

The Hound of the Angles

This terrifying, geometric entity boils into our four dimensions from sharp angles and edges. Its body is composed of a thousand shards of glittering, razor-sharp fragments of space-time which move and reform in the vaguest outline of a quadrupedal predator. It hunts in a similar manner to a dog, wolf or tiger, stalking prey, taking it down, and rending it into a bloody mess. Then it vanishes with its victim's remains into some inscrutable corner of reality.

The Hound

STR 25 **CON** 25 **DEX** 20 **INT** 15 **POW** 20

HP 25 **WP** 20 **SAN** n/a

ARMOR: See **INCONSTANT FORM**.

SKILLS: Alertness 90%, Angular Apport 75%, Stealth 50%, Track (via extradimensional means) 95%, Unnatural 50%.

ATTACKS: Shard Sweep 65%, damage 2D6 (see **SHARD SWEEP**).
Shard Swarm 70%, Lethality 10% (see **SHARD SWARM**).

ANGULAR APPORT: On a successful Angular Apport skill roll, the hound can leap into or emerge from any sharp, physical angle—a corner of a room, the lip of a table, or even the hinge on a pair of glasses—effectively teleporting between those two points instantly no matter the distance. In this manner they pursue their prey, so outrunning them is an unlikely outcome, no matter the speed of escape.

CURVED SPACE: Exposure to large areas composed of curves, spheres or circular surfaces causes the hound's "swarm" of shards to lose coherency. The hound is well aware of this weakness, and does its best to avoid and flee such areas. Each turn of exposure to such a space causes the hound 1D6 damage. If reduced to 0 HP from exposure to curves, the hound disintegrates and seems to fold out of three-dimensional space (likely returning it to its place of origin).

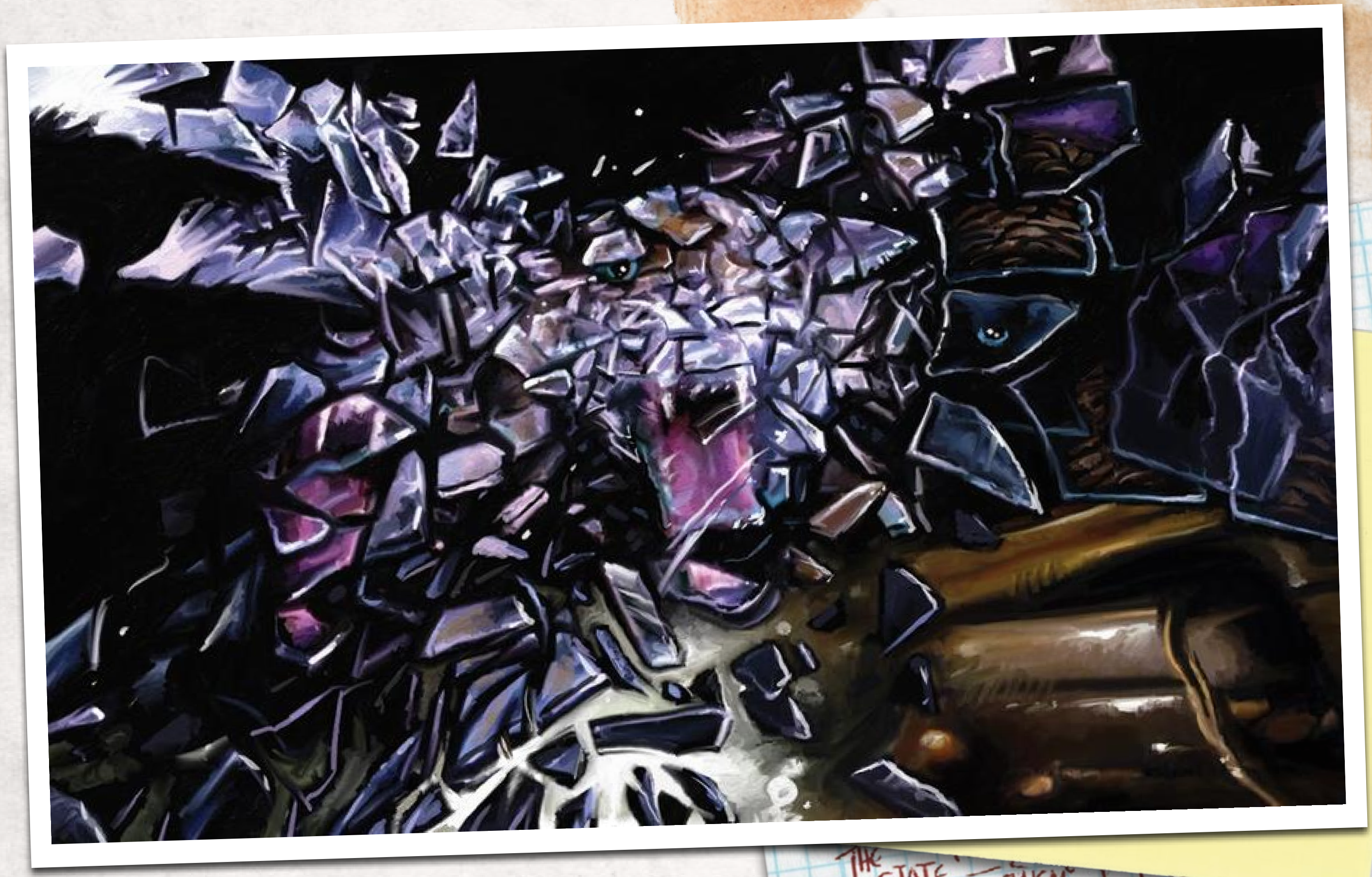
INCONSTANT FORM: The hound can fold, change, stretch, extend and warp its form in amazing ways, altering its size as needed from moment to moment. It can effectively attack anyone within 10 meters by directing its form to a new location. Because it has no "body" and is instead composed of a thousand swirling, reflective shards of space-time, the hound is immune to all attacks except hypergeometry.

INHUMAN STATS: A test of a stat with a score of 20 or higher is a critical success on any roll up to the stat's score, and on any roll of matching digits except 100, which fumbles.

SHARD SWEEP: The hound unleashes two "limbs" composed of shards, peppering a target with 2D6 damage. It ignores body armor but can be blocked by cover.

SHARD SWARM: The hound engulfs the victim in a swirling mass of shards, rendering the target down to a bloody mess with a Lethality attack of 10%. It ignores body armor but can be blocked by cover.

SAN LOSS: 1D6/1D20.



// Viscid //

Indigo liquid hardened to a glass-like consistency, leaving a pile of unidentifiable matter in a bathrobe.

Viscid

By Dennis Detwiller

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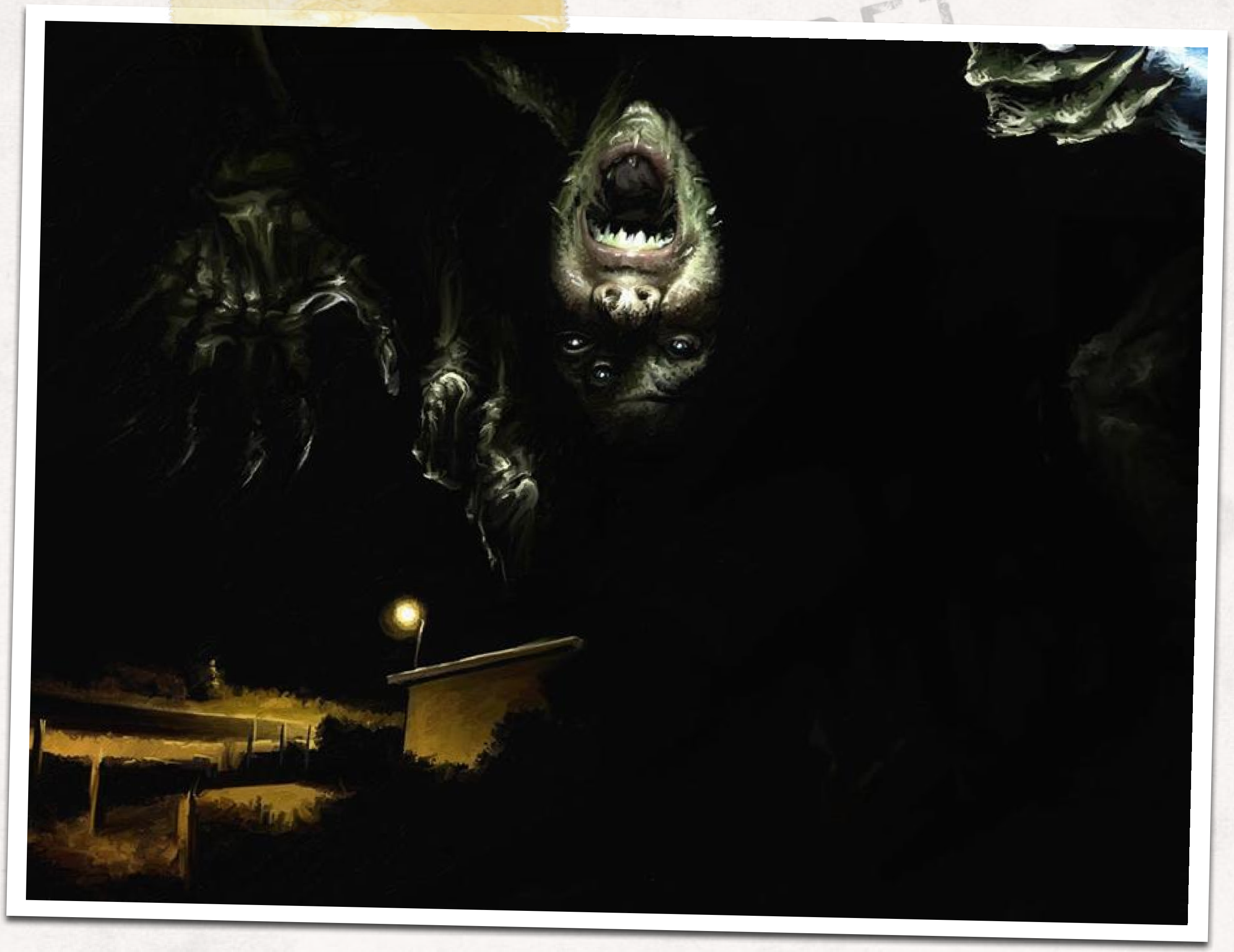
Introduction

For decades after the recovery of alien remains and technology in New Mexico in 1947, the secret program codenamed MAJESTIC operated at the highest levels of the American government. It adapted and deployed alien science and intelligence to remain free of outside interference. After a lethal power struggle brought about the group's dissolution in 2001, survivors took what they could and scattered across the country, building new identities and organizations.

Many were scientists who exploited MAJESTIC's alien knowledge for personal gain.



One of MAJESTIC's last leaders, Gavin Ross, has been in hiding for years under a series of false identities. Well over 70, he looks a vibrant and lively 60 because of MAJESTIC project ARC DREAM, research bent on unlocking the secrets of human DNA as understood by alien intelligences. Since a 2012 screening revealed aggressive colon cancer, Ross has been taking ARD15: tiny, blue pills created by ARC DREAM to arrest cellular degeneration and forestall death. These pills are almost gone. And once you take ARD15, you cannot stop.

Ross, who had a long history of licensing benign alien technology to small front companies, hired a private contractor to recreate ARD15 from his dwindling supply.

That's when the deaths began.

Viscid is likely to require two or three game sessions: one to investigate the deaths of researcher Tibalt Grieves and his girlfriend Amber Griffin, and to learn about Grieves' research; and a second (and perhaps a third) to investigate the dangerous organizations that sponsored Grieves, identify and track down Gavin Ross, and confront the horrors animated by Grieves' work.

Background

Through paper fronts and intermediaries, Ross strongarmed a former ARC DREAM researcher, Dr. Tibalt Grieves, to recreate ARD15 from unprocessed samples of the "culture" from which the substance was originally extracted. Where this culture came from, Ross and Grieves have no knowledge.

Unknown to Ross or Grieves, this culture—an odd, milky blue substance referred to as "Blue Blood"—is actually the remains of a MAJESTIC operative on whom the original substance was tested: U.S. Air Force First Lt. Daniel Ulee. That substance consumed Ulee from the inside out and rendered him down to undifferentiated cellular material, later refined and made safe by ARC DREAM into ARD15. But Ulee did not precisely die. His consciousness is trapped in every cell of the original Blue Blood sample, aware, alive, and quite mad.

Working in a secret biohazard lab in his home in Mill Creek, Washington, Grieves accidentally woke the Ulee-thing. It killed Grieves and his girlfriend, consumed portions of their biomass, and escaped. Now, the local police, CDC, and FBI are involved, and other bodies marked by the Blue Blood infection have turned up. A contact in the CDC alerted Delta Green. But reports of the deaths are all over the local news and will likely go national.

Worse yet, every sample of Blue Blood over a certain size is a Ulee-thing in the making. Each shares a single, insane desire—to return to Ulee's wife and child in Montana and enact a horrific reunion.

Things One, Two, and Three

When the Ulee-thing, nothing more than a few ounces of undifferentiated biological material, insinuated itself into Grieves' body in the early hours of the morning of October 1, a biological chain reaction began.

The substance quickly hijacked portions of Grieves' anatomy, enough to form a rudimentary structure for mobility. Then part of it ripped itself back out, taking much of Grieves' tongue, esophagus, and trachea with it, and dropped to the kitchen floor. Grieves stumbled from the house and collapsed in the driveway at 3:55 A.M.

Grieves' live-in girlfriend, Amanda "Amber" Griffin, woke to the commotion, and stumbled into the kitchen to find something grotesque and spiderlike, composed of assimilated muscle, cartilage, bone, and blue fatty tissue, waiting for her. The Ulee-thing leapt on her and fed again, growing strong enough to move greater distances under its own power. Now the size of a large dog, the Ulee-thing was a mess of biology—small, childlike limbs freshly grown, tinted blue, along with rudimentary sensory organs.

Sunlight quickly destroys Blue Blood. When the sun rose, the Blue Blood lingering in Grieves' corpse disintegrated, taking the structure of the corpse with it.

Ulee One, as we will call it, has found refuge in a rotted, abandoned trailer near the Mill Creek home. It lies in a torpor during daylight and hunts at night, growing. By October 5, it assimilates enough biological material to reconstitute itself in a vaguely human size, nearly 100 kg in mass. Then it will make a beeline towards 19099 Pulaski Street, Billings, Montana, the last address Lt. Daniel Ulee knew for his wife, Isabella. Ulee One will leave a chain of corpses (many eaten) in its path as it stows away in vehicles, and later steals and drives vehicles itself. It seeks Ulee's widow, who has thought of him has dead for more than 20 years. It arrives in Billings, Montana, on October 10, and begins to hunt her.

It gets worse. On October 2, the day before the Delta Green Agents arrive, the CDC ordered samples of the "UNKNOWN BIOLOGICAL SUBSTANCE 1" discovered at the Grieves house flown to Atlanta for study. The samples were flown in a sealed sample box on CDC Flight 191 Secure, a small plane with a crew of two. It was in this box that Ulee Two awakened. Ulee Two, like Ulee One, believes itself to be "Ulee." It broke out and overwhelmed the crew. Two hours after takeoff, Flight 191 went down in Clearwater National Forest, Idaho, under unknown circumstances.

Ulee Two easily survived the impact. It consumed the crew, gaining enough mass to make it a formidable predator roughly the size of a small bear (over 200 kg). It began to move towards Montana to find "its" family. It will arrive on October 12, searching for Ulee's wife.

Rescue flights overhead saw find a burned-out, broken-up aircraft. The CDC ordered them to stay away. The Agents may find an aluminum sample-case blown out from the inside, and plenty of blood but no bodies.

Again, it gets worse. The remains of Amanda "Amber" Griffin will reconstitute in the Snohomish County Medical Examiner's office on October 5 as Ulee Three, and attempt escape. It goes on its own murder/assimilation spree. By October 15, Ulee Three, a full ton in mass, will arrive in Billings, searching for Isabella Ulee.

Each Ulee-thing believes it alone is Daniel Ulee. After 22 years trapped in disembodied semi-consciousness, the Ulee-things revel in motion, violence, and death. Ulee's mind disintegrated long ago. What remains of him longs only for his wife and child—a reunion which means consumption.

See the **TIMELINE** on page 44 for likely events.

Behind the Scenes

All of this was set in motion by Gavin Ross, once the second-in-command of MAJESTIC. Ross gained access to many old MAJESTIC files and projects through Robert Justin Ortega, the illegitimate son of the former director of the MAJESTIC project, Justin Kroft. Kroft, who oversaw the child's welfare remotely through legal entities, supplied the young man with many secrets on his 21st birthday, long after Kroft's death. These secrets included cherry-picked projects from secret MAJESTIC files, held at a self-contained, heavily guarded storage facility. This information, if properly used, is worth tens of billions of dollars. Ross, who had made a career of outmaneuvering Kroft, knew all about Ortega, and Kroft's plans. When the time came, he was there, posing as Michael Bellek, a loving and supportive uncle, the colleague and best friend of Ortega's dead father.

Bellek helped Ortega make sense of the secrets that Kroft left behind. Ortega sees Bellek as a consigliere and takes his advice. Meanwhile, Bellek has been plundering old MAJESTIC files and samples. With Ortega's permission, he has sifted and sorted valuable but harmless patents and fed them to Ortega's company, Ancile, Inc. Ancile is an up-and-comer in the defense industry, due in no small part to compelling patents secretly gleaned from MAJESTIC'S alien science.

Bellek recovered the Blue Blood samples from Ortega's stash and sent them to Grieves, along with money and files, through a private investigator. With Grieves' death, Bellek has scrambled a team led by a covert operator to "clean house" so the buck stops nowhere near him.

First, Bellek needs to insulate himself from the private investigators who conveyed everything to Grieves: Dinot, Belton, and Wells, in Mill Creek. At 2:45 A.M. on October 3, Bellek's mercenaries firebomb the detective agency. This fire is so serious, the whole mini-mall around it is reduced to slag. Fire officials are certain it was arson. Nothing survives the fire.

The day after the fire, on October 4, one of Bellek's operatives tracks down Evelyn Wells of the detective agency. While eating lunch in a Qdoba restaurant, she is shot with a high-powered rifle. Miraculously, she survives and even gets a glimpse of the shooter before he flees and she passes out. After four hours of surgery, Wells is placed in a medically-induced coma. When she wakes on October 12, she gives police the shooter's description and the make and license plate number of his car, along with the oddities of the deliveries and surveillance she handled for and over Grieves. It will not take police long to realize she was delivering money and supplies to Grieves, including the biological samples.

Unless the Agents interfere.

Briefing

The Agents are hastily summoned by their Delta Green contact—their case officer in the Program or their A-cell liaison in the Outlaws—to a briefing in Seattle, Washington, the morning of October 3. They have been assigned to Operation MALTA. Their mission is to identify and contain unnatural threats, prevent further unnatural threats from developing, and prevent public awareness of the unnatural.

The Agents are being sent as FBI or CDC consultants; or, if they are already federal law-enforcement officers, they have been peremptorily assigned to an ad-hoc, Top Secret task force organized by the FBI. Their usual employers are given to understand that it is a situation of national security. If anyone digs, they might find that it's organized by the FBI's National Security Branch, Weapons of Mass Destruction Directorate, Investigations and Operations Section, in an office that answers no questions whatsoever.

Give the players the Agents' briefing from page 22.

Investigating Grieves

Investigating Grieves through IRS records and other government documents reveals surprisingly little. A retired geneticist born in Ithaca, New York, he was about 60 years old at the time of his death. Grieves earned doctorates in molecular biology, genetics, and biochemistry at Northwestern University while in his mid-twenties. He was recruited out of a teaching and research position in Northwestern's genetics program in 1985 by the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA).

People who knew him before this recruitment remember that he underwent a complete personality change at that time. He had been socially awkward but outgoing. He became an introvert, utterly closed off, who disappeared from the lives of his friends and family.

Grieves worked for DARPA from 1985 to 2001. His listed location of operation was Mt. Weather, Virginia, a well-known continuity-of-government site with extensive FEMA facilities and research laboratories. Grieves' home address and details of his employment in that period have been, suspiciously, erased from all government records.

In 2001, Tibalt resigned from DARPA and moved to the outskirts of Seattle. He filed a patent for a fast, cheap blood-typing process called AntiABD, and executed lucrative licensing agreements with several large biomedical firms. This patent generated approximately $10 million in five years. He sold it to Merck in 2005 for a lump-sum payment of $18.8 million. Tibalt invested his own money. At his death, he had a net worth of nearly $21 million and no debt. Quite unusually, he meticulously did his own taxes. They are honest and up to date.

After 2001, Grieves apparently did little beyond managing his money and buying the affection of strippers, porn stars, and prostitutes. In this time, he began to see Amanda Griffin, a stripper at Rose's Gentleman's Club. By 2010, she was his exclusive girlfriend and lived in his house. They were together until they died.

Grieves' Lost Years

Agents can pursue details of Grieves' "lost" years, from 1985 to 2001, if they seek contacts in DARPA and in the world of secret defense research projects. The details of that pursuit depend entirely on the Agents' backgrounds, the players' approach, and the Handler's interests.

Agents in the Program could simply ask their case officer look into Grieves. After about one hour, the case officer informs them tersely that Grieves and his employment are not a matter they are to look into. Find, contain, eliminate. The rest is under control.

If the Agents pursue Grieves' background on their own, they might eventually make contact with a colleague in DARPA or the Department of Defense who finds something to share. A FedEx package arrives, containing 36 sheets, photocopies of photocopies. They appear to date from the mid-1980s to early 1990s. Most are heavily marked with deep black redactions, including the classification marks. On one sheet, the classification mark escaped redaction: TOP SECRET / SPECIAL ACCESS REQUIRED / MAJIC. No one has heard of that classification.

A washed-out photo shows a much younger Grieves with the job title: GENETICIST, PROJECT CORE, DIRECTOR OF NONHUMAN PATHOLOGY. REPORTS TO KROFT, J., DIRECTOR.

Another page gives an address for Grieves in Upperville, Virginia.

Another page has enough unredacted text that an Agent with **Medicine** or a relevant **Science** skill—**Biology**

Operation MALTA Briefing Summary

Compiled from reports and photographs by police officers, the medical examiner, FBI agents, and CDC specialists.

October 1

- **5:45 A.M.:** *Seattle Times* delivery driver Ernesto Torres finds the body of retired geneticist Tibalt Grieves in the driveway of Grieves' home. Torres calls the police.
- **6:01 A.M.:** Police officers Michael Grant and Jeffrey Daly arrive. They detain Torres but do not arrest him. Their reports say that Grieves had suffered grievous wounds to his mouth, neck, and face, and that crows had gathered to pick at the body.
- **6:05 A.M.:** Finding Tibalt's front door open, officers Grant and Daly enter the house. They find another body, later identified as Grieves' live-in girlfriend, Amanda Griffin. The officers report that Griffin's mouth is covered in blood, which had congealed to a blue-black pile, and her skin has a distinct blue tinge.
- **6:09 A.M.:** The officers cordon off the house and call for detectives and the medical examiner.
- **6:32 A.M.:** Snohomish County Medical Examiner Louis Stubbs arrives with medical investigators. Detective Emily Dunser arrives a few minutes later.
- **6:45 A.M.:** Dunser and Stubbs enter the house. An evidence technician takes photos.
- **7:09 A.M.:** Sunrise. Officers outside call Stubbs to look at something strange happening to Grieves' body. Over eight minutes, it collapses into a blue-black "goo" that solidifies to the consistency of hard candy and smells of chlorine and honey. The process leaves only Grieves' left hand and feet intact. Time-stamped photographs cover most of this disintegration. Stubbs and his assistant bag and seal the remains.
- **7:21 A.M.:** Detective Dunser and the evidence technician photograph what look like small, bloody footprints in the kitchen, near Griffin's body. These prints, smaller than a toddler's, seem deformed and misplaced. A clear toe mark indicates at least one of the tracks is human.
- **7:25 A.M.:** Dunser follows the strange tracks to the closet that holds the furnace. Behind the furnace, Dunser finds a wall standing on a hinge, swinging freely. Behind is a room built in what had been the garage.
- **7:29 A.M.:** In the hidden room, Stubbs recognizes an expensive biohazard lab complete with air scrubbers and an air conditioner that maintains negative air pressure. Stubbs orders everyone out and alerts the CDC and the FBI. Mill Creek Police Chief Bob Crannel orders that no one be allowed to leave the scene. Police set up a cordon around the block.
- **8:40 A.M.:** A CDC team led by Roberta Kane arrives from Seattle. FBI agents and the first of many reporters soon follow. A biohazard tent is built around the house. Everyone who has been exposed to the house and to Grieves' body is removed to Providence Regional Medical Center in Everett, Washington. The CDC tests them for infectious diseases. All are cleared.
- **9:21 A.M.:** Elizabeth McReady and Marty Posthewaite, Grieves' next-door neighbors, are evacuated from their homes. They return home in the evening.
- **10:21 A.M.:** Kane examines Grieves' lab. She collects unusual samples from a small, silver sample case with biohazard markings and a stamp which reads, "BOUNCE." Inside are twelve vacuum-sealed packages containing a substance that Kane designates "Unknown Biological Sample 1." One package is open. Kane describes its contents as "undifferentiated cellular material with human characteristics."
- **11:50 A.M.:** Kane, a Delta Green contact, alerts a case officer to the strange things found in Grieves' house. Operation MALTA is set in motion.
- **2:40 P.M.:** The CDC orders the samples collected from the Grieves lab flown to Atlanta for study.

October 2

- **8:01 A.M.:** The CDC loads Unknown Biological Sample 1 onto CDC Flight 191 Secure, a small plane with a crew of two. It departs for Atlanta.
- **9:46 A.M.:** Butte, Montana, air control loses contact with Flight 191 after a moment of garbled radio. There was no report of malfunction. The transponder places Flight 191 in Clearwater National Forest, Idaho.
- **11:22 A.M.:** Search-and-rescue flights spot smoke and locate the wreckage of Flight 191. The CDC instructs rescuers to stay away from the wreckage.

October 3

- **8:00 A.M.:** Operation MALTA begins.

or **Microbiology**, for example—can identify it as part of a virology study. An Agent with 60% or higher in the relevant skill says the text, while admittedly incomplete, is confusing. It seems to deal with viruses that affect the brain, but that behave like no viruses known to Earth.

Grieves' Secret History

These details could emerge if the Agents have a long and fruitful talk with Gavin Ross, aka Michael Bellek. They are meant give the Handler additional context and could be the seeds for future scenarios.

In 1985, Grieves went to work for MAJESTIC. The transformation that started his friends and family had a single cause: Grieves saw pages from the COOKBOOK, a gift from the Others, an apparently alien civilization, that outlined the secrets of human genetics.

Grieves left his life behind and moved to Virginia, working out of a portion of Mount Weather Emergency Operations Center known to its employees colloquially as the Country Club: the headquarters of MAJESTIC. Grieves managed Project CORE, a growing web of research projects investigating human genetics. It particularly explored the exploitation of tailored viruses and altered animal biologies. Grieves' research led directly to targeted viruses and biological infections which worked on specific portions of the brain, such as the centers of memory manufacture, speech, and cognition. This work yielded drugs that became a favorite tool of MAJESTIC to silence witnesses.

During this time, Grieves grew close to Gavin Ross. Unknown to Grieves, Ross used him, multiple times, as a blunt tool to manipulate Kroft and other members of the MAJESTIC Steering Committee.

Grieves knew about other MAJESTIC projects. Project RECOIL concerned human experimentation and testing of biological "enhancements." Twice, Grieves consulted on these projects, once involving the creation of an anti-aging drug called ARD15 from samples recovered under classified circumstances.

When MAJESTIC disintegrated in 2001, Grieves escaped with two small file boxes filled with classified documents. One document outlined a process called ANTIABD TYPING; a fast, cheap blood typing enzyme that MAJESTIC had been using for years, but which was unknown to the public at large. Grieves settled in the Pacific Northwest, filed the patent, licensed it to several large firms, and sat back as the money poured in.

In 2012, Grieves was contacted by Michael Bellek—Gavin Ross under a new identity. Ross, or Bellek, had kept tabs on Grieves using back doors that MAJESTIC had installed in many government agencies. Grieves, fearing for his life, complied with Bellek's demands, thinking it a small price to pay for freedom.

Grieves' Body

There exist some inconsistencies in the police records. When first found and photographed, Dr. Grieves' body was intact, though bloodily damaged. Just half an hour later, it had collapsed into a pool of toxic-smelling, unidentifiable goo. No one knows how to explain it. The police, horrified by the notion of an uncontrollable biohazard, are uncomfortable discussing it.

The medical examiner's assistant captured this transformation was captured in a series of 16 photos with time stamps. These show Grieves' body turning a deep blue, then black, then collapsing in on itself. Soon after, the indigo liquid hardened to a glasslike consistency, leaving a pile of unidentifiable solid matter in a bathrobe. Only Grieves' left hand and feet remained. The remains were bagged and moved to the Snohomish County Medical Examiner's Office, where they currently reside in a body bag in cold storage.

Luckily for all concerned, exposure to sunlight effectively has rendered the "Ulee matter" in the corpse into an inert form that can never reconstitute.

Investigating Griffin

Amanda Griffin was an African American woman born in Olympia, Washington, in 1990. The Agents can piece together her background by interviewing her family, colleagues from her stripping days, boyfriends, and friends from high school.

Griffin was popular and well liked in high school, but she fled town suddenly in 2007. Just a year later, she was stripping in the Sea-Tac corridor, moving between clubs. This fact is well known in her home town.

A brief investigation can uncover the fact that Griffin's mother, Ophelia Tunney, divorced Amanda's father in 2006, and took up with Emil Artenza, a trucker with a history of sexual assault. He spent time in prison in Alabama for attempted rape in 1982. Artenza still lives with Tunney in the house where Griffin grew up. It is easy to piece together that Griffin fled home due to abuse by her mother's boyfriend, though it would be impossible to prove in court.

In the Seattle stripping scene, Griffin was well known and considered a good worker, as well as a friendly one. She had many repeat customers. But her career did not last long. In 2009, she found "the one": Dr. Tibalt Grieves, an older man who was filthy rich and who wanted to take her away from it all.

Amanda did care for Grieves, and looked after him with great affection, if not real love. She had a new car every year, endless shopping trips, and handbags worth tens of thousands of dollars. Grieves only drew one firm line: they could not buy huge houses or otherwise draw attention to themselves. They could never be publicly rich. For all their neighbors knew, the Grieves' household was up to its neck in debt.

Griffin asked nothing about Grieves' work, and found none of it suspicious. His well-known work with Merck made it clear he was "legitimate."

Griffin returned home to Olympia twice. The second time, Grieves came along. That meeting did not go well. If questioned about it, Artenza says that Grieves wore a $100,000 watch. Artenza made a few snide comments about Grieves' relationship with Griffin, and then Grieves took him aside. He said he knew a few people who might help Artenza get a "bilateral orchiectomy or some shit." Grieves explained this was the removal of both testicles. Artenza says: "Then he smiled and we went back to the table like nothing happened. I shut my fucking mouth. He was not kidding." Grieves and Griffin never returned.

Neighbors saw the couple from time to time, and told themselves stories about their relationship: "Oh, a midlife crisis lives next door."

Griffin would come and go at odd hours, and had other boyfriends. Grieves knew and did not care. She made him happy.

Setting Up Artenza

Clever agents would not need to work hard to set up Artenza as a suspect in the deaths of Griffin and Grieves. Simply locating some personal effect of Artezna's and placing it in Grieves' house, or faking a blood or semen sample on Amanda Griffin, would be enough to get the ball rolling.

Artenza's alibi for the evening amounts to two of his trucking buddies, Eliot Rocet (white male, age 46) and Malik Ali (African American male, age 39). Both have legal problems of their own and would fold easily under legal pressure. Even better, Ophelia Tunney would turn on Artenza instantly. She has been with him for years, an unhappy relationship being less terrifying than no relationship at all. But thinking that he killed her daughter changes everything. She grimly and thoroughly testifies as to Artenza's abuse of her and her daughter.

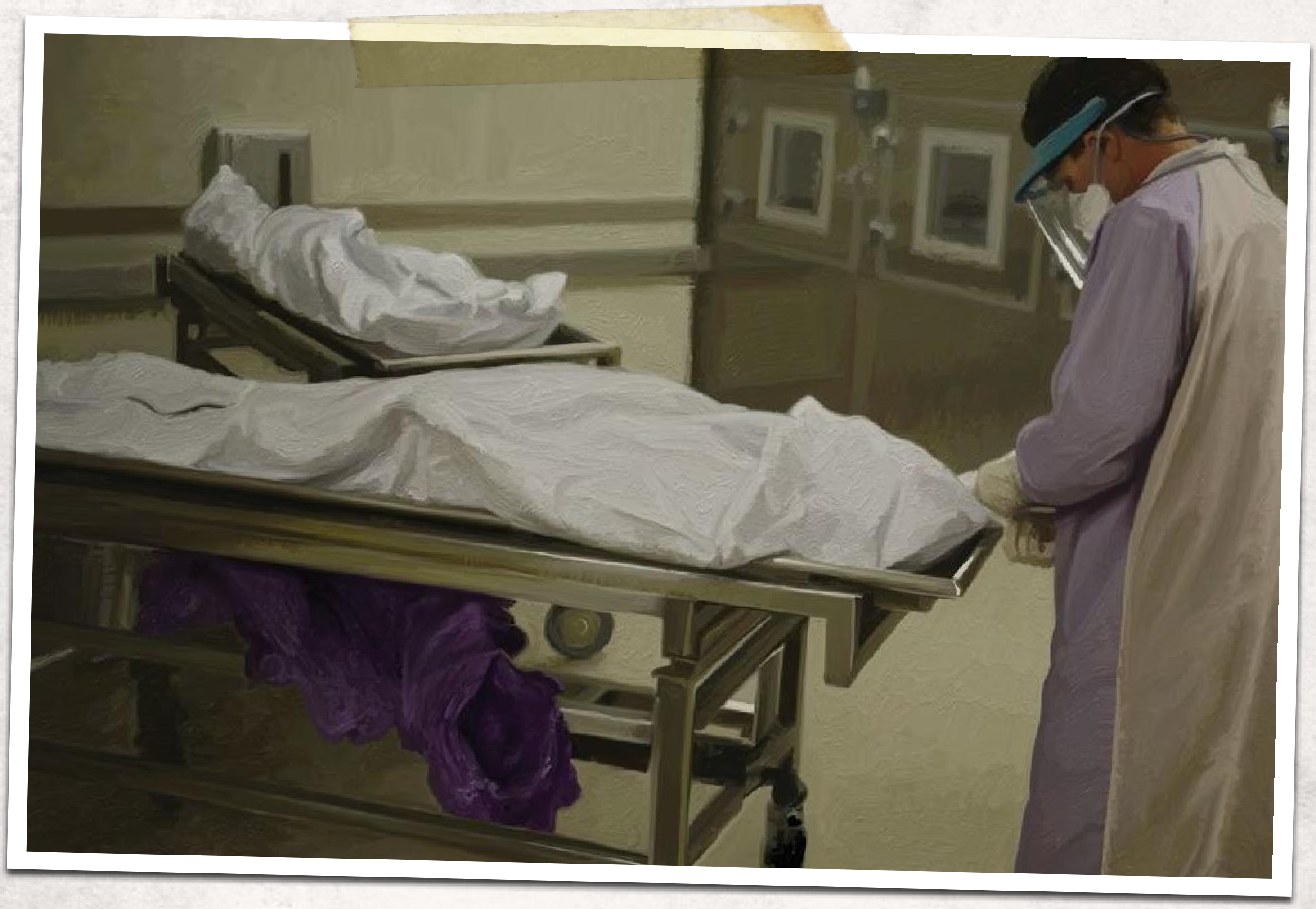
Griffin's Body

Griffin's body was briefly used as a receptacle for Ulee One. The Blue Blood substance infected and was insinuated into much of her body. Before this substance could take hold and go into overdrive, Amanda died. However, the Blue Blood in her is *not* dead. It continues to work on the body, slowly growing, consuming, and changing dead tissue into something not quite human. This process is microcellular, at first, but soon becomes evident on a much larger scale.

The body was bagged and moved to the Snohomish County Medical Examiner's Office where it was placed in cold storage. Dr. Louis Stubbs, the Snohomish County medical examiner, intended to complete an autopsy on it, but he held off once the CDC and FBI became involved. While jurisdictional issues are worked out, the body waits for autopsy, growing and changing from the inside out.

When the Agents arrive on October 3, the federal government has not yet decided to concede jurisdiction over the examination of Griffin's remains to the Mill Creek Police Department.

The night of October 5, the thing inside Amanda Griffin reanimates her, attacks and consumes much of a janitor, and escapes into the night. It is now Ulee Three, and it begins a rampage towards Billings, Montana.



On October 8, the federal government concedes that examination of Griffin's body falls under the jurisdiction of the Mill Creek Police Department. But by then, it is too late.

Dr. Louis Stubbs

The Snohomish County medical examiner is a white male, age 55. Dr. Stubbs has been the county medical examiner for 15 years. He mostly deals with car and motorcycle crashes, found bodies, and occasional violent crime. He has never seen a case like this.

Stubbs was smart enough to recognize the signs of something deeply beyond the ordinary in the Grieves case. He was the one who advised the police to lock down the site, to place personnel in quarantine, and involve CDC and the FBI. He is wise enough to understand when he is out of his depth—at least, until he sees a spark of something beyond science.

Now that the scene has been cleared, he is becoming convinced, more and more, he will never know precisely what went on at the Grieves house.

Stubbs is honest and careful. He is eager to cut on the remains of Amanda Griffin; but, due to various court orders and stays, he has been told not to.

Stubbs lives alone in a house in Olympia, Washington, and is a lifelong bachelor. He is, above all, a man of science. He does not truck with the supernatural—until of course, it is in his face. Then, even more terrifying, he will try to understand it.

To Stubbs, this case is a four-day wonder. As it drifts from the news and from the reports that cross his desk, his mind returns to normal business. But if he sees anything overtly supernatural, he will pursue that knowledge even in the face of mortal danger.

Recruiting Stubbs

Once Dr. Stubbs is exposed to the unnatural, bringing him in as a Delta Green friendly is an option. At first, it might even seem like a good one. However, Stubb's mind is not suited for the unnatural. He will, to the best of his ability, pursue all leads however outré, dangerous, or ill-advised. If the Agents recruit him, he might dissect Griffin's remains, bring a Blue Blood sample home to examine in off hours, or bring in colleagues as consultants, widening exposure. Once Stubbs is in, he's in for good, or until he becomes the mission.

Testing the Remains

The Agents can examine Amanda Griffin's body in the county morgue, but they have to talk the medical examiner into it or else get around him and his staff. Stubbs is holding the body until the federal, county, and city governments work out who should take possession. It would be professional negligence for him to allow anyone to look at it in the meantime.

If Agents obtain a sample of Blue Blood from Griffin or anywhere else, they can get Dr. Kane's help to find a laboratory and run tests. The results are interesting and might be useful.

Agents with **Biology** 20% or higher and appropriate equipment discover the cells have human characteristics, though their lifecycle seems to be based on carbon dioxide. The cells are also extremely resilient, and have a second, almost plantlike cell wall surrounding the cell membrane.

Agents with **Biology** 40% or higher and appropriate equipment learn that the cells seem to react to changes in light. Ultraviolet B (found in sunlight) seems to be lethal in quick order, causing the cells to vibrate, heat up, and burst. Once the internal cell material breaches the cell wall and is exposed to ultraviolet B, it hardens to a thick, blue crystalline material.

Grieves' House

Grieves lived at 24th Drive Southeast, Mill Creek, Washington. Built in 1996, the house was bought in 2002 by Grieves in cash, from fully legal sources. It is a small, four-bedroom rambler without a basement, at the end of a cul-de-sac, surrounded by high evergreen trees. It has a small, fenced yard in the back. The back of the house, and the houses on the culdesac are surrounded by a greenbelt and a drainage stream.

With Grieves' death, it is unclear who now owns the property. He had no will and no known next of kin.

The Footprints

Tiny, malformed footprints cut an arc from the lab through the furnace closet, down the hallway, and out the front door. There are extensive photographs of them, marked with size-comparison rulers. They are still there, covered with plastic cups.

Initially, it was believed they were the footprints of a child, though Griffin and Grieves had no children. Soon, theories began to arise that the marks were made by Griffin in her death agonies and only coincidentally looked like small footprints.

These marks were caused by the Ulee One after its rapid ejection from Grieves. Its mismatched anatomy, which included toes and fingers, drew skittering stains across the ground. There's not much more blood because the thing stopped and fed on it.

The Lab

The lab is about eight meters by four meters and contains hundreds of thousands of dollars of the most modern biological equipment. Any Agent with experience in biohazards or an appropriate **Science** skill can tell it is as close to a Biosafety Level 4 lab as Grieves could manage. A recessed, highly specialized and expensive air-conditioning and scrubbing unit processes all air and releases purified air through two mundane-looking vents in the roof. The room has negative air pressure, meaning air is pulled in faster than it can escape. This unit was also plugged into a redundant, automatic, gas-powered backup electrical source.

Most work was done in what is known as a "cabinet laboratory," with gloves to work on samples within a secure workspace. The cabinet is a highly expensive piece of specialty equipment.

Odd, blue-white samples were recovered from the cabinet, as well as various notes. These were seized by the CDC and were dispatched to Atlanta on the doomed Flt. 191 Secure. It was also noted there was a hole in the right glove that goes through into the cabinet, as if it had been breached. A thin sheen of blood (matching Dr. Grieves') was located on the window of the cabinet as well.

Construction

In April 2010, Grieves hired two local firms to build the lab in the garage. A company called Thompson Specialty Construction handled the first round, at a cost of approximately $80,000. The second round of construction, by Monmouth Weather and Fitting, cost about $100,000. Grieves hired a third firm, Pacific Northwest HVAC, to install a complex air filtration and conditioning unit shipped in from the east coast.

Several other large, industrial-sized shipments were brought in. The laboratory cabinet's serial numbers indicate it was bought from a biotech firm in Pennsylvania for $125,000.

Grieves paid for all but one of these projects with cashier's checks and wire deposits from a bank in the Grand Caymans, in an account held by a company called Potentia Holdings, LLC. One check was sent from attorney Aaron Silverman, personally, to resolve a work stoppage due to mixed-up invoices.

Potentia Holdings, LLC

Potentia Holdings, which issued checks to the firms which installed the secret biolab equipment at Grieves' home, is a limited-liability company run from a post-office box in Washington, D.C., since 2007. It has a single employee, Aaron Silverman, listed as president. Silverman, 73, lives in Washington, D.C. He collects an annual salary of $1 from Potentia, but files paperwork like clockwork.

An Agent with **Accounting** 20% or higher can glean that the operating capital of Potentia is about $300 million per year. Much of the money is spent on real estate and retainers for personal services, with line items such as SECURITY, TRANSPORTATION, and RENTALS. Potentia owns buildings, vehicles, equipment, and storage facilities throughout the United States, and several offshore facilities in the Bahamas, Grand Caymans, and India.

An Agent with **Accounting** 40% or higher can read between the lines that the company is highly unusual, and that the name Aaron Silverman corresponds to a line item paid out yearly to the Washington, D.C., law firm Marcus, Silverman, and Greene. The single largest payout for PERSONNEL goes to someone named Robert Justin Ortega.

Neighbors

Grieves' neighbors have nothing bad to say about him, though some have choice words on his selection of company. For years he was known as a "rich guy who liked floozies," bringing home strippers and escorts. Since he settled down with Griffin, however, things have calmed down.

The woman next door, Elizabeth McReady, a widow who lives alone, admits she didn't care much for the doctor, but that he seemed "lost" and "frightened." McReady then attempts to recruit the agents into the Church of Latter-Day Saints.

Agents whose players say they are paying close attention, or who have **Alertness** at 60% or higher, notice a bundle of printed flyers that McReady just had printed. They are posters for her missing King Charles Spaniel, Estes. The dog has been missing since the night of October 2.

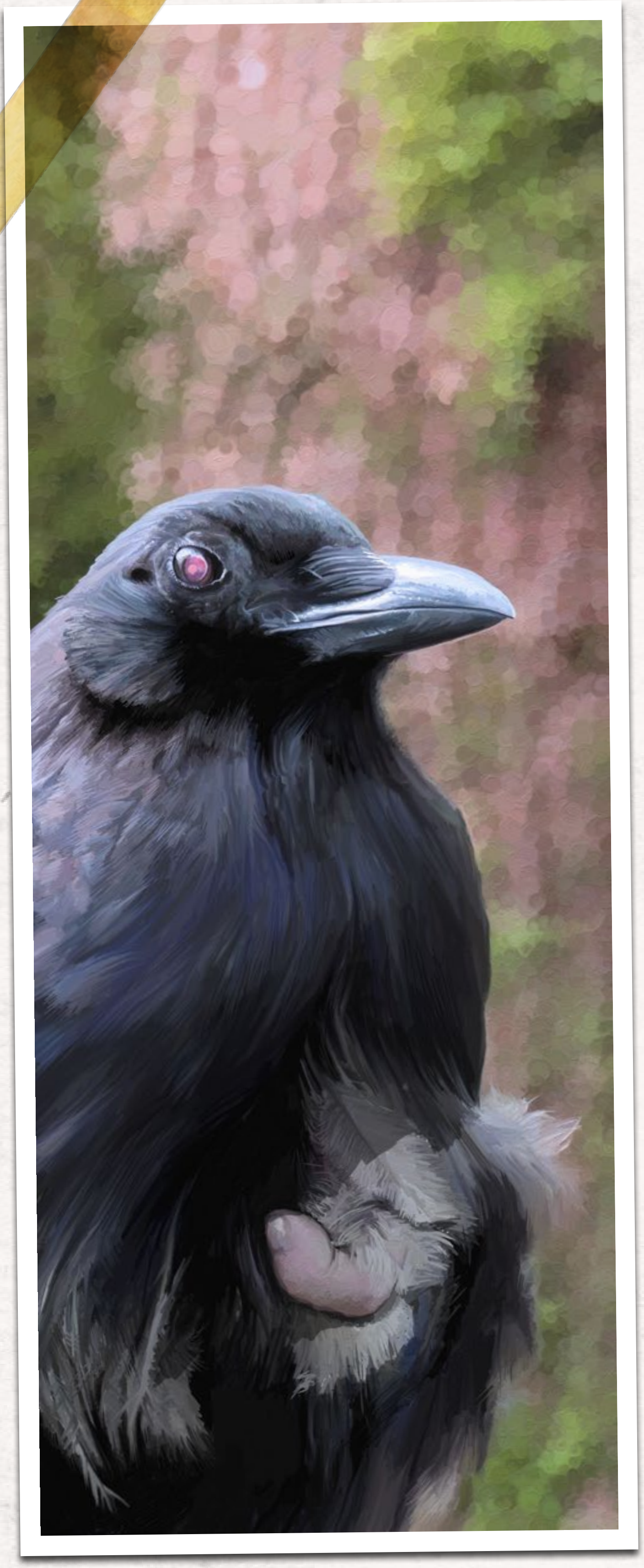
Another neighbor, Marty Posthewaite, noticed a brown Lexus sedan parked on the street several times, with a driver seemingly watching Grieves' house. Once, Posthewaite even went out and asked the woman in the car what she was doing. She showed him a private investigator's license. He does not recall the license plate of the car or the name on the license. But this was back before last Christmas.

In the days before the murder, nothing unusual was seen or heard from the residence.

Missing Animals

If the Agents ask questions in the neighborhood in the days following the incident, they quickly piece together that small animals are going missing. If they plot these out on a map of the area, they see that the disappearances occured near the green belt around Grieves' house.

The following animals disappear in the following order.



October 2:

- Estes, a small King Charles Spaniel belonging to Elizabeth McReady.
- Muffin, a grey cat belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Hough, around the corner. (But they don't notice until October 4.)

October 3:

- Elliot, a collie from 26th Drive Southeast, belonging to Maximilian Graff.
- Five chickens from a coop on 28th Drive Southeast, belonging to Dolores Jacobs.
- McFly, a German shepard from 121st Street, belonging to Mill Creek Police Officer Donald Kulnik.
- Darby and Snatch, two cats from a house at 122nd Street, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Pini.

October 4:

- Elwood, a Great Dane from 124th Street, belonging to Paul Olisco.

The Crows

Before the police cruiser arrived at the scene on October 1, half a dozen crows had landed in the early morning to feed on the remains of Dr. Grieves. Two of these crows ingested small amounts of the Blue Blood substance and were affected. The crows live in the trees in the green belt behind the houses. As the substance attempts to take hold of their biology, they struggle to survive. For some reason, the Blue Blood cannot successfully seize control of these birds. By October 10, both crows will be dead due to complications of infection from the Blue Blood substance.

Agents can easily find crows in the area, especially at dawn and dusk. Any Agent watching the local crows carefully observes two acting strangely. One has a blue-white streak in its feathers, and its head is tilted to one side at all times. The second flies in a clumsy manner, often alighting to trees to rest.

If the Agents kill or capture these specimens, they find that the blue-white-feathered crow has an odd, scaly growth on its neck, next to the strangely colored feathers. This growth emerges from its neck like a sore, which has caused the feathers surrounding it to fall out. In their place are a wave of scaly extrusions. Close study reveals these chitinous scales are human fingernails. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

The crow that flies clumsily has the first three digits of a human hand growing from its abdomen like a sore. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D4). Samples from this portion of the crow contain human DNA, along with unidentifiable biological matter. Running fingerprints from these fingers through an FBI or Department of Defense database identifies Lt. Daniel Ulee, U.S. Air Force. Ulee died in 1992 in a training exercise.

Capturing crows is difficult, as they are among the smartest animals on the planet. Agents who set out to do so must have a compelling plan. Crow traps are available for purchase, and with the right bait they have a high probability of working. Unfortunately, the odds are very low that any given captured crow will be one affected by Blue Blood.

Of course, there is always the option of a .22 rifle with a scope.

Ernesto Torres

Seattle Times delivery driver Ernesto Torres is an Hispanic male, age 26. Torres was first on the scene at the Grieves house, and called the Mill Creek Police Department at 5:45 A.M. He has no knowledge of the crime or its secrets. He is not infected with Blue Blood.

He was held by the two police officers, and later held at a local hospital when there was worry about infectious diseases. Torres cooperated, asked for no lawyer, and was released. His record is clean.

He lives alone in a trailer at the Creekside Mobile Home Park in Mukilteo, Washington. He drives daily on a long route, delivering the *Seattle Times* from a 2002 Nissan Sentra from 4:45 A.M. until about 8:45 A.M.

If questioned independently, Torres goes into great detail about the initial discovery of Grieves' body. He went over and swung at the "crows eating at the poor guy," but he did not touch the body.

Torres is cooperative and outspoken, and is somewhat excited by his newfound stardom. He has given multiple television interviews. However, he is trustworthy. If asked not to say anything, particularly by those in authority, he remains silent.

The Private Detectives

Dinot, Belton, and Wells Detective Agency was founded in 1992 by Aaron Dinot, a retired Seattle police officer. This Kirkland, Washington, business was first run from Dinot's home, and later from a small, walkup office in a shopping center. For the last 14 years it was housed in larger offices in a strip mall.

Dinot mainly monitored extramarital affairs—especially those involving Microsoft's millionaires—and the business boomed. In 1999, Dinot retired to Delray Beach, Florida, leaving the office in the care of his partner, Ted Belton. Dinot receives a check every month, but his involvement in the business is next to nil.

In 2005, Belton hired Evelyn Wells, a former detective from Tacoma, Washington. She quickly proved her worth, and by 2009 was a partner. Belton took on the role of manager and executive while Wells did field work. She maintained a chain of stringer detectives paid per job for the agency.

It 2010, the agency was hired by Potentia Holdings to courier paperwork and equipment (referred to as "vital business patents"). The money was fantastic. Wells took that job herself. This continued for months. Most deliveries came from a reshipper at the Port of Seattle and were taken to Tibalt Grieves' home on 24th Drive Southeast, Mill Creek, Washington.

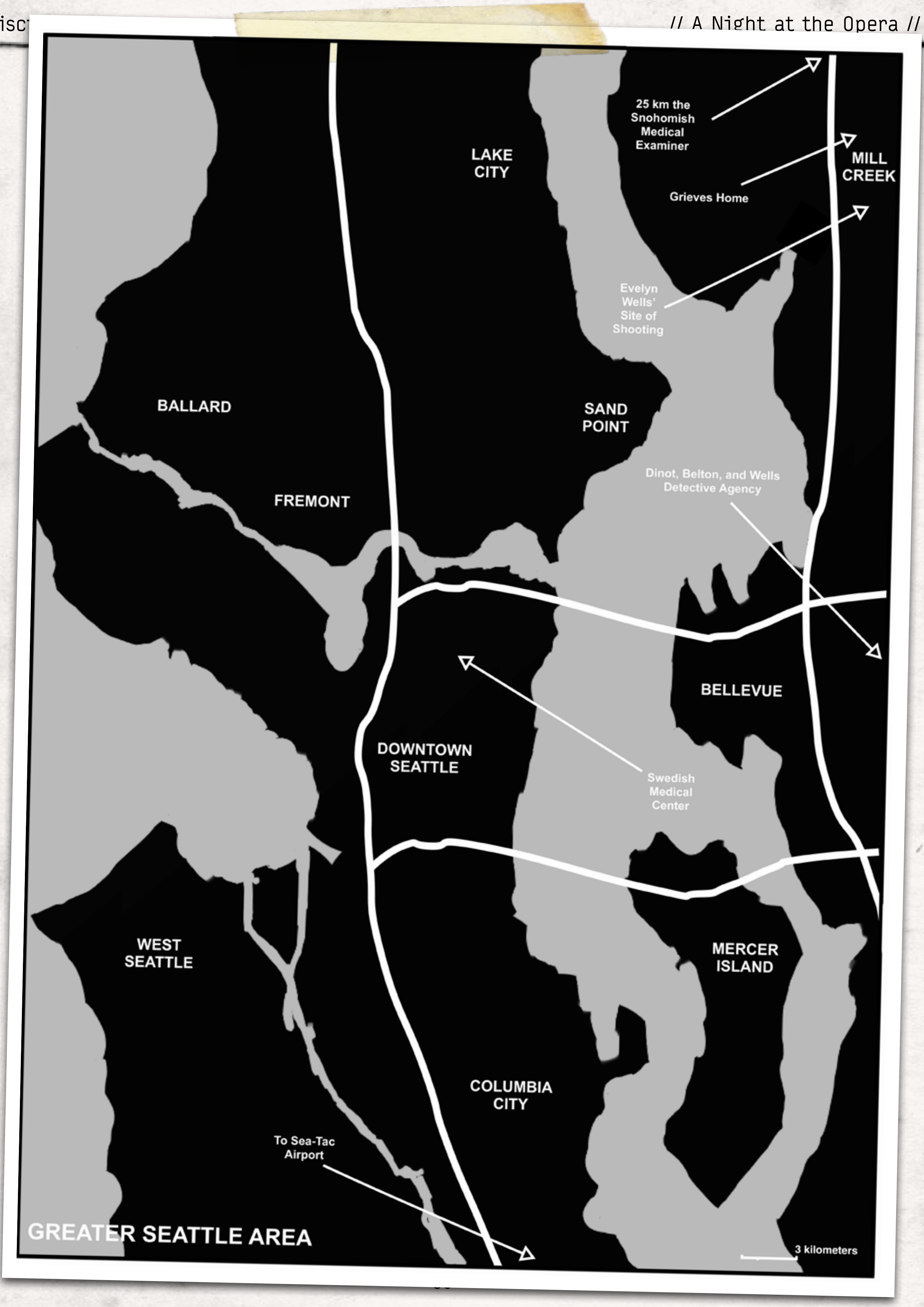
About a year ago, Wells' contact at Potentia, known only as "Michael," asked her to monitor Grieves and his activities. Wells extensively surveilled the doctor throughout the last Christmas season, taking photos and identifying people coming and going from his home.

The agency continued to prosper up until it was firebombed at 2:45 A.M. on October 3, the day the Agents arrived. The attack burned the whole strip mall to the ground and took the agency's records with it.

On October 4, Evelyn Wells was shot with a high-powered rifle and placed in a medically induced coma at Swedish Medical Center in Seattle.

The Strip Mall

Nothing remains of the strip mall that once housed the agency and four other businesses. Neighbors reported a huge explosion in the early hours of October 3. By the


25 km the Snohomish Medical Examiner
MILL CREEK
LAKE CITY
Grieves Home
Evelyn Wells' Site of Shooting
BALLARD
SAND POINT
Dinot, Belton, and Wells Detective Agency
FREMONT
BELLEVUE
DOWNTOWN SEATTLE
Swedish Medical Center
WEST SEATTLE
MERCER ISLAND
COLUMBIA CITY
To Sea-Tac Airport
GREATER SEATTLE AREA
3 kilometers

time emergency crews arrived, the structure was completely engulfed in blue-white flames that rose five stories in the air. The structure collapsed under the heat, and the fire department struggled simply to keep the fire from spreading. By 4:00 A.M., the fire had consumed itself, leaving behind a sea of blackened slag.

By October 4, the fire department suspect arson. In fact, it appears to be arson of a very specialized nature. Evidence of military compounds found in the rubble prompts authorities to notify the FBI.

The Agents learn of the fire from FBI chatter on October 4. If they question emergency crews, two firefighters—veterans of Afghanistan—say without goading that it was clearly an M112 demolition block, or C4 in large amounts, along with some sort of incendiary device, probably thermite.

Evelyn Wells

Also on October 4, Evelyn Wells suffers a serious wound to the upper left arm from a high-powered rifle. The bullet destroys much of her upper humerus bone and seriously disrupts tissue. Even this serious damage represents a glancing blow by the rifle round. If it had been centered on her, she would surely be dead. Wells' arm was saved, though it will never be the same. She is placed in a medically induced coma to prevent an undue strain on her system. She will wake on October 12.

Agents looking at the crime scene and witness reports realize Wells dropped her phone and bent to pick it up at the moment she was shot. If this had not happened, it is likely her head would have been in the crosshairs. If the Agents interview Kirkland detectives, one of them could make that observation.

Witnesses report that despite her injury, Wells took cover, shouted for others to take cover, and fired through the window of the restaurant at a car parked across the street, from which, some witnesses report, muzzle flashes could be seen. Witnesses saw no shooter, and cannot describe the car beyond it being a gray sedan.

Dinot

Dinot and Belton are innocent, though at first blush they might seem like suspects. Dinot is far removed from the incident, and won't even hear about it until October 5, when he returns from a sport fishing trip. He is utterly baffled as to who would want to do such a thing. He implicitly trusts Belton and backs him up.

Belton

Belton has private suspicions about the attack. He knows that Wells was working for some time on a high-paying client—Potentia Holdings—and that this company was a little too generous. He does not recall, offhand, the address of the surveillance, but knows it has to do with a retired geneticist.

Belton suspects his cozy little detective agency has stumbled into some sort of intelligence operation well beyond his capabilities. If approached by federal agents who seem reasonably up-front, and who agree to help apprehend the culprits, he cooperates fully, surrendering a briefcase full of odds and ends that he rapidly assembled on Potentia from his own home office. In the long wait for Wells, he has done what he does best: investigated.

The paperwork identifies Potentia Holdings, Inc., whose only address is a post-office box in Washington, D.C. Potential reported $300 million in income last year. It has a single employee, Robert Justin Ortega, Ph.D. Belton's notes on Ortega are brief but interesting. Ortega owns Ancile, Inc., a Department of Defense contractor which produces next-generation "TitaniteWeave" body armor supposedly two times stronger than Kevlar and half the weight. (Agents with **Occult**, **Archeology**, or **History** skills recognize "Ancile" as the name of the shield of the war god Mars.)

Potentia's post-office box is paid by the law firm Marcus, Silverman, and Greene, 1099 A Street, Washington, D.C. Potentia's phone calls to Dinot, Belton, and Wells came from the private line of Aaron Silverman, a lawyer at Marcus, Silverman, and Greene. Belton has assembled the Social Security numbers of all involved, and has print-outs of driver licenses. He refuses to say where he got them.

Belton has hired four men, under his own employ, to guard Wells at all times. The cost for this is exorbitant, and is not something he will openly share. But he fears for Wells' life, and rightly so.

Digital Records

Much of the detective agency's records were backed up online. Agents gaining access to these files (either by strong-arming Dinot or Belton, or by becoming confidants of Wells once she wakes) find a mess of ruined data.

At first glance, all photos suffer from a header corruption error. They appear with a "broken" icon and show no image. On deeper inspection, it becomes clear the damage is much deeper. The files are ravaged. Hours of work might bring back a small portion of a photo, but no general reconstruction is possible. The data, spreadsheets, photos, and other files are ruined.

Bellek's Mercenaries

Michael Bellek—a pseudonym for former MAJESTIC leader Gavin Ross—had access to decades of sensitive information on the U.S. armed forces, gleaned from the U.S. government leading up to the destruction of MAJESTIC in 2001. Kroft gathered hundreds of useful personnel records, laying in a reserve of operatives for a rainy day.

He maintains long-prepared but never activated cells waiting to be used for clandestine operations. Bellek hand-picked individuals who had been indoctrinated to do whatever was asked with them, without question.

Bellek's current operative is retired Sergeant Major Earle R. Daniels. Daniels had been indoctrinated into a CIA operation called GRIFFIN in 1994, and was given a list of suspected foreign agents operating the U.S. If he received the call, he was to remove the threat. On October 1, he received the call. The codeword was correct, the access word was correct, but the target was new: a private investigator in Washington state named Evelyn Wells.

Daniels, now the owner of Earle's Pizza in Sandy Creek, New York, closed shop and set about his mission.

Earle R. Daniels

Daniels is detailed on page 46.

Daniels began his mission with twenty $5,000-dollar prepaid Visa debit cards. He used those to stay afloat while he stalked Wells and burned the detective agency to the ground, following orders.

He purchased a used, 1995 Thunderbird off Craigslist, brought his own weapons, and outfitted himself and his crew. His contact with Bellek is by dead drop. Daniels is meticulous in preparing for these pickups, giving him a bonus of +20% to his **Alertness** if Agents attempt to use **Stealth** to follow him. If Daniels detects followers, he tries to use Stealth in turn to set an ambush for them.

Daniels is a ruthless asset who is as eager as he is effective. His mission is to kill Wells. Having failed the first attempt, he is brazen. He will do his best to kill her while she lies in a coma at the hospital. As far as Daniels is concerned, Wells and her associates represent a grave and secret threat to national security.

Daniels keeps his operational kit in the Thunderbird's trunk, though he always carries his pistol and hand grenades in his bulky North Face jacket. If Agents corner Daniels, an M67 hand grenade will come into play, first as a threat, and later as a tool to remove himself as a threat to operational security.

Daniels' two flunkies are there more out of loyalty to him than from patriotic fervor. They have no clue as to the machinations Daniels is involved in.

Charles A. Soriono

Soriono is detailed on page 47.

Soriono is skilled with explosives. He dealt extensively with improvised weapons in Afghanistan, and received a great deal of specialized training. Soriono is the one who destroyed the Dinot, Belton, and Wells Detective Agency (and the connected strip mall) with thermite and an M112 demolition block.

He has also constructed pipe bombs. These pipe bombs, each about the size of a forearm, are rigged to burner phones, and wired to be detonated by text message. If cornered, or called to set an ambush, Soriono lays a kill zone that is covered in multiple bombs. He will kill or die for Daniels without hesitation.

Lila Masten

Masten is detailed on page 47.

Masten is extremely clever. If confronted by Agents, she puts on a completely believable act as a victim, claiming she was carjacked or kidnapped. Once the Agent's attention is elsewhere, she attacks as ruthlessly as necessary to get away.

Their Next Steps

Daniels is concerned with eliminating Wells before she wakes. He and his mercenaries plot an attack on Swedish Medical Center using every nasty trick in the book.

Their most likely plan of attack is for Masten to pose as a flower delivery driver and attempt to locate Wells' room. Daniels means to attempt another sniper shot to take out Wells. But no such shot is possible due to the room's placement. Agents who watch Wells very closely and question visitors suspiciously could detect Masten's duplicity and disrupt the mercenaries' plan.

On October 9, Daniels, Soriono, and Masten coordinate an assault on Wells' room. This likely takes the form of a distraction to cause confusion, such as a carbomb or fire, followed by all three rushing the room, killing anyone in their path. From there, the group splits up and returns home.

The Law Firm

Agents could follow clues from Grieves' house, and the attack on Wells, to the law firm at the center of everything and to the heir to MAJESTIC's secrets, Robert Justin Ortega.

Marcus, Silverman, and Greene

The law firm Marcus, Silverman, and Greene is at 1099 A Street, Washington, D.C., a renovated three-story row house built in 1861. The law firm has held the property since 1979. The partners come and go, but usually only once or twice a week. Occasionally all three gather and spend the day and early evening at a partners meeting, but the whole business feels like it is running on autopilot. Secretaries for all three men operate normal business hours, clocking in and out at exact times, and coordinating mostly social schedules for the partners. No clients ever come to the location. Albert Marcus and Dominic Greene, when they do show up, are there at the behest of Aaron Silverman, the obvious leader of the firm.

Research into the firm (requiring **Accounting, Bureaucracy,** or **Law**) reveals it has represented several clients, but is almost exclusively dedicated to Robert Justin Ortega, Ph.D., CEO of Ancile, Inc. The firm has also filed various papers for Dr. Tibalt Grieves over the years, most involving business deals for his patents, and patent protection.

Agents can easily gain access to secure data in the firm, as the personnel keep strict hours and there is no detectable alarm system, just normal locks. However, such Agents are overcome by the sheer amount of data at the firm, most in paper form. Unless they focus on Aaron Silverman's office, it could take them days to find anything of value. The other partners have no information of any use.

Silverman's office is adorned with a single, large photograph. It shows a younger Silverman standing next to a tall, thin, vibrant, well-dressed man in his sixties, in front of a large, corporate headquarters sign that reads MARCH TECHNOLOGIES. Silverman's office holds some papers on March Technologies: stock grants, forfeits, and various director-level changes without any deeper detail as to what, precisely March Technologies is.

Online research into March Technologies finds a shallow, corporate website that identifies it as a technology contractor for the U.S. government. It seems mainly to deal in computers and flight navigation. Its directors are retired generals and admirals, and executives from aerospace and tech firms, none with a public profile.

Paperwork in Silverman's office and on the dated computer is mundane, but does trace various names and Social Security numbers. An Agent with at least 50% in **Accounting**, **Bureaucracy**, or **Law**, and who takes a day or two to study the papers and data offsite, places Dr. Grieves, a man named Justin Kroft (the other man in Silverman's picture), and Robert Ortega in the small town of Upperville, Virginia, in the 1980s. (Ortega was born there, and Kroft and Grieves were employed by the military there.) All three were represented by Silverman, beginning with Kroft in 1978.

Kroft and Silverman attended Columbia University at the same time: Kroft for his doctorate in political science and Silverman in pre-law.

Michael Bellek employs private investigators to keep an eye on the law offices from time to time. If the Agents take too long, or if they are obvious or clumsy, a private investigator pulls up and is surprised to see trouble at the firm for the first time. The investigator calls Bellek, who asks the investigator to call the police and to try to get identifiable photos of the intruders and their vehicles. After that, the police arrive in 2D6 minutes.

Justin Kroft

Kroft's Social Security number is enough to unlock a great deal of information about him. His family was Washington, D.C. elite. His father, Michael Kroft, was ambassador to Indonesia from 1963 to 1967. Justin began following in his father's footsteps by going to Columbia to study political science. For an unremarkable student he had an incredible presence. Research at Columbia places him in a fraternity as chapter president, a leader in various charities and functions, and as a favorite to his classmates.

His past becomes murky in the late 1970s and in the early 1980s, when he was director of a few high-earning but small defense contract companies in Maryland. Two vague documents indicate he was worked for the Department of Defense in the 1980s.

The Agents can identify two large purchases that were made in Kroft's name by Marcus, Silverman, and Greene, and which are still administered by the law firm today. In 1989, he bought 27 lots of land: parking lots, a mall, and various real-estate holdings which he placed in a trust. The records are incomplete, and only one of these lots is described with its precise location: a storage facility in Jordan Springs, Virginia. (See **JORDAN SPRINGS STORAGE** on page 35 for details.)

The trust was left to Angela Whittier, a resident of Upperville, Virginia, in 1990.

Agents pulling strings with military connections and a **Bureaucracy** roll learn that Kroft may have worked for the highly secretive National Reconnaissance Office in the late 1970s. A critical success gets hints that he was in charge of some unnamed, blacker-than-black, secret intelligence group. With a fumble, the Agent's questions get back to Michael Bellek by name. That may mean a visit from his mercenaries (see **BELLEK'S MERCENARIES** on page 32) to "clear things up." Whatever the roll, the inquiry catches the Program's attention. See **RED FLAGS** for details.

Kroft died in a helicopter accident in 2001 at age 69. Few records of the incident remain. Agents searching for them are told they were classified by the Department of Defense in 2002. What can be gleaned of the "accident" is that it occurred on January 29, 2001, at the Mount Weather facility. No such helicopter accident was reported in the news or to the FAA. Beyond that, it is a mystery.

Red Flags

Agents of the Program who attempt deeper research into March Technologies or Justin Kroft flag alerts in the Program's own servers. That gets them a tense call from their case officers with instructions to stop pursuing that line of inquiry at once, under orders from the top of the Program itself. Agents of the Outlaws flag the same alerts, but don't get the benefit of a call. Instead, they may find themselves under investigation by the Program or by March Technologies' own security agents. But that will take weeks, so we leave it to the Handler to explore the possibilities. March Technologies is described in *Delta Green: Eyes Only* and in the *Handler's Guide*.

Angela Whittier

Angela Whittier was a favorite server and hostess at the Blackthorne Inn and Restaurant in Upperville, Virginia—a stone's throw from the Mount Weather facility—throughout the late 1970s and early 1980s. She had one child, a boy, born Robert Justin Whittier on 1 JUN 1990. Marcus, Silverman, and Greene conveyed to her the Kroft trust within a month of his birth. She left the Blackthorne to settle down and take care of the boy.

In 1992, she married Julio Ortega, a metallurgist at Grumman Aerospace. They lived quietly in Upperville. In 2004, Angela became ill, and within a year she died of leukemia. She left her son in the legal care of Ortega. Julio Ortega died in 2010.

Robert Justin Ortega and Ancile, Inc.

Robert Justin Ortega is a super-successful young inventor and executive, living the high life. He attended Manhattan College and received a bachelor's degree in chemical engineering in 2012. Since then, his rise in the defense industry has been nothing short of stratospheric. He created several key patents in chemistry dealing with a substance he termed "TitaniteWeave," considered by many to be the next-generation Kevlar. His company Ancile, Inc., founded in 2012, employs 241 people. It is a well-known success story in the Washington corridor, with many classified government contracts. Ancile's public-relations team paints him as a prodigy who augmented his natural talents with a knack for recruiting the finest people: “an engineering genius whose true genius is people.”

Agents searching government databases easily identify Robert Justin Ortega’s mother as Angela Whittier, and find that she worked as a server and hostess outside Mount Weather before Robert’s birth in 1990. A month after his birth, she quit her job and was apparently supported, generously, by a blind trust set up by Marcus, Silverman, and Greene for her and her son’s benefit. (See **ANGELA WHITTIER** on page 34.) Robert Justin Ortega’s birth certificate lists his father as “Unknown.” Control of the trust passed to Ortega on his 21st birthday in 2011.

Agents can find unusual details about Ortega only by digging deeply into his past. Former schoolmates and teachers describe Ortega as “distracted.” His good looks and apparent wealth meant he spent most of his time partying. Jealous classmates imply that Ortega cheated on tests and assignments, but no teacher says such a thing.

Ortega drives a Tesla, lives in a luxury penthouse in Washington, D.C., and owns another in Manhattan, and spends most of his time playing. He does very little work. Occasionally he visits the offices of Ancile or meets Aaron Silverman at a restaurant. If the Agents are lucky, and follow him consistently enough, they may eventually find him meeting up with “Uncle Michael.”

If approached in person, Ortega is cautious. He says he never knew his father and claims to know nothing about him. If Agents expert in the sciences talk shop, they quickly find him anything but the wunderkind of public perception. He is smart and well informed but no genius.

If the Agents make Ortega remotely nervous, he thumbs a button on a fob on his car keys: an alert that summons well-dressed, plain-clothes security officers from Solon Security, a few of whom are never far away. (See **SOLON SECURITY** on page 37.) The guards wear concealed pistols and carry legal permits for them, and are quick to respond with lethal force to the least appearance of a threat to Ortega. If trouble is worse than that, Ortega is protected zealously by Marcus, Silverman, and Greene, and by their many friends on Capitol Hill and throughout the federal government. Agents responsible for such trouble rapidly find themselves reassigned or fired. If that’s not enough, Michael Bellek has his mercenaries.

Connecting the Dots

Justin Kroft was a regular at the Blackthorne Inn during his tenure at the Mt. Weather facility, where he served and came to lead the MAJESTIC program. He met Angela Whittier at the Blackthorne Inn in 1989. The two had a brief affair, which led to the birth of Robert Whittier in 1990. Kroft agreed to provide for Whittier, as long as he was apprised of the boy’s progress. In 1992, Robert Whittier became Robert Ortega. By then his mother was wealthy, thanks to the Kroft trust.

When Gavin Ross escaped from the Program’s custody in 2010, one of his first tasks was making contact with Robert Justin Ortega. Ross knew everything about Ortega, and he knew that Kroft’s treasure trove would go to Ortega soon. Posing as Michael Bellek, confidant of Ortega’s father, he offered advice and help.

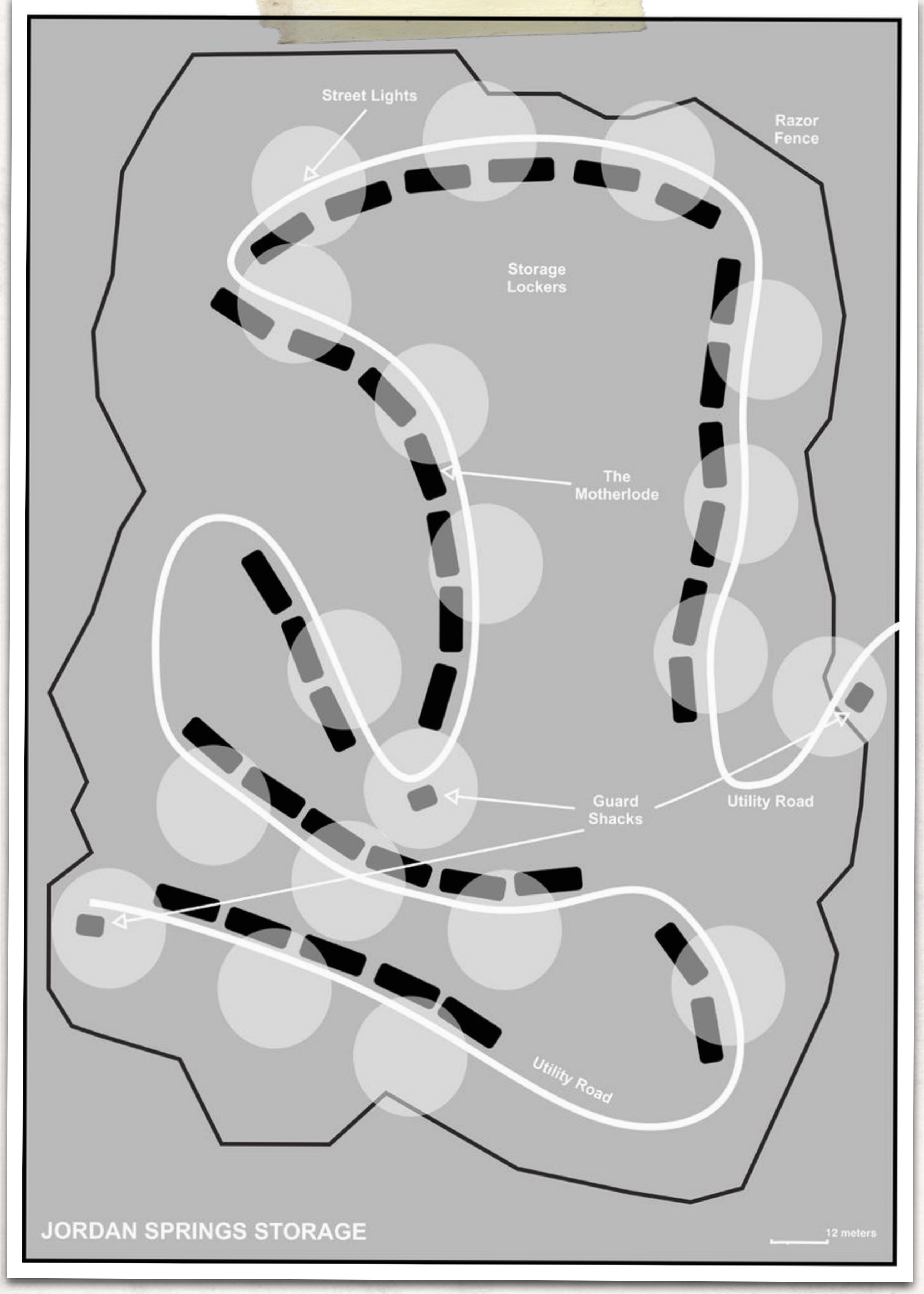
In 2011, the Kroft trust became the property of Ortega, who, through Aaron Silverman, was informed of his true father’s identity, and given access to certain files and records as Kroft had wanted. Michael Bellek—Ortega’s “Uncle Michael”—was ready. He helped the young man plan for the best use of the secrets that Kroft had left behind. That started with “TitaniteWeave” and the formation of Ancile, and will continue for decades to come.

Jordan Springs Storage

This immaculate storage facility covers five acres off the beaten path in semi-rural Jordan Springs, Virginia. It is row after row of white, pristine, climate-controlled storage lockers surrounded by a six-meter razorwire fence with cameras. Ground sensors detect vehicles on the utility road. The property is flat, mowed grass. There is no sign. It is not listed online. Locals believe it to be a government facility. They are not far off.

In 1989, the facility was closed to the public and became a dumping ground for Justin Kroft’s “golden parachute.” He began salting away documents, photos and even artifacts from his time with MAJESTIC. While most buildings are empty, some contain startling files, scientific records, and machines that are decades or centuries ahead of the modern world.

Only Robert Ortega has “clearance” to the site, and may come and go as he pleases; along with any he vouches


Street Lights
Razor Fence
Storage Lockers
The Motherlode
Guard Shacks
Utility Road
Utility Road
JORDAN SPRINGS STORAGE
12 meters

for. So far, he has always come alone. The security on site is stellar, even by military standards.

Solon Security

Jordan Springs Storage is guarded by a small, specialty firm called Solon Security, Inc., headquartered in Washington, D.C. Enmeshed in a web of legal documents and contracts that make it nearly impossible to locate an actual owner, Solon provides security for several small companies. A **Bureaucracy** roll uncovers that it was founded in 1999 by an Air Force colonel named Robert Coffey, who died in an aircraft accident in 2001. Its ownership since then has been scattered to various front companies and offshore firms. Reports on Coffee's death, like those of Kroft, are spotty at best.

Solon was initially staffed by veterans of MAJESTIC's Project BLUE FLY, special operators who were once tasked with containing alien threats. Only a single BLUE FLY veteran remains in the company now, an ex-Marine named Joshua J. Dodd, who rides a desk in Washington, D.C., and oversees recruitment.

The company's security officers are former special operators who enjoy the snoozefest at Jordan Springs, not to mention the fat checks and bonuses offered by the tiny firm. They have orders to protect that facility with their lives. As easy as the duty has always been, each takes that order *very* seriously. Most are convinced they are guarding an intelligence black site.

The site is always staffed by at least four guards. If the Agents are not paying attention, they might be mistaken for simple security guards. But each is a hardened veteran from special operations, all having seen combat in the most violent war zones in the world. This is one of the reasons Gavin Ross will never show his face at this facility, though he is well aware of its existence and contents. He knows that Coffey founded Solon, and there was no love lost between them. He expects that he is persona non grata there, whatever Ortega might have to say.

Entering the facility is difficult. Climbing the fence and avoiding the razorwire requires an **Athletics** test; the Agent takes 1D6 damage if that fails. Making it unseen from the fence to the buildings requires a **Stealth** roll. On a failure, a Solon guard makes an **Alertness** roll. If that succeeds, the disturbance is called in. At that point, the Agent must make a **Luck** roll. If it fails, a search is instigated by all four guards on the site.

The guards shoot to kill. Once things are calm, they call Marcus, Silverman, and Greene. The law firm instructs them to make sure everything is locked down, and to not allow anyone to enter any part of the facility; the guards have firm instructions to never open any of the lockers themselves. Only then do they call the authorities.

The Sheds

Only five of the dozens of climate-controlled lockers contain anything at all. Those five are filled are each packed front to back with file boxes, computer equipment, sealed sample cases, biohazard boxes and more. So far, Ortega has only opened one of the five sheds. (He was clearly instructed to never open any others, though he does not know why.) Even that first shed contains enough information to catapult the biological sciences into the future. The information inside is more valuable than anything on Earth.

The sheds are all immaculate, clearly numbered, and built from composite materials that are immune to scanning technologies. Each shed is entered by a single, rolling, automatic door. Next to each door is a small, black glass screen: a thumbprint lock. There is no other human sized access point.

Agents who specifically look for tread marks in the day—by high-resolution photos taken from a drone, perhaps—observe faint tire tracks leading to one shed and none anywhere else.

Agents with skills in security do not recognize the scanning lock. It appears to be custom-made. A roll with an appropriate skill reveals that it is military grade, and, if it was installed in 1989, was about two decades ahead of its time. Hacking one of the thumbprint locks requires sophisticated tools and a successful roll with a **Craft** skill in **Electronics** or **Microelectronics**, taking 35 minutes. During that time, the Agent will be exposed if a security officer comes by.

After a hacking attempt fails, large, red letters appear on the black screen: "WARNING. SCAN FAILED. WARNING."

A second consecutive failure activates the "insurance policy" described below.

The Insurance Policy

Agents may get it in their heads to pull strings and raid the Jordan Springs facility with federal authorities, or even the military. Upon doing so, they unleash hell.

Confronted by a law enforcement response with the proper warrants, the Solon guards surrender without a shot being fired. However, there is an insurance policy at play here. There's a good reason that the guards have ironclad orders to never open any of the sheds.

Forcibly breaching any shed detonates the stockpile of explosives built neatly into a small, encased cement pit in each building. These go up, one by one, inflicting Lethality 60% to anyone on the premises, and Lethality 10% to anyone outside within 10 meters of the fenceline.

After the explosion, nothing remains of the facility.

This huge explosion makes national news and brings Marcus, Silverman, and Greene into the spotlight. After a quick investigation, the FBI reports that a terrorist stockpile of explosives, meant for Washington D.C., was detonated during a raid. This story, spun by authorities far beyond the pay grade of the Agents and with the cooperation of the Program, consumes the news for months. Surviving Agents are expected to play ball. Those who refuse find themselves in greater trouble than a grand jury.

The Motherlode

Agents who somehow gain access to a shed likely have little time to stay. It is more likely that they hastily grab files, computer drives, and small samples, and then run for it. Escaping unseen requires a **Stealth** roll; climbing the fence safely requires an **Athletics** roll, as with entering.

The items grabbed by the Agent hint at, but never clearly establish just where the files came from. They concern the activities of various top-secret, special-access programs with code-names like SIGMA, ARES, and BOUNCE. One has Kroft's signature above his typed name, listed as DIRECTOR MJ, with a date of 9 OCT 85. One document, marked TS/SAP—MAJESTIC/NOFORN, contains technical details. This information (be it the chemistry behind a petawatt laser, dated 2 SEP 1988, decades before its time, or a chemical compound called AM 2, which causes "the brain to fail to form new memories for 12 hours, with no ill effects"), it is incredibly valuable.

Treat these files as an unnatural document, one that can damage the mind of someone who spends a large amount of time studying it.

Justin Kroft's MAJESTIC Documents

In English. Study time: days. Unnatural +4%, SAN loss 1D4+1.

Papers or digital files that indicate man is not alone in the universe, and that contain secrets of science decades or centuries beyond the modern era. With a **Science** skill such as **Biology** or **Physics** of 50% or higher and a successful skill roll, the Agent learns one significant, enactable bit of alien science. (This remains up to the Handler to devise.)

The moment this information surfaces anywhere it should not be, the Program's security officers begin pursuing those who provided it. Unless it is surrendered, and those in pursuit are mollified, the Agent eventually turns up the victim of a lone suicide. (Again, the details remain up to the Handler.)

Michael Bellek

Michael Bellek, retired machinist from Detroit, is in fact Gavin Ross, a former leader of MAJESTIC. Ross is detailed in the *Handler's Guide* for *Delta Green: The Role-Playing Game.*

Ross has all the paperwork to back up his identity as Michael Bellek. Bellek exists everywhere the Agents might search for him, except the real world. No photo or other solid evidence of Bellek can be found, though his birth certificate, Social Security records, and tax returns all check out. Running his fingerprints brings up only Bellek's information. He has no record of arrests or troubles with the law.

The only real possibility of locating Bellek is through Robert Ortega. They meet once a month, at a new location each time, usually a restaurant. Ortega calls him "Uncle Mike" but says nothing about him to the Agents. Ortega suspects that Bellek had another identity in the old days, when it seems he worked with Ortega's father in the most secret corners of the government. But he has no reason to push.

If the Agents track him down, Bellek seems open and affable, and a little baffled by the attention—but if he has any warning at all, he has a team of mercenaries watching through sniper scopes as bodyguards.

Bellek says he knew Ortega's stepfather Julio, long ago, but he refuses to give details. He says they both did top-secret work for government contractors and he can't give away more than that. An Agent who makes a **HUMINT** or **Psychotherapy** roll that beats Bellek's **Persuade** roll gets the feeling he is extremely clever and is holding something back.

Confronting Bellek

If the Agents are convinced that there's more to Bellek than he says, he reacts with a cool head. If there's no persuading them, then he looks for ways to use them. As Gavin Ross, he had the smartest, most determined operators in the government dancing like puppets. He is always operating a dozen steps ahead of even the brightest Agent.

He actively memorizes every possible detail about the Agents: their names, license plates, agency IDs, eye colors, distinguishing marks, accents, body language and speech habits that indicate military or law-enforcement background, and so on.

Bellek is not above offering assistance to the Agents in dealing with their "Ulee" problem. Really, he understands little of what happened, but he wants the Agents to think that that he offers enormous help at very little cost.

To win their trust, if the Agents let anything slip about their involvement in investigating the unnatural, Bellek spills that he knows about Delta Green. He may say that he used to be a Delta Green agent, himself, and he knows how ruthless they are about their mission. He got out, and he has spent years keeping a low profile to protect himself and the family that he will never see again. He expects that the Agents know what he means. His top priority, if he helps them, is keeping his secrets. They have to swear not to report him to Delta Green.

If the Agents go along with that, Bellek aims to become their secret patron. He gradually reveals that he was exposed to other secret programs, back in the 1980s and 1990s. One tidbit at a time, he reveals secrets that Delta Green would never reveal. But he gives only enough to keep the Agents alive, to keep them wanting more, and to tighten his hold.

If the Agents are not that amenable, he sets his sights lower. He either bribes or kills his way out of the situation, and disappears. If the Agents are foolish enough to use their real names, payback will be had, and soon.

He does everything possible to avoid letting the Agents take his photo or take him into custody.

Bellek always carries a pistol beneath his coat. His wallet holds identification, his Social Security card, and an American Express black card. (The account is in Bellek's name; it is always paid in full at the end of the month by one of the countless dummy corporations managed on Robert Ortega's behalf by Marcus, Silverman, and Greene.) In a repurposed money belt, he keeps his remaining nine months of ARD15 in small, hermetically sealed containers. He claims the pills are vitamins. If they are confiscated, he immediately shifts to fight-and-flight mode, doing anything (and killing anyone) to recapture them.

ARD15 Addiction

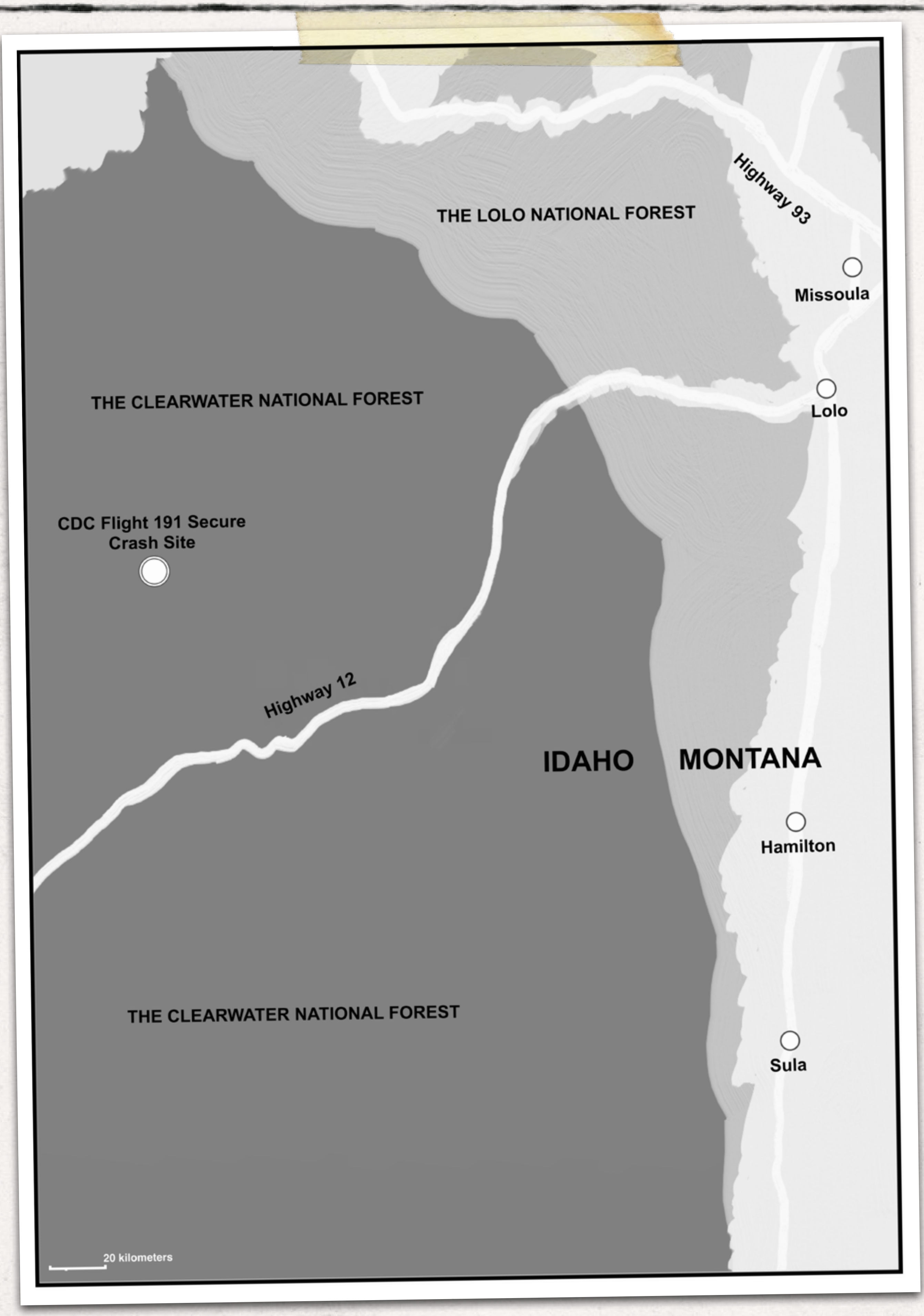
Without access to his daily regimen of ARD15, Bellek suffers 1D4–2 damage per day (with a minimum of 0) as his body begins to digest itself. He wastes away from a vibrant older man to something like a death-camp victim, barely moving under his own power. When he hits 0 HP, he perishes and is discovered as a desiccated skeleton in a bag of skin. Cause of death is total organ failure.

CDC Flight 191 Secure

CDC Flight 191 Secure, a Beechcraft C-12 Huron in rotation with both the National Guard and used for various operations with the DEA and other agencies, was based at Naval Air Station Whidbey Island. The pilots, Captain Ivan Szabo and Captain Michelle Grant, were experienced pilots, and the flight was expected to be uneventful.

It was called into service for the CDC on October 2 to move material recovered at Grieves' home to the CDC laboratories in Atlanta. That was to be an 11-hour flight with a refueling stop in St. Louis.

The Grieves material was in a small sample case, marked UNKNOWN BIOLOGICAL SUBSTANCE 1. At 9:49 AM, October 2, the flight disappeared. Butte, Montana, air control placed its last known location over the Clearwater National Forest in Idaho.


THE LOLO NATIONAL FOREST
Highway 93
Missoula
Lolo
THE CLEARWATER NATIONAL FOREST
CDC Flight 191 Secure
Crash Site
Highway 12
IDAHO
MONTANA
Hamilton
THE CLEARWATER NATIONAL FOREST
Sula
20 kilometers

Federal agents, the National Parks Service, and other agencies were alerted to the flight's disappearance. Smoke was reported in the Clearwater National Forest by 11:22 A.M. and search flights confirmed the crash site. The CDC ordered search-and-rescue crews to stay away until the Agents arrive.

The plane spiraled in, hit the canopy of trees, and exploded on impact with the ground. Large pieces of the aircraft were flung far from a burned crater, where nothing much larger than a foot survived. Searchers found the ruined, punched open-remains of the UNKNOWN BIOLOGICAL SUBSTANCE 1 case nearby.

Though human remains were expected, no bodies were found.

The Ulee-Things

Ulee One began as a tiny, pinhead-sized sample of Blue Blood, which broke the containment of the cabinet in Grieves' lab and insinuated itself into Grieves' mouth. In its "inert" form, it appears like nothing as much as blue modeling clay.

Once insinuated into living tissue, it hijacks the tissue, consumes it, and rewrites it. If given time to "concentrate," these changes can be molded into new shapes to suit the creature's needs from moment to moment. If done hurriedly, limbs and other extrusions created by the beast appear malformed, random, or even inside-out.

Communicating With a Ulee

They may not look like it, but each Ulee-thing is an intelligent creature. Formerly human, it contains 22 years of torment and insanity. It is driven by a singular urge: to reunite with "its" family.

Agents who think the Ulee is mindless are in for a very unpleasant surprise. Ulee still recalls human customs and behaviors. Grown large enough, it can drive and use the telephone. It cannily distracts threats that it cannot directly confront.

Agents with knowledge of Ulee's past can use it against "him." Even something as simple as calling Ulee by name can distract it, buying an Agent 1D6 turns of respite as the creature is torn by internal conflict. But this only works once.

Mentioning Ulee's wife has the opposite effect. It causes the creature to enter a killing frenzy, ignoring all threats as it focuses on the target who uttered Isabella's name.

Ulee vs. Ulee

Each Ulee is certain of its own identity as the only one. Discovering another Ulee immediately causes the creature to focus its attention on the other Ulee, ignoring all else, even members of "its" family. It relentlessly hunts other Ulees until they are dead. Since all Ulees eventually arrive in Billings, Montana, the area may become a war zone. That makes the unnatural nature of these attacks difficult to cover up.

Plotting to cause Ulees to cross paths is a viable option to remove at least one of them. A larger Ulee devours a smaller one in 1D10 minutes. The combat is loud and messy, and likely reduces whatever structure they are in to rubble. Witnessing the rending and consumption of one Ulee by another costs an Agent 1/1D4 **SAN**.

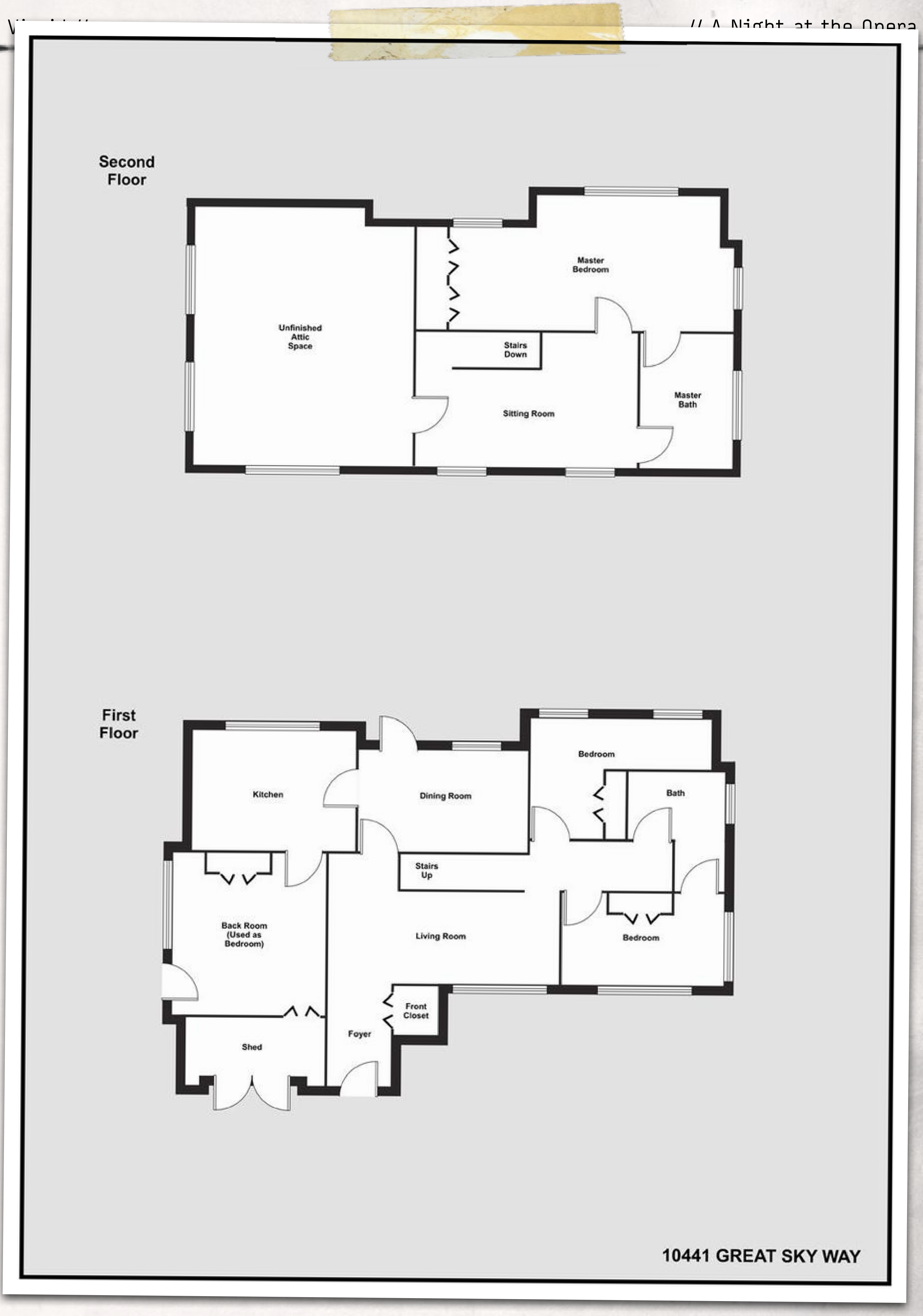
During this distraction, Agents could douse the Ulees in kerosene or gasoline—or even better, douse a structure in such an accelerant, draw them inside, and ignite it. Clever Agents could capture a small Ulee, cage it, and use it draw a larger Ulee to a killing ground that has been rigged with explosives.

10441 Great Sky Way

Isabella Ulee lives in a modest, four-bedroom, two-bath house in Billings, Montana. It is an old-fashioned house, built sometime in the 1930s. It has been the home of Isabella Ulee and her son, Malcolm, since 1993, after the death of Lt. Daniel Ulee. Isabella bought it outright with the mysterious settlement she was paid by the military within months of the accident.

This location is not known to the Ulee-things, who still think of Isabella's address as the house they lived in before his death: 19099 Pulaski Street, Billings. But the phone number remains the same, and this address is listed in the phone book.

The house is on a single level, on a large lot of land surround by low trees and a cattle fence, with a single, unlit dirt road leading to the drive.


Second Floor
Unfinished Attic Space
Master Bedroom
Stairs Down
Sitting Room
Master Bath
First Floor
Kitchen
Dining Room
Bedroom
Bath
Stairs Up
Back Room (Used as Bedroom)
Living Room
Bedroom
Front Closet
Foyer
Shed
10441 GREAT SKY WAY

Isabella Ulee

Isabella Ulee (white female, born in 1948) is a dental hygienist at Delta Dental in Billings.

Isabella is a levelheaded widow who never remarried. Instead, she focused her attention on her son Malcolm, born seven months after the death of Lt. Ulee. She has been modest with the government "accident pay," and after buying the house outright she invested the remainder. She has been a dental hygienist since 1995.

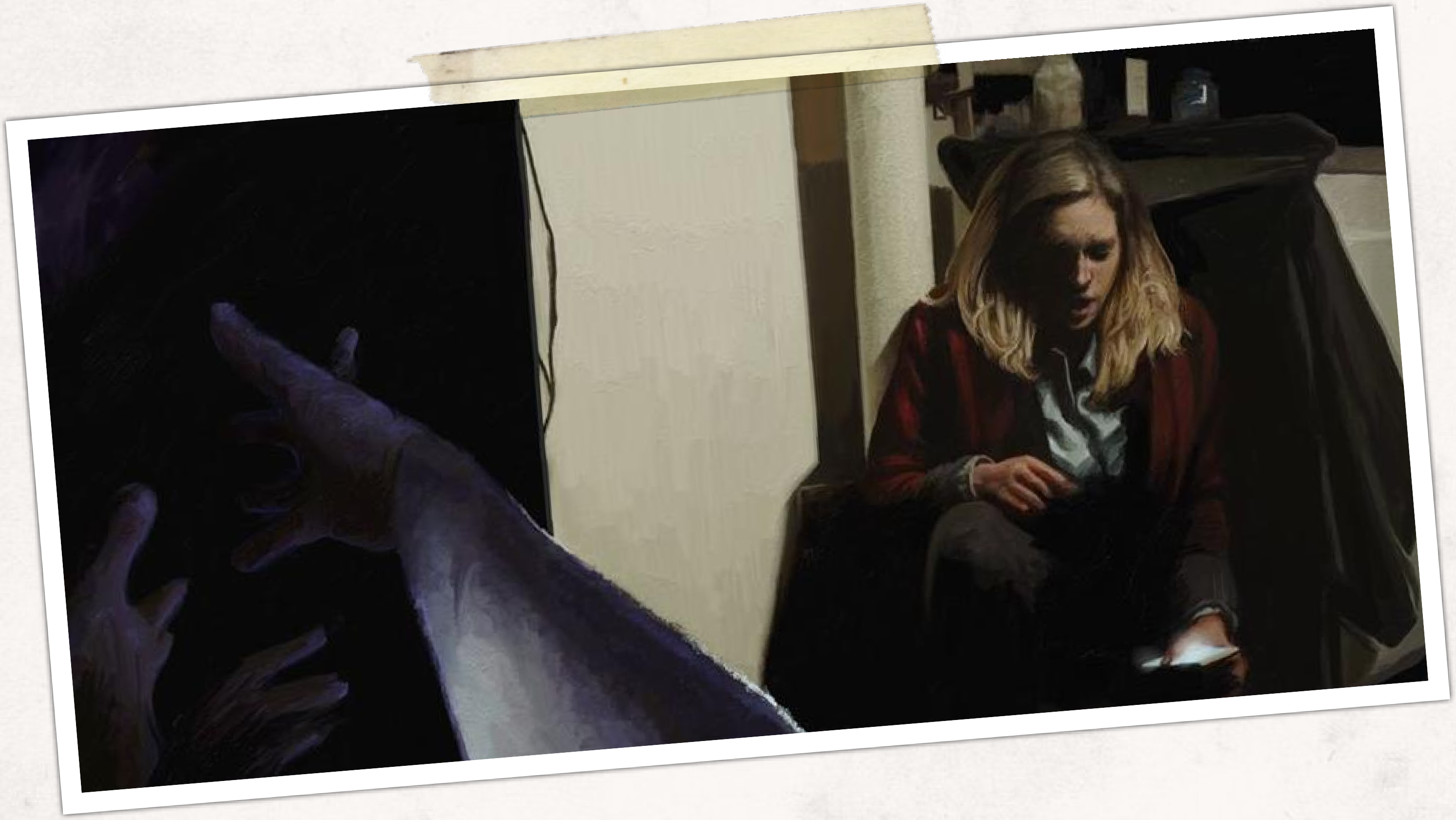
When confronted by any of the Ulee-things, on a failed **SAN** roll she automatically suffers maximum **SAN** loss, as she is overwhelmed with recognition of her deceased husband.

Malcolm Ulee

Malcolm Ulee (white male, born in 1992) is Lt. Ulee's son, born months after the accident which claimed his father's life. He married at 18, and recently went through a contentious divorce which forced him to move home with his mother. He sells used cars for a living.

Malcolm will do anything for his mother, and will fight with surprising fervor to protect her, risking his life without thought. He was a high-school sports star, and knows his way around a baseball bat. His stats and skills are average but for Str 14, Cha 13, Athletics 60%, Driving 50%, Melee Weapons (baseball bats only) 60%, and Persuade 65%.

Malcolm Ulee has no memory of his father, and does not "recognize" a Ulee-thing.



Resolution

Destroying all the Ulee-things, and removing all Blue Blood samples from the public, is the ultimate goal of this operation. A kind Handler may reward Agents who delve deeper into the mystery by tracking down Robert Ortega, or who piece together the secret history of MAJESTIC and Justin Kroft. Michael Bellek can prove a dangerous antagonist to hound the Agents, or an even more dangerous ally and patron. The secrets of March Technologies, of course, lead deep into the black.

Sanity Rewards

The Agents can gain **SAN** by stopping the unnatural threats.

If the Agents destroy all Blue Blood samples, each gains 1D4 **SAN**.

For each Ulee-thing they destroy, each Agent gains 1 **SAN**.

If they destroy Robert Ortega's stockpile of MAJESTIC technology, each gains 1D4 **SAN**.

If they piece together the connections between Ortega, Kroft, MAJESTIC, and March Technologies, each gains 1D4–1 **SAN**.

If they realize the Program is an active part of all that, each loses 0/1D4 **SAN**.

Timeline

All important events of *Viscid* are outlined below. Events of the first three days are reprinted from the Agents' briefing for the Handler's convenience. Events marked "Secret" are unknown to the Agents at first but may be revealed by their actions. All times are Pacific Standard Time.

October 1

» **3:53 A.M. (SECRET):** Dr. Tibalt Grieves accidentally wakes Ulee One, which insinuates itself into him. It leaps from his neck, along with a great deal of his flesh. In his death throes, Grieves stumbles outside and dies in the driveway.

» **3:55 A.M. (SECRET):** Amanda Griffin wakes and sees Ulee One. It kills her, eats, and grows.

» **4:01 A.M. (SECRET):** Ulee One (now weighing approximately 25 kg) escapes to a nearby, rotted-out trailer in a property behind Grieves' Mill Creek home. Finding shade, it sleeps.

» **5:45 A.M.:** *Seattle Times* delivery driver Ernesto Torres finds the body of retired geneticist Tibalt Grieves in the driveway of Grieves' home. Torres calls the police.

» **6:01 A.M.:** Police officers Michael Grant and Jeffrey Daly arrive. They detain Torres but do not arrest him. Their reports say that Grieves had suffered grievous wounds to his mouth, neck, and face, and that crows had gathered to pick at the body.

» **6:05 A.M.:** Finding Tibalt's front door open, officers Grant and Daly enter the house. They find another body, later identified as Grieves' live-in girlfriend, Amanda Griffin. The officers report that Griffin's mouth is covered in blood, which had congealed to a blue-black pile, and her skin has a distinct blue tinge.

» **6:09 A.M.:** The officers cordon off the house and call for detectives and the medical examiner.

» **6:32 A.M.:** Snohomish County Medical Examiner Louis Stubbs arrives with medical investigators. Detective Emily Dunser arrives a few minutes later.

» **6:45 A.M.:** Dunser and Stubbs enter the house. An evidence technician takes photos.

» **7:09 A.M.:** Sunrise. Officers outside call Stubbs to look at something strange happening to Grieves' body. Over eight minutes, it collapses into a blue-black "goo" that solidifies to the consistency of hard candy and smells of chlorine and honey. The process leaves only Grieves' left hand and feet intact. Time-stamped photographs cover most of this disintegration. Stubbs and his assistant bag and seal the remains.

» **7:21 A.M.:** Detective Dunser and the evidence technician photograph what look like small, bloody footprints in the kitchen, near Griffin's body. These prints, smaller than a toddler's, seem deformed and misplaced. A clear toe mark indicates at least one of the tracks is human.

» **7:25 A.M.:** Dunser follows the strange tracks to the closet that holds the furnace. Behind the furnace, Dunser finds a wall standing on a hinge, swinging freely. Behind is a room built in what had been the garage.

- **7:29 A.M.:** In the hidden room, Stubbs recognizes an expensive biohazard lab complete with air scrubbers and an air conditioner that maintains negative air pressure. Stubbs orders everyone out and alerts the CDC and the FBI. Mill Creek Police Chief Bob Crannel orders that no one be allowed to leave the scene. Police set up a cordon around the block.
- **8:40 A.M.:** A CDC team led by Roberta Kane arrives from Seattle. FBI agents and the first of many reporters soon follow. A biohazard tent is built around the house. Everyone who has been exposed to the house and to Grieves' body is removed to Providence Regional Medical Center in Everett, Washington. The CDC tests them for infectious diseases.
- **9:21 A.M.:** Elizabeth McReady and Marty Posthewaite, Grieves' next-door neighbors, are evacuated from their homes. They return home in the evening.
- **10:21 A.M.:** Kane examines Grieves' lab. She collects unusual samples from a small, silver sample case with biohazard markings and a stamp which reads, "BOUNCE." Inside are twelve vacuum-sealed packages containing a substance that Kane designates "Unknown Biological Sample 1." One package is open. Kane describes its contents as "undifferentiated cellular material with human characteristics."
- **11:50 A.M.:** Kane, a Delta Green contact, alerts a case officer to the strange things found in Grieves' house. Operation MALTA is set in motion.
- **2:40 P.M.:** The CDC orders the samples collected from the Grieves lab flown to Atlanta for study.
- **11:30 P.M.:** All who had been exposed to the house or the bodies are cleared of pathogens and released.
- **SOMETIME THAT NIGHT (SECRET):** Ulee One begins to feed on nearby pets in the neighborhood.
- **SOMETIME THAT NIGHT (SECRET):** Gavin Ross (aka Michael Bellek) learns of Grieve's death and activates a team of covert operators to remove any threads that might connect him to Grieves.

October 2

- **8:01 A.M.:** The CDC loads Unknown Biological Sample 1 onto CDC Flight 191 Secure, a small plane with a crew of two. It departs for Atlanta.
- **9:46 A.M.:** Butte, Montana, air control loses contact with Flight 191 after a moment of garbled radio. There was no report of malfunction. The transponder places Flight 191 in Clearwater National Forest, Idaho.
- **11:22 A.M.:** Search-and-rescue flights spot smoke and locate the wreckage of Flight 191. The CDC instructs rescuers to stay away from the wreckage.
- **SOMETIME THAT DAY (SECRET):** Ulee Two assimilates the remains of the pilots and grows to approximately 250 kg. It begins its trek to Montana to find "its" wife.
- **SOMETIME THAT NIGHT (SECRET):** Earle Daniels, Charles Soriono, and Lila Masten, Ross' operators, arrive in Mill Creek. They set about their plan to destroy all records and personnel who might connect Ross to Grieves.

October 3

- **2:45 A.M. (SECRET):** Charles Soriono destroys the Dinot, Belton, and Wells Detective agency with an M112 demolition block and thermite, leveling its whole strip mall.
- **8:00 A.M.:** Operation MALTA begins.

October 4

- **SOMETIME THAT DAY (SECRET):** Earl Daniels stalks Evelyn Wells. At lunch, he almost kills her with a single, high-powered rifle shot.
- **12:30 P.M.:** Evelyn Wells is shot with a high powered rifle while eating lunch at Qdoba. She is not killed outright, but is gravely wounded and moved to Swedish Medical Center for hours of surgery. She is placed in a medically induced coma.

October 5

- **9:59 P.M. (SECRET):** Ulee Three reconstitutes itself in the Snohomish County morgue and escapes into the night.

» **SOMETIME THAT NIGHT (SECRET):** Random phone calls begin plaguing the Ulee household in Billings. These only occur at night, and there is no one on the other end, just an open line.

» **SOMETIME THAT NIGHT (SECRET):** Ulee One assimilates enough biological matter (approximately 100 kg) to begin its journey to Billings Montana.

October 9

» **SOMETIME THAT NIGHT (SECRET):** Earle, Soriono and Masten attempt to assault Evelyn Well's room at the Swedish Medical center.

October 10

» **SOMETIME THAT DAY (SECRET):** All crows infected by Blue Blood in Mill Creek, Washington, die due to complications from the infection.

» **SOMETIME THAT NIGHT (SECRET):** Ulee One (approximately 100 kg) arrives in Billings, Montana, after a journey across Washington state. It begins stalking its "wife" at her old address, 19099 Pulaski Street, Billings, Montana.

October 12

» **SOMETIME THAT NIGHT (SECRET):** Ulee Two (weighing 250 kg) arrives in Billings, Montana, after a journey across Idaho from the Flight 191 crash site. It begins stalking its "wife," beginning at her old address, 19099 Pulaski Street.

October 15

» **SOMETIME THAT NIGHT (SECRET):** Ulee Three (weighing 1,000 kg) arrives in Billings, Montana, after a journey across Washington state. It begins stalking its "wife," beginning at her old address, 19099 Pulaski Street.

Characters

These are the most likely characters to help or hinder the Agents. They are presented in the order in which they are most likely to appear.

Louis Stubbs, M.D.

Snohomish County medical examiner, age 55.

Medical Examiner Stubbs

STR 9 **CON** 11 **DEX** 14 **INT** 14 **POW** 13 **CHA** 11

HP 10 **WP** 13 **SAN** 65 **BREAKING POINT** 52

SKILLS: Bureaucracy 50%, First Aid 60%, Forensics 60%, Medicine 60%, Persuade 40%, Pharmacy 50%, Science (Biology) 50%, Search 40%, Forensics 50%, Surgery 50%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 40%, Damage 1D4–1.

Sgt. Maj. Earle R. Daniels (ret.)

White male, age 49. Daniels served the Army in the 1992 Gulf War, the 2001 invasion of Afghanistan, and the 2003 invasion of Iraq. He returned to the U.S. ten years ago and has lived a relatively normal life.

During Gulf War I, the CIA recruited Daniels and trained him for secret operations. His skill with a rifle, his language skills, and his access to New York City made him an attractive asset for the agency. When the CIA finally called on him, it was Michael Bellek speaking.

Earle R. Daniels

STR 16 **CON** 14 **DEX** 13 **INT** 12 **POW** 12 **CHA** 12

HP 15 **WP** 12 **SAN** 50 **BREAKING POINT** 48

DISORDERS AND ADAPTATIONS: Adapted to Violence

SKILLS: Alertness 60%, Athletics 60%, Dodge 40%, Driving 51%, Firearms 75%, First Aid 50%, Foreign Language (Pashto) 45%, Foreign Language (Hebrew) 61%, Foreign Language (Arabic) 55%, Heavy Weapons 45%, Melee Weapons 50%, Military Science (Land) 50%, Navigate 45%, Persuade 35%, Stealth 55%, Search 60%, Unarmed Combat 55%.

SPECIAL TRAINING: Hand Grenades (Athletics).

ATTACKS: SR-25 7.62 mm sniper rifle with advanced combat optical gunsight 75%, damage 1D12+2, Armor Piercing 3.

M9 pistol with targeting laser 75%, damage 1D10.

Two M67 hand grenades 60%, Lethality 15%.
M9 bayonet 50%, damage 1D6+1, Armor Piercing 3.
Unarmed 55%, damage 1D4.

Charles A. Soriono

White male, age 41. A veteran of the 2001 invasion of Afghanistan, former U.S. Army Sgt. Soriono was saved more than once by Daniels, and believes he owes him his life. Since returning to the U.S., Soriono has cut a swath of bad jobs, bad relationships, and bad choices across the country. Only luck has kept him from landing in police custody. Soriono has some skill as a welder, and made a meager living moving from site to site. When he got the call from Daniels, he dropped everything and made his way to Washington without hesitation. He worships Daniels.

Charles A. Soriono

STR 10 **CON** 14 **DEX** 10 **INT** 13 **POW** 10 **CHA** 11

HP 12 **WP** 10 **SAN** 45 **BREAKING POINT** 40

DISORDERS AND ADAPTATIONS: Adapted to Violence.

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 50%, Craft (Welding) 45%, Demolitions 60%, Dodge 30%, Driving 50%, Firearms 50%, Foreign Language (Pashto) 25%, Heavy Weapons 55%, Melee Weapons 50%, Military Science (Land) 40%, Navigate 55%, Stealth 50%, Search 40%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

SPECIAL TRAINING: Hand Grenades (Athletics).

ATTACKS: M4 carbine with holographic sight 50%, damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3.
M9 pistol with targeting laser 50%, damage 1D10.
Five pipe bombs, Lethality 15%.
Two M67 hand grenades 50%, Lethality 15%.
M9 bayonet 50%, damage 1D6, Armor Piercing 3.
Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4–1.

Lila Masten

White female, age 39. Former U.S. Army Sgt. Masten served with Daniels in Iraq. She learned of his connection with some intelligence agency when the two were (briefly) lovers. Masten knows Daniels would not enact such a strange plan as the attack on the private investigators unless it was in the national interest. She will follow him to the end.

When she received the call, she immediately boarded a plane for Seattle. She is now a constant companion to Daniels, and looks out for him. When Daniels needs someone to check out a location or scout a target, Masten does it. She is utterly forgettable and seemingly harmless. This "cover" hides someone who is quite adept at killing, if not yet as comfortable with it as her companions.

Lila Masten

STR 9 **CON** 12 **DEX** 11 **INT** 17 **POW** 13 **CHA** 11

HP 11 **WP** 12 **SAN** 60 **BREAKING POINT** 52

SKILLS: Alertness 30%, Athletics 40%, Dodge 45%, Driving 50%, Firearms 50%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 65%, Heavy Weapons 45%, Melee Weapons 50%, Military Science (Land) 40%, Navigate 40%, Persuade 65%, Stealth 60%, Search 60%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

SPECIAL TRAINING: Hand Grenades (Athletics).

ATTACKS: M4 carbine with holographic sight 50%, damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3.
M9 pistol with targeting laser 50%, damage 1D10.
M9 bayonet 50%, damage 1D6, Armor Piercing 3.
Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4–1.

Robert Justin Ortega

Tall, handsome, not yet 30, and a billionaire, Ortega spends most of his time having fun. His name leads some to expect him to be Hispanic, and the tan he sports from constant swimming, boating, and skiing may back that assumption up, but his parents were white. An Agent with at least 60% in **HUMINT** could see a clear resemblance between photos of Ortega and Justin Kroft.

Robert Justin Ortega

STR 12 **CON** 13 **DEX** 11 **INT** 15 **POW** 13 **CHA** 16

HP 13 **WP** 13 **SAN** 65 **BREAKING POINT** 52

SKILLS: Accounting 50%, Athletics 50%, Bureaucracy 50%, Dodge 40%, Driving 40%, HUMINT 30%, Law 30%, Persuade 60%, Pilot (airplane) 40%, Pilot (boat) 40%, Science (Chemical Engineering) 50%, Swimming 40%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4–1.

Solon Security Officers

These ex-soldiers are all combat veterans. A few in plain clothes remain near Robert Justin Ortega at all times, carrying concealed pistols and collapsible batons. Those at Jordan Springs Storage wear paramilitary uniforms.

Solon Security Officer

STR 14 **CON** 13 **DEX** 12 **INT** 11 **POW** 12 **CHA** 7

HP 14 **WP** 10 **SAN** 53 **BREAKING POINT** 48

DISORDERS AND ADAPTATIONS: Adapted to violence.

SKILLS: Alertness 60%, Athletics 50%, Dodge 40%, Driving 40%, Firearms 60%, HUMINT 40%, Law 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Persuade 40%, Search 50%, Unarmed Combat 60%.

ATTACKS: Glock 22 pistol 60%, damage 1D10.
M4 carbine 60%, damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3.
Night stick 50%, damage 1D6+1.
Unarmed 60%, damage 1D4.

ARMOR AND EQUIPMENT: TitaniteWeave vest (Armor 4), three extra pistol magazines, flashlight, nightvision goggles, a dozen cable ties (for use as plastic handcuffs). The carbines are stored in the guard sheds, not usually carried.

Ulee Sample

This is Ulee Three when only about 5 kg, still growing in the remains of Amanda Griffin. This form is barely distinguishable as a shape, mostly blue-white cartilage and musculature grown from interior organs with rudimentary eyelike structures, randomly spaced. If disturbed by an examination of Griffin's body, it causes the body to twitch as if trying to stir. If the stirring shape in Griffin's torso is exposed surgically, the sample seizes the examiner's hand and chews through gloves, seeking nutrients from blood and tissue. If harmed, it attempts to scuttle out of sight seeking less threatening biomass.

Ulee Sample

STR 2 **CON** 3 **DEX** 4 **INT** 3 **POW** 3

HP 3 **WP** 3

SKILLS: Athletics 40%, Unarmed Combat 40%.

CLEANSING FIRE: Fire inflicts more cellular damage than a Ulee-thing can regenerate. While fire is burning a Ulee, no regeneration can occur. Without some sort of accelerant, though, the fire goes out in one turn.

INSINUATION AND ASSIMILATION: When the Ulee sample lands an Unarmed Combat attack on a victim's exposed skin, the victim takes 1 damage and must make a CON test. If the CON test fails, the victim suffers an additional 1D6 damage as the sample insinuates the Blue Blood infection inside them. If armor protects the victim, Ulee's damage roll reduces the armor value before affecting the victim, eating away Kevlar or other protection.

PLASTIC ANATOMY: The Ulee sample can reform limbs as needed on the fly, growing vaguely fetal, eyes, and mouths in seconds, all with blue tinted skin.

RESILIENT AND REGENERATIVE: When not exposed to ultraviolet B rays or open flame, and not reduced to 0 HP, the Ulee sample regenerates 1 HP at the beginning of every turn. At 0 HP, it has been too badly disrupted to reform quickly. But if left alone, it gradually regains viability. After a few months, a sample-sized portion of it becomes animate and begins seeking prey.

VULNERABLE TO ULTRAVIOLET B: Exposure to ultraviolet B rays, such as from sunlight or a medical UVB lamp, causes rapid deterioration and inflicts 1 damage per turn.

SAN LOSS: 1/1D6.

Ulee, Small

Weighing about 20 kg, this form resembles a sea-spider, composed of blue-white and off-yellow human limbs, with a cluster of eyes in the center. It is fast and horrific. It attacks by leaping, grabbing with its multiple hands, and growing and insinuating limbs into a target, all the while absorbing blood and tissue to grow.

Small Ulee

STR 10 **CON** 11 **DEX** 18 **INT** 12 **POW** 11

HP 11 **WP** 11

SKILLS: Athletics 75%, Driving 51%, Firearms 45%, Pilot (Fighter Jet) 71%, Unarmed Combat 55%.

CLEANSING FIRE: Fire inflicts more cellular damage than a Ulee-thing can regenerate. While fire is burning a Ulee, no regeneration can occur. Without some sort of accelerant, though, the fire goes out in one turn.

INSINUATION AND ASSIMILATION: When Ulee lands an Unarmed Combat attack on a victim's exposed skin, the victim takes 1D4 damage and must make a CON test. If the CON test fails, the victim suffers an additional 1D10 damage as Ulee insinuates the Blue Blood infection inside them. If armor protects the victim, Ulee's damage roll reduces the armor value, eating away Kevlar or other protection.

PLASTIC ANATOMY: Ulee can reform limbs as needed on the fly, growing hands, eyes, mouths and more in seconds. All these elements appear human, though with blue-tinted skin.

RESILIENT AND REGENERATIVE: When not exposed to ultraviolet B rays or open flame, Ulee regenerates 5 HP at the end of every turn. At 0 HP, it has been too badly disrupted to reform quickly. But if left alone, it gradually regains viability. After a few months, a sample-sized portion of it becomes animate and begins seeking prey.

VULNERABLE TO ULTRAVIOLET B: Exposure to ultraviolet B rays, such as from sunlight or a medical UVB lamp, rapidly damages the outer layer of the Ulee-thing. This chemical destruction soon cascades to areas within the creature. This causes 1D6 damage in the first minute, with no regeneration, and 1D20 per minute after that.

SAN LOSS: 1/1D6.

Ulee, Medium

At about 200 kg, this form is approximately the size of a small brown bear. It is composed of two "midsections," a dozen humanlike limbs (seven arms and five legs), two heads, and extra eyes and ears here and there.

Medium Ulee

STR 31 **CON** 27 **DEX** 13 **INT** 12 **POW** 11

HP 45 **WP** 11

SKILLS: Same as the small Ulee.

ABILITIES: Same as the small Ulee, but its Unarmed Combat attack roll affects up to three targets within reach each turn.

SAN LOSS: 1/1D8.

Ulee, Large

At about 1,000 kg, this is as large as Ulee gets. Imagine a sphere composed of interconnected and repurposed limbs, tied together in bizarre ways, most tipped with eyes or ending in weird, double-hinged human mouths. It is fast, resilient, and utterly terrifying.

Large Ulee

STR 45 **CON** 35 **DEX** 10 **INT** 12 **POW** 11

HP 45 **WP** 11

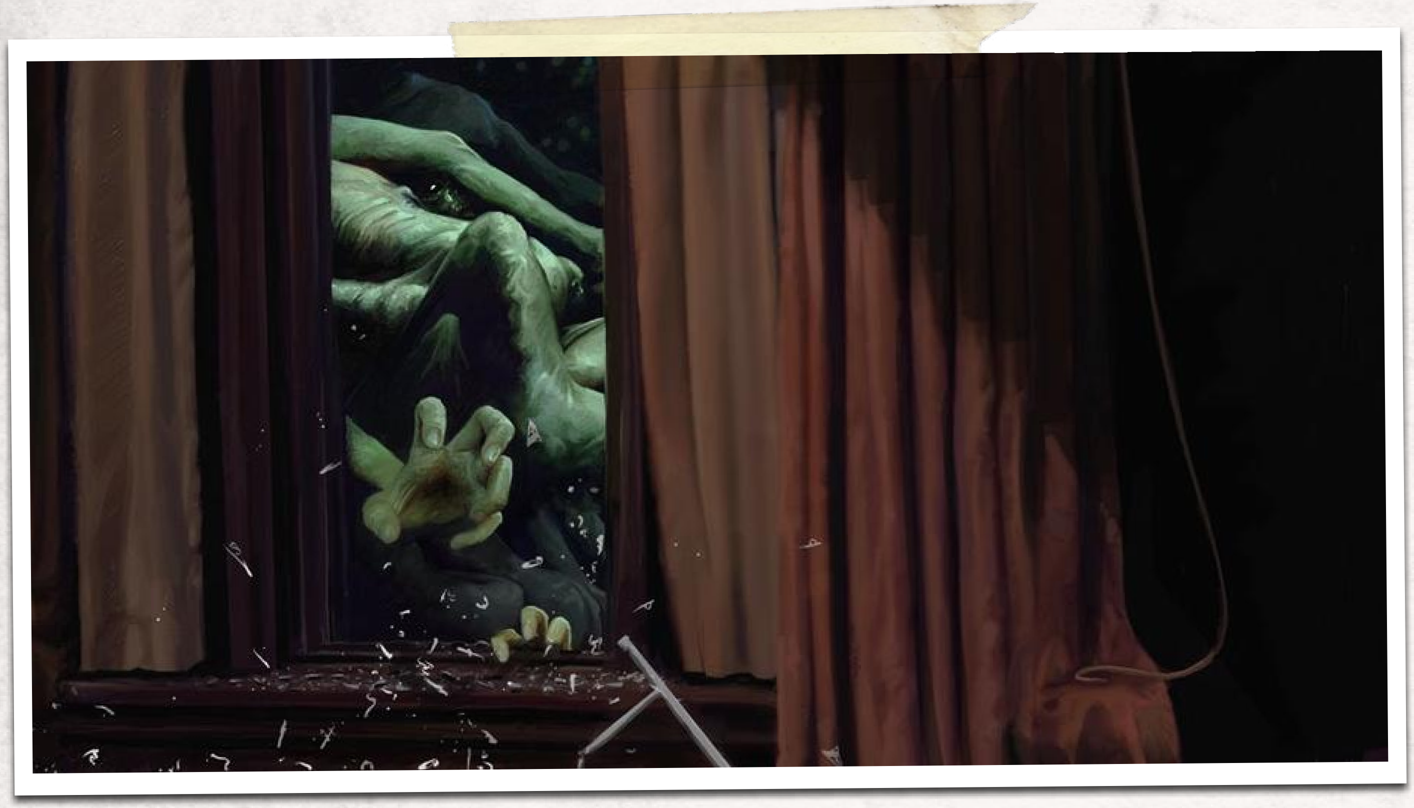
SKILLS: Same as the small Ulee.

ABILITIES: Same as the small Ulee, but its Unarmed Combat attack roll affects up to six targets within reach each turn.

SAN LOSS: 1/1D10.

Michael Bellek, aka Gavin Ross

Gavin Ross is detailed on pages 294–296 of the *Handler's Guide*.



// Music from a Darkened Room //

Misery flows like the water from
the loose faucet in the bathroom.
Hate hangs in the air like old paint.

Music From a Darkened Room

By Dennis Detwiller

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Introduction

Places, like people, sometimes go wrong. They turn off the path and head into the shadows, becoming something other than normal. Black places filled with blank rooms, closed doors, and empty hallways lined with dust.

In these places your voice catches in your throat, the air seems to hum, and bad things happen. People get hurt. Objects vanish. Misery flows like the water from the loose faucet in the bathroom. Hate hangs in the air like old paint. It smells of time and circumstance, and something just a little beyond the world.

It smells like surrender.

The house at 1206 Spooner Avenue is a place gone wrong. In the last 50 years, 18 people have died there, and you can feel it. You walk in and it's like dropping 30 fathoms under water. It's suddenly dark and cold and pressure-filled.

Doors in 1206 Spooner Avenue stay shut, and no one ever hears a child's laughter at night. In the hours that stretch like taffy after two, no one ever hears music from a darkened room. No one sees a woman walking behind the glass of the bathroom mirrors.

Still, pretenses remain. You shut your eyes and pretend the world is ordered, like a puzzle whose pieces are square and plain. You pretend a lot of things. You pretend you are pretending.

Until, in the dark, the hand falls on your shoulder.

The House on Spooner Avenue

Spooner Avenue is a quiet street that cuts a diagonal slash through suburban Meadowbrook, New Jersey. 1206 Spooner Avenue is a small house, built in 1907 and amended with additional construction in the 1940s. It is wholly unremarkable in appearance. Few notice anything past the vibrant growth of ivy that scales the north face of the house. But the neighbors are not fooled.

The neighbors are predominantly retirees who have long memories. Most were born in Meadowbrook and lived here all their lives. All have heard about the deaths at 1206 Spooner Avenue. It's a water-cooler topic across Meadowbrook.

The rumors began almost half a century ago.

Around 1960, with the murder/suicide of Douglas and Margaret Crease, the house began to gain a reputation. At first, it was simply the kind of nervous rumor that makes a horrible incident more palatable. Later, as the bodies slowly piled up, it became more certain. Today, it's simply a fact. The house is evil. Its neighbors know this in the way one knows the sky is blue or that water quenches thirst. It's a certainty.

After the Creases' deaths, 16 people have met their ends at 1206 Spooner Avenue. Only one of those deaths was due to neither accident nor violence. The rest have been an uncanny chain of suicides, accidents, and murder.

Somehow, the house has been continuously sold and re-sold. As far back as the Creases' deaths, no break in inhabitants lasted more than a month.

Neighbors believe the house has a draw to it; a pull. Doctor George Weaver, the last local drawn to it, bought the house on a whim in the summer of 1972. He died nine days later in an electrical accident. Since then, no locals ever go to the open houses, held by realty agents who explore the daylit halls of 1206 Spooner Avenue with unaccountable enthusiasm.

To those who live on Spooner Avenue, the house is to be avoided, a dead zone best rushed past—especially at night.

Its neighbors know the house is alive.

Briefing

This operation ostensibly takes place in late 2017. Adjust it as necessary to suit your campaign.

Delta Green—we'll use that term whether your Agents are in the Program or the Outlaws; again, adjust as needed—issues a directive to the nearest available team of Agents. This likely comes in a meeting with the team's usual Delta Green contact or case officer, perhaps in a secure room at a random government office building.

The Agents are assigned to Operation IAGO. The team's Delta Green contact has been given very little information to convey.

- » The Agents are to determine the cause of FBI Special Agent Arthur Donnelley's recent death. Donnelly was a veteran Delta Green agent.
- » They are to focus attention on the house at 1206 Spooner Avenue, Meadowbrook, New Jersey, and determine whether it represents an ongoing threat to the public.
- » Once those two protocols are complete, the Agents are to inform their contact and ask for further instructions.

Donnelley's Death

FBI Special Agent Arthur Donnelley killed himself in the house on Spooner Avenue. The Agents' Delta Green contact can summarize the circumstances.

Donnelley went to 1206 Spooner Avenue two weeks ago, without informing his Delta Green contacts or following the usual protocols. Nobody knows why.

Donnelley's ex-wife called the Trenton FBI office, where Donnelley worked, and reported him missing.

Two agents from the Trenton office checked his apartment the next day. They found that he had unaccountably left his cellphone behind.

The day after that, they worked with Donnelley's cellphone provider to track his phone's recent movements. They found a number of unexplained visits to 1206 Spooner Avenue.

The next day, the agents checked the Spooner Avenue house. They found Donnelley's body in the master bedroom. His throat had been cut cleanly, as if with a straight razor. His blood had drenched the walls. One of the agents said it looked like someone had "set off a bomb full of blood."

The FBI agents notified the Meadowbrook police, who called in the county coroner. The coroner half-heartedly ruled the death a suicide, though no suicide weapon was found.

More significant than the suicide itself was the fact that Donnelley had followed in the footsteps of Yamilla Isari, the house's former owner. Her body had been found under the precisely same circumstances sixteen months before.

The Agents' contact says Delta Green agents in the FBI worked around the clock to make sure the official investigation of Donnelley's death ended there. Donnelley already had a reputation among his peers, backed up by an interview with his ex-wife, as depressive, obsessive, and often overwhelmed by stress. Judging by his movements and his web browser history, Donnelley had become preoccupied with the house on Spooner Avenue. The house had an admittedly strange history, but which was not related in any way to his work in the FBI or any current criminal investigation. He went to the house, must have suffered an overwhelming emotional crisis, and killed himself.

The tragedy was reported in the local newspaper, the *Meadowbrook Sparrow,* and made the rounds on the Internet for a day: "Another Spooner Suicide." The report quotes Donnelley's supervisor in the Trenton FBI office as regretting that Agent Donnelley never talked about what must have been deep emotional distress. The supervisor says Donnelley's friends at the Bureau wish they could have done more to help him.

Now, things have begun to calm down. The Agents' Delta Green contact says that if they are careful, they can keep it that way. Nobody has any official interest in seeing the mystery deepen. The FBI does not want the public embarrassment of an agent going off the deep end. The local police do not want the notoriety of a haunted-house story going wide. Neighbors do not want the house's weird history to depress the local housing market. If the Agents tread lightly, the latest death at Spooner Avenue will soon be forgotten.

The House

The Agents' contact instructs them to employ extreme caution when investigating the house at 1206 Spooner Avenue. The house has been suspected in the past of somehow influencing people's behavior. The contact has been given no details. Considering the death of Agent Donnelley, the Agents should take those suspicions very seriously.

Assets

Two nearby specialists may assist with research. The Agents should tell them as little as possible.

- **ELIZABETH TUCKER:** an antiques dealer who lives in Meadowbrook. She is described on page 83.
- **EMIL YARROW:** a parapsychologist, an associate professor of abnormal psychology at Fulton College (two towns over). He is described on page 84.

Finally, the Agents should inspect a "Green Box" in Meadowbrook—a storage unit used in past Delta Green operations. It can be found at Meadowbrook Store-It, 819 Dewlark Lane, Unit 2230.

The Phone

The Agents' contact hands them a battered old cell phone for limited use during the operation. It comes from an early generation of phones. It can call internationally, but it does not send any caller metadata. The phone is preprogrammed with numbers and addresses for Emil Yarrow, Elizabeth Tucker, and Meadowbrook Store-It.

If the Agents reach out to their Delta Green contact using their usual channels, they may receive a return call on this phone. Employ it to move the Agents along if things bog down. Use the phone as a source of mystery and hints. Every call from their contact will be allusive and vague, never saying aloud anything potentially incriminating or that might inform later listeners about the unnatural or Delta Green.

What's Going On

The house on Spooner Avenue was built in 1907 by Michael Wheeler, a 32-year-old mason. He brought his invalid wife Isabelle Wheeler to die there.

Wheeler was a dashing young man who charmed his way into a lucrative position cutting gravestones for nearby communities. His business expanded to specialty stonework such as gargoyles, marble cuts, tiles and monuments. When Isabelle and Michael married in 1905, they were the darlings of the town. But in less than a year, their life fell under a shadow.

Overnight, it seemed, Isabelle was infected by an unknown ailment. It robbed her of use of her legs, and later wracked her body with spasms and convulsions. Even so, she outlived her husband by decades. Michael Wheeler was struck in the head and killed by a piece of marble at the County Seat worksite in 1910.

Michael Wheeler had become a wealthy man, and left a significant fortune behind. Isabelle never wanted for anything but peace. She remained in the Spooner Avenue house another 46 years.

In 1926, Isabelle had gotten her wish: her pain and ailments went away. But the neighborhood was far from happy. Isabelle took to living with a foreigner, an Italian woman of considerable age, named Adele DiVettelo. The neighbors called her "The Crone." DiVettelo had worked as a seamstress at a nearby sanitarium, but was fired for "practicing witchcraft." She was generally shunned by the town, and barely subsisted until she came to the house of Isabelle Wheeler.

Originally, DiVettelo was hired by the help to re-sew the drapes in all the rooms. But she soon was inseparable from Wheeler. In the summer of 1926, the talk of the town was the recovery of Isabelle from her mystery ailment. For the first time in 20 years, Wheeler could walk and conduct herself normally. But talk turned to the presence of the Crone at the house.

It became clear to the locals that strange things were going on. Animals turned up dead, and not just farm animals. Dogs and cats seemed to go missing with regularity. Odd men showed up, foreigners with thick, Italian accents. The Crone seemed to be gathering her own family into the Wheeler house with Isabelle's blessing.

After a 1937 confrontation with Antonio DiVettelo, a man the Crone claimed was her son, locals learned to leave them alone. Matthew Harrigan, the son of a wealthy local politician, wasted away from some mysterious disease two weeks after the incident. The disease was odd. The patient developed rashes that became what appeared to be burn marks, which suppurated and bled out. Only Harrigan, who had struck Antonio, died from it, but each man involved in the scuffle with Antonio suffered from this disease.

The hint was taken. People steered clear of the Wheeler house.

For once, the rumors were correct. DiVettelo was practicing witchcraft. By the time she disappeared in 1955, most thought she was in excess of 100 years old. They didn't know that she was far older than 100. She had signed her life away to L'Uomo Nero, the Dark Man, in the summer of 1800 at age 18. She placed her name in his book and promised him blood and souls. She had spent the first 50 years of her new life practicing her art in the Old Country, but came to America when the time seemed right.

Using Wheeler's ailment as leverage, DiVettelo wheedled her way into the Spooner Avenue house and gained complete control over Isabelle. The Crone first took Isabelle's pain, freeing Isabelle Wheeler from the disease that had left her bedridden for nearly a decade. Using dark magic, she put Wheeler's suffering behind the reflections at the Spooner Avenue house. This dark half of Wheeler was bound in each and every mirror of the Spooner house while her physical form was restored to complete health. At the time of her death, Isabelle had learned the price of such a trick. Her spirit persisted in a dark nether-world behind glass, watching the warmth of the modern world as it scrolled by.

For 30 years, the Crone lived in the Spooner Avenue house. Eventually, as things quieted down and the inhabitants at 1206 Spooner ceased interacting with the town, the town lost interest. The Depression and World War II proved quite distracting.

In 1940, the Crone consecrated the Spooner Avenue property to Ni-Ar-Lath-Otep, the secret name of the Dark Man, and had a room built for her nightly rituals. For 15 years, these rituals occupied the nights of the new moon. This culminated in the summer of 1955, when L'Uomo Nero himself appeared. He opened his book to Isabelle Wheeler—who repented and refused to sign her name within it.

The next day, the Crone was gone and Isabelle was alone. Soon, she was ill once more, this time from old age. She wasted away over the period of a year, cared for by a private nurse hired from a local agency. She died in 1956 at age 69.

She still lingers in the reflections of the Spooner Avenue house, searching for prey to feed her need for warmth and life. After eighteen deaths in the house, she's not alone.

The Green Box

Meadowbrook Store-It is a small lot southwest of the house on Spooner Avenue. It includes about 50 large storage sheds, surrounded by a four-meter fence topped with razor wire. A single, two-room trailer stands at the entrance, serving as office. The facility has three full-time employees, usually one on duty at a time during business hours. They set up new accounts, divvy up old underpaid accounts, and collect on delinquent accounts, but most of the time they do little more than play on their phones.

Unit 2230 has slipped through the cracks of the Delta Green conspiracy, and the fee has gone unpaid for nine months. In another three months, the contents of the shed will become the property of Brian Miglia, owner of the Meadowbrook Store-It.

Miglia smells money in that shed. Its last visitor was Special Agent Donnelley, who committed suicide just hours after last visiting the shed. Miglia thinks the reason Donnelley killed himself may still be in still in the shed.

Since Donnelley's death, no one has visited the unit. The police never knew of his connection to it. Even better, he wasn't even the name on the lease. That was a Felix Greene, whose address and phone number haven't been valid in years—if they ever were.

The balance due and the renewal fee total $1,200, an Unusual expense. Whoever wants to access the unit must pay that fee.

Entering the Green Box

If the Agents show badges and pay the fees, Miglia backs down and gives them unfettered access. But if they simply pull badges without paying the balance due, Miglia says that perhaps the Agent's superiors should be contacted, something he is more than willing to do. Miglia is of the mind that if something illegal is in the shed, and he's to get nothing from it, perhaps he can be a local hero for uncovering a crime.

If the Agents offer to pay the fee as civilians, without showing badges, Miglia does what he can to stall the process. He hopes they'll lose interest. If the Agents seem agitated by his stall tactics, Miglia takes this as confirmation something valuable is in the shed. He gets rash. He and his three workers break into the shed one evening, searching for the valuables. They find the coffin of Anton Turé. The police become involved. The scandalous contents of the Green Box will bloom into a public relations nightmare for the FBI. If the Agents are not careful, they will end up on the national news delivering a sound bite about the coffin.

Contents of the Green Box

- Antique table
- Sofa bed
- Two plastic-wrapped twin mattresses
- Three empty biohazard containers
- Two bags of quik-lime
- Two new shovels
- Four pairs of work gloves
- A hat-lamp
- Fourteen empty quart-size metal containers for gasoline, with pour spouts
- Two empty gallon-size plastic gasoline containers
- Three newly minted keys taped together in a piece of cardboard (these are keys to 1206 Spooner)
- 400 rounds shotgun ammunition (12-gauge buckshot)
- Two new Mossberg shotguns with serial numbers ground off
- Various fake identities made out for Special Agent Donnelley, including one as a Meadowbrook gas inspector and one as assistant county coroner
- A Nikon F36 telephoto lens

- A Nikon Reflex camera
- Donnelley's notes from the investigation
- The remains of 24 burned photographs
- A crumbling, four-foot-long wooden coffin, covered in recent dirt

The Table

The antique table is not related to the house.

The Burned Photos

Nothing can be gleaned from these except that several seem to show trace images of 1206 Spooner Avenue on them. Their subject matter beyond that is impossible to tell.

The Coffin

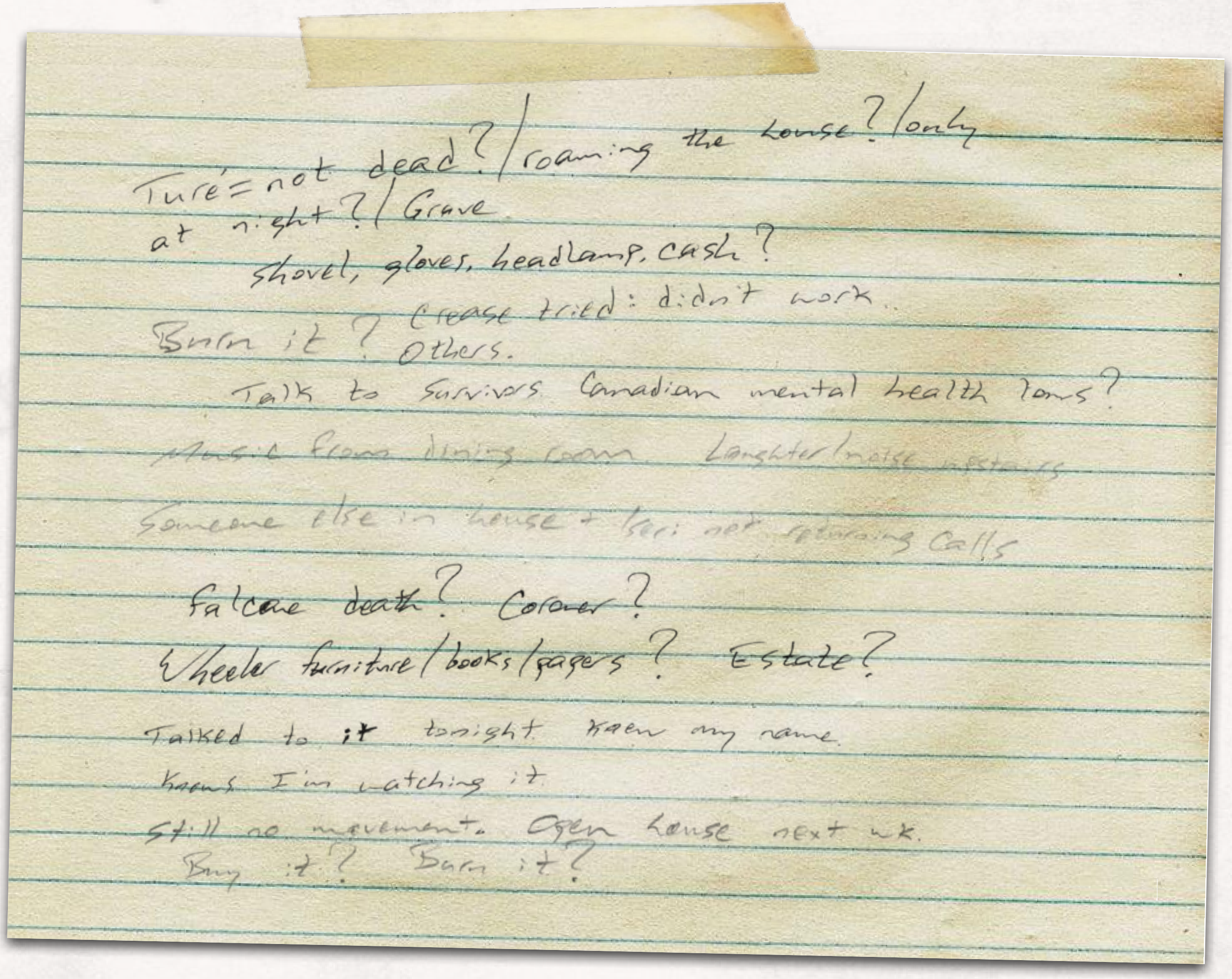
Inside the crumbling coffin are the remains of Anton Turé, now rotted to the point of disintegration. A small metal plaque on the hasp indicates the identity of the occupant: "ANTON TURÉ, 1957–1966". Seeing this costs 0/1D4 SAN. Turé is so decomposed that there is no smell.

Donnelley's Notes

These torn notebook pages are filled with the scrawl of Donnelley's handwriting. The first pages are the most coherent. They give a sense that 1206 Spooner Avenue had consumed Donnelley's mind for years.

Being a local, Donnelley had heard many stories of the Spooner Avenue house, particularly as a child. The thought that it was truly haunted never crossed his mind until Amanda Braintree's death a few years back. After investigating the house under the guise of a would-be buyer, Donnelley found himself actually considering purchasing it. But like a cold, he shook the strange, unnatural attraction off. He sent word up to Delta Green and waited. It seems Delta Green never replied.

His notes resume when Yamilla Isari entered the picture, but they are haphazard and disjointed. Donnelley tried to dissuade her from buying the house, but he


Turé = not dead? / roaming the house? / only at night? / Grave
shovel, gloves, headlamp, cash?
Burn it? Crease tried: didn't work. Others.
Talk to survivors Canadian mental health Toms?
Music from dining room Laughter/noise upstairs
Someone else in house + Isari not returning calls
Falcone death? Coroner?
Wheeler furniture/books/papers? Estate?
Talked to it tonight. Knew my name.
Knows I'm watching it.
Still no movement. Open house next wk.
Buy it? Burn it?

recognized the same unnatural fervor in her eyes that had once toyed with him. She could not be convinced, and he could not bring himself to do worse. Donnelley stepped up surveillance on Isari when she seemed to isolate herself in the house.

The last few pages are filled with increasingly bizarre statements written almost like math equations. They don't seem to be in any order. Reading those pages paints a picture of a man bent on a single purpose—uncovering the secret of 1206 Spooner Avenue—like a member of the bomb squad might go about defusing an explosive. Any Agent with **Psychotherapy** 30% or **HUMINT** 60%, or who succeeds at a roll with either skill, can tell that Donnelley was very nearly psychotic when some of the notes were written.

Trails

There are several different trails the Agents can follow to look into the background of 1206 Spooner Avenue.

- Visit 1206 Spooner Avenue (see **THE HOUSE ITSELF** and **RUNNING THE HOUSE** on page 67).
- Investigate county paperwork related to 1206 Spooner Avenue (see **THE COUNTY SEAT** on page 59).
- Interview the neighbors of 1206 Spooner Avenue (see **SHUT DOORS, DRAWN SHADES** on page 66).
- Locate death certificates, police reports and coroner reports of former residents (see **FURTHER RESEARCH** on page 59).
- Interview living former residents (see **THE LUCKY FEW** on page 62).
- Talk to the local police and coroner (see **BREAKING OUT THE BADGES** on this page).
- Delve into the history of 1206 Spooner Avenue before 1956 (see **NEWS ARCHIVES** on page 64).

Records from before 1956 are scattered all over town and will require the most work. They are practically everywhere: in antique shops (regarding Isabelle Wheeler's furniture), in the archives of the *Meadowbrook Sparrow* (the local paper), and in households around town.

Breaking Out the Badges

If the Agents conduct their investigation openly as government agents, they can secure easy cooperation and access. No one is very surprised to see federal agents looking into Special Agent Donnelley's death.

The Agents could save themselves trouble if they think to establish themselves as an official inquiry into Special Agent Donnelley's death. The Agents' case officer can help to arrange assignments or ad-hoc deputizations for the Agents. That requires a **Bureaucracy** or **Law** test by whichever Agent is arranging it. If the roll succeeds, the Agents' investigation of Donnelley is official and they have the full backing of the FBI. Of course, they also may be subject to official investigation themselves if things go wrong.

Asking Around Town

Agents who persistently ask around town about the Spooner house receive clues, but that requires a great deal of footwork. Play out such interviews. Asking uncomfortable questions ("Has this piano ever played…uh…on its own?") can lead to interesting reactions.

The Agents will also gain the attention of local gossips. This is a good way to get noticed. Police Chief Buffington will become involved, if he hasn't already, if the Agents kick up too much dust by asking questions that have nothing to do with the death of Agent Donnelley.

Drawing Attention

If the Agents are not on an official investigation and begin poking around sensitive files such as coroner's reports, police reports, or county files that are not offered to the public, they can draw undue attention. The Agents must make a single **Luck** roll, adjusted by the following modifiers.

- *The Agents have been caught attempting to side-step rules to obtain sensitive files:* –20%
- *The Agents are caught illegally searching or breaking into private property:* –40%
- *The Agents have berated or threatened locals:* –20%
- *The Agents have brandished weapons at locals:* –40%

If the **Luck** roll fails, the Meadowbrook police chief steps in to question to the Agents. The Agents must quell his ire with a convincing explanation and an appropriate skill roll (likely **Bureaucracy, Law,** or **Persuade**).

If that fails, a figure in authority from an Agent's day job phones to question the Agent on his or her activities. The Agent must talk his or her way out of the situation with an appropriate skill roll at –20%.

If the Agent fails to talk his or her superior down, FBI agents unrelated to Delta Green show up to detain and question the Agents. This can get sticky if the Agents are carrying contraband or are thought to be somewhere else. It can easily lead to an official inquiry, to Agents losing their badges or being suspended, or worse.

The County Seat

Agents looking into the background of 1206 Spooner Avenue can find the standard records available at the County Seat: a two-story marble building just a few scant blocks from the house. It is a sleepy little building that deals mostly in parking tickets, zoning laws and building permits.

Meadowbrook's records have been given little attention of late; the money that comes from the state is going elsewhere, mostly towards the construction of a new library. Few care that the county seat is falling into disrepair, as long as the parks remain clean, the traffic lights and roads are well kept, and the police show up on time.

The County Seat has records of purchase, records of sale, zoning records and death certificates on file dating back to 1940.

The clerk, Anthony Freeman, is affable, and for a mocha from Starbucks he gladly lets the Agents into the records room during work hours. Freeman is a twenty-something college dropout who is unaware of the Spooner Avenue house and its history, but he's always looking for things to fill his day. He spends most of his days waiting for someone to ask him something besides where the bathroom is. If it's a particularly boring day and the Agents take him into some sort of confidence, Freemen might even help them look through the mountains of paperwork.

The records room is a barely controlled mishmash of water-stained boxes, photo sheets, and 28 huge pre-World War II filing cabinets. Papers are not filed here as much as abandoned—and this is not all the paperwork. Every record before 1940 was packed up in 1966 and moved offsite into storage. Access to those files is just plain "not possible" according to Freeman. Geting Freeman to poke his nose into county business that deep requires a plausible justification and a **Persuade** roll, perhaps with a +20% bonus if a sweetener like an expensive gift is offered.

A History of Horrors

The record of ownership of 1206 Spooner Avenue reads like a hit list: a chain of deaths, suicides, accidents, and murders.

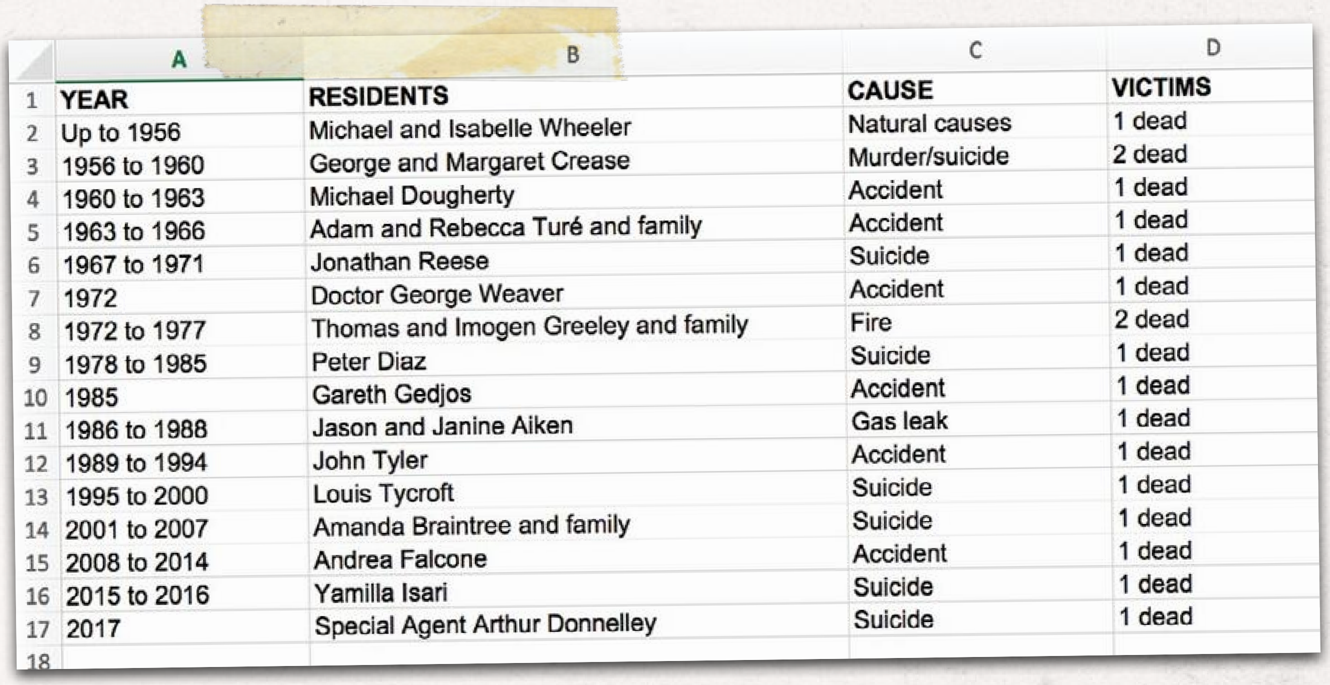
If the Agents search around, similar records for other homes can be found. When the lifetime of a house is broken down into bite-sized chunks like this, it's very easy to find what seem to be odd chains of events: fire after fire, death upon death. Once they learn what to look for in the county records, it's hard not to see it everywhere. Once the records for Spooner Avenue are assembled, the Agents may find other houses that seem to suffer from the same ill fortune.

It takes 12 to 15 hours of work to trace all the records of 1206 Spooner Avenue back to 1940. The Agents need an appropriate research skill, such as **Bureaucracy** or **History**, at 40% or better to uncover a basic chronology from 1940 onward. This tells the Agents who lived and died there and when.

Further Research

Further information can be uncovered on the Wheelers, Creases, Turés, Aikens, Weaver, Diaz, Tycroft, Isari, and Donnelley. The circumstances of the other victims' deaths appear mundane no matter how deeply the Agents investigate.

To find details, the Agents must choose a particular name to research, and then make the appropriate research roll (likely **Bureaucracy** or **History**) at –20%. If the Agents get Anthony Freeman to assist them, he eliminates the research penalty. Each search of this nature can only be attempted once per name, and takes a few hours of digging.



	A	B	C	D
1	**YEAR**	**RESIDENTS**	**CAUSE**	**VICTIMS**
2	Up to 1956	Michael and Isabelle Wheeler	Natural causes	1 dead
3	1956 to 1960	George and Margaret Crease	Murder/suicide	2 dead
4	1960 to 1963	Michael Dougherty	Accident	1 dead
5	1963 to 1966	Adam and Rebecca Turé and family	Accident	1 dead
6	1967 to 1971	Jonathan Reese	Suicide	1 dead
7	1972	Doctor George Weaver	Accident	1 dead
8	1972 to 1977	Thomas and Imogen Greeley and family	Fire	2 dead
9	1978 to 1985	Peter Diaz	Suicide	1 dead
10	1985	Gareth Gedjos	Accident	1 dead
11	1986 to 1988	Jason and Janine Aiken	Gas leak	1 dead
12	1989 to 1994	John Tyler	Accident	1 dead
13	1995 to 2000	Louis Tycroft	Suicide	1 dead
14	2001 to 2007	Amanda Braintree and family	Suicide	1 dead
15	2008 to 2014	Andrea Falcone	Accident	1 dead
16	2015 to 2016	Yamilla Isari	Suicide	1 dead
17	2017	Special Agent Arthur Donnelley	Suicide	1 dead
18				

If the Agents get Freeman to look into the stored pre-1940 records (this should require significant luck or persistence), they can conduct this kind of research into Isabelle and Michael Wheeler and the Wheeler house's construction.

Isabelle and Michael Wheeler

There are no surviving county records on the Wheelers, but Agents who think to search local newspaper archives may learn a great deal. See **NEWS ARCHIVES** on page 64.

George and Margaret Crease

George and Margaret Crease were locals who moved into the Wheeler house following the death of Isabelle Wheeler in 1956. They set about updating the house, adding amenities like a water heater, a modern refrigerator, a gas range, and improved wiring.

By 1957, the Creases' friends noticed a change in the couple. Margaret had become rude and pushy, completely unlike her previous self. George seemed frightened and rarely ventured out except to go to work, until he renewed his interest in church. Then he attended church at all hours. Margaret spent an exorbitant sum in 1957 to restore huge wall mirrors in the master bedroom. When they were finished, the home was photographed for local trade magazines.

On 12 OCT 1960, George Crease drove to a sporting goods shop, bought a double-barrel shotgun and a box of 20 shells, drove home, and shot his wife and then himself. Margaret had been shot in front of the mirrors in the master bedroom, and most of her head was embedded in the broken glass.

George had set fire to the house before shooting himself, but a neighbor extinguished the fire before it could spread.

The community was devastated by the killings, and few knew precisely how to react. Public reaction vacillated between pretending it didn't happen at all to covering up the exact facts.

Adam and Rebecca Turé and Family

The Turés were transplants from Montreal, Quebec. They moved into 1206 Spooner Avenue in 1963 with their two children, Elise and Anton. They lived there seemingly without incident until 1965, when Rebecca Turé was briefly hospitalized for "mental exhaustion." She spent six weeks in a mental hospital and was treated with electroshock therapy.

Rebecca resumed life as a homemaker. Elise, however, had become a problem. The eight-year-old became violent at school and was often sent home for swearing.

On 12 JAN 1966, Rebecca Turé discovered her son, nine-year-old Anton, drowned in the toilet bowl of the master bedroom. The door to the bathroom was locked from the inside. Rebecca Turé was permanently hospitalized from that point on. Adam Turé left the area with his wife and daughter and never returned.

George Weaver

Weaver was a well-liked local doctor who lived in a small house on Valley Road (one over from Spooner Avenue). He was a lifelong bachelor, and was considered upwardly mobile in the neighborhood. His practice had replaced that of the previous town doctor, Stanley Donnigan, in 1965.

Weaver attended the open house at the Spooner house following the suicide of Jonathan Reese, and after a short period he bought the house. Several neighbors told him of the house's dark past, but Weaver laughed it off.

He moved in on 3 JUN 1972. He died on 12 JUN 1972. Weaver was apparently electrocuted under mysterious circumstances in the garage. No one knows exactly what happened, but clocks in the house, which went out the moment the circuit blew, showed 2:30 a.m. Weaver's car was in the shop. No one knows what he was doing in the garage at that time of night.

Peter Diaz

Peter Diaz, a baker from a nearby town, bought the house in 1978 to rebuild and rent it. He was a skilled carpenter and spent the next three years restoring the house, meticulously repairing the damage that occurred during the fire of 1977.

Diaz's repairs were a bit of a public news item for several months. The press gave his work a positive spin. Then, in 1982, Diaz left his wife and two children and moved into 1206 Spooner Avenue full-time. To the outside world, it seemed that a divorce was in progress. Really, Diaz left his wife simply to work more on the house.

Peter Diaz was a rare sight in town after that. He spent a huge sum on repairing the house, expanding the garage and restoring the master bedroom's full-length mirrors with period glass.

In 1985, Diaz hung himself in the second bedroom. A note pinned to his chest read, simply, "Finished now."

Jason and Janine Aiken

The Aikens moved in from across Meadowbrook in 1986, hoping to start a family. Instead, they faced problem after problem. The couple spent the better part of a year repairing fault after fault with the house.

They spent a considerable amount of their savings getting electrical, plumbing, and gas problems under control. By late 1988, they thought they had gotten the majors issued repaired, and Janine Aiken began painting the house to her liking.

Jason returned home from work one late afternoon to discover the house filled with gas and Janine unconscious upstairs. All four gas burners on the stove were on full, but not lit. It was "miraculous," according to the local fire chief, that no explosion occurred.

Janine Aiken regained consciousness briefly in Meadowbrook hospital later that evening and then died. Jason Aiken left town the following month and never returned.

Louis Tycroft

Louis Tycroft was a local lawyer who had recently suffered a divorce from his wife of 15 years, Emily Tycroft. Tycroft soon had a falling out with his partners and dissolved the practice to work on the house.

On 12 SEP 2000, Tycroft shot himself in the chest twice with a handgun—an amazing achievement, as far as the coroner was concerned. But it was not entirely unexpected. The local paperboy, John Elliott, had called the police the week before. Answering the door angrily with a pistol, Tycroft told the paperboy that voices were keeping him up at night. After a session of questioning, the police could do nothing. Tycroft was cooperative and coherent. His paperwork for the pistol was in order.

Yamilla Isari

Yamilla Isari was a recent transplant to Meadowbrook from the United Arab Emirates. The daughter of a wealthy family, Isari had seen and fallen in love with the house while on break from the state university. For a year, she obsessed about the house, even making Andrea Falcone, the former owner, an outrageous offer of cash for it.

In 2014, Falcone suffocated in the upstairs room, and the house went on the market.

Isari purchased it that year, and moved in immediately following graduation. Isari spent two months in frantic decoration, which involved heavy spending in local antique shops. She became a bit of a famous figure in the area. Then, suddenly, she became a recluse.

She was discovered dead on 14 NOV 2016, her throat cut in a manner consistent with a straight razor. The coroner estimated the death had occurred a few days before.

Special Agent Arthur Donnelley

County records have very little information on Donnelley, but he was known to locals and to the real estate office. The local newspaper article about his death notes that Donnelley had visited 1206 Spooner Avenue previously, and was once interested in purchasing the house. The article then points out the prevalence of suicide in the law enforcement professions.

The Lucky Few

The Agents will find a trail of broken families and people tied to the records of 1206 Spooner Avenue. Some are nearby. Some live in other countries, or are granted limited contact with the public at large. Only persistent Agents will gain access to all the clues they hold.

Adam Turé

Adam Turé, 82, is a retired electrical engineer who lives in his native Montreal, Quebec. He lived in the house on Spooner Avenue from 1963 to 1966, and lost both his son Anton (who died in the house) and his wife Rebecca (who was permanently committed over his death). He is a bitter old man who spends time caring for his wife at the Douglas Hospital Research Centre.

Adam Turé is a volatile, stubborn old man who lapses into French when angered. He refuses to talk of such "nonsense" as the notion of the Spooner Avenue house being haunted. Otherwise he is cooperative, particularly if dealing with law enforcement officials. He does his best to shelter his wife from any outside contact.

Rebecca Turé

Rebecca Turé, 81, is a long-term patient at the Douglas Hospital Research Centre in Montreal, Quebec. Only family members, guests of family members, and people who get permission from her case supervisor can contact her.

Rebecca Turé is completely insane. She speaks (often in French) of the "woman in the house who wants to kill my boy" and the "man with the rifle."

Rebecca's mental state was fragile back then, and that allowed the entities that haunt 1206 Spooner Avenue to manipulate her perceptions. She endured nearly a year of growing "visions," culminating with a full-on hallucination of George Crease erasing his head with a shotgun in the kitchen. After her first committal, she returned home, where the problems began once more.

When her son Anton drowned in the toilet of the master bedroom, Rebecca completely lost her mind, falling into a nearly catatonic state that lasted eight years. Her husband moved her back to Quebec in 1966 and had her placed in the Douglas Hospital Research Centre, a primary care facility funded by the province.

Rebecca's doctors find her case fascinating. They say she is schizophrenic with aspects of dementia. They expect that treatment will allow her a tolerable existence for the rest of her life, but they do not believe she will ever permanently leave the hospital.

Elise Turé

Elise Turé, 60, is a contract attorney in Oakland, California, and a naturalized American citizen. She deliberately cut herself off from her parents, doesn't like to speak of them, and is uninterested in renewing contact with them.

Elise Turé is very "spiritual" and holds a deep belief in the supernatural. This belief, she says, was fostered by her experiences in the Spooner house.

If asked about the house, she vividly describes childhood memories of waking at night and seeing an old woman behind the mirrors in her parents' bedroom; of hearing a piano playing in the living room at night, though they did not own a piano; of her mother's breakdown after seeing a stranger shoot himself in the kitchen—a stranger whose remains instantly vanished. Elise does not qualify these statements as youthful imagination. She is convinced they happened exactly as she remembers. She is certain the same force that haunts Spooner Avenue killed her brother Anton in 1966.

Lucien and Maria Diaz

The children of Peter Diaz are Lucien Diaz, 45, and Maria Diaz, 43. They returned to Denver, Colorado, where their father's family is originally from. Both are married and have families. They are very close, but don't generally speak of their father's suicide.

They cooperate with law-enforcement officials, though Lucien attempts to take the brunt of the questioning to keep his sister from harm. They were young when their father hung himself—Lucien was 13 and Maria was 11—but each remembers that year very clearly.

Lucien speaks of his father's "descent": his growing obsession with the house on Spooner Avenue and his abandonment of his children and wife. Lucien believes his father lost his mind somewhere between 1981 and 1984. Maria has a very vivid memory of riding her bike to the Spooner house in 1983, knocking, and hearing a woman's voice say, "Come in." There was no one in the house at the time.

In early 1985, Peter Diaz had a "special" conversation with his children, making them promise they would not enter 1206 Spooner because it was "not safe." At the time, both thought it was due to the ongoing construction. Now, years later, they are not at all sure that was what he was speaking of.

Jason Aiken

Jason Aiken, 56, runs a gas station in Turin, New Mexico. He remarried in 1996, and his wife, Sophie, is a local artist, selling clay pottery to tourists from a roadside shop.

Aiken is an ambiable fellow who's come to grips with his first wife's death. Down to earth and no-nonsense, he speaks openly of all he knows of the Spooner Avenue house—which isn't much. He never had any odd experiences there until the death of his wife.

He relates an unusual hallucination he had when he found Janine's body and the house was filled with gas. Aiken started to see bloody handprints everywhere: on doorknobs, on banisters, on the stove. Of course, when the house was cleared of gas, no such handprints were found. Fire officials told him such hallucinations were not at all unusual.

Aiken is neither evasive nor suspicious of the Spooner Avenue house. To him, his wife's death was simply an accident. Nothing shown or said to him will convince him otherwise.

Emily Tycroft

Emily Tycroft, 50, is a comfortably retired paralegal who inherited a lofty sum from her late husband. She has lived a quiet life in Meadowbrook, and is a conscientious neighbor, well regarded in the local community.

But she is certain of one thing: that 1206 Spooner Avenue is an evil place. During the time her husband inhabited that house, nothing but trouble seemed to follow him. She was in the house only twice, and both times it felt "uncomfortable," though she never saw anything out of the ordinary.

Nearly three weeks after her husband's death, she received an incorrectly labeled envelope addressed to her. It had been delivered elsewhere and then caught by a local postman who knew her personally. It was in her ex-husband's handwriting. The letter detailed Louis Tycroft's deteriorating mental state and seemed to be an explanation of his suicide. It is filled with gibberish, talking of a "woman in the house." Emily Tycroft never showed the letter to the police. She may show it to especially courteous Agents who believe the Spooner house may be genuinely haunted.

The Coroner

Elmer Perkin is a 55-year-old doctor who's lived in Meadowbrook his entire life. In his time as county coroner, Perkin has handled every death in the Spooner house since John Tyler. He is aware of the dark history of the house dating back to the Crease murder/suicide of 1960.

Perkin is talkative, known for getting a little drunk at the Meadowbrook Inn on weekends and spilling gruesome details of local deaths. If the Agents learn this and take him out for a beer or two (or four), Perkin will open up.

Perkin will take some persuading and badge pulling to get copies of the death certificates of the Spooner house victims (make a **Persuade** roll at –20%). Without this kind of prying, it will take a request from Michael Buffington—the chief of police—to make him do so.

If they approach him in some official capacity as government agents, he is more careful. The Agents need a **Persuade** test at –20% to get him to open up, or else a request from Meadowbrook Chief of Police Michael Buffington. (See **BREAKING OUT THE BADGES** on page 58.) In that case, Perkin is warier and less forthcoming.

John Tyler was a strange little fellow who moved into town in 1989. No one in town knew him well. He worked at a supermarket as a night manager and was always a bit of an outsider. He was discovered dead on 12 JUL 1994. Perkin rules his death an accident, but only because no concrete evidence of foul play was found. The house was locked, and Tyler was dead in the master bathroom, his lungs full of water. No signs of struggle were found on the body, but the tub was dry as bone and the plug was in the drain.

Perkin knew Louis Tycroft, a lawyer who handled Perkin's estate planning in 1993. The whole town heard about Tycroft's deteriorating mental state, and his encounter with Meadowbrook police a couple of days before his suicide. Perkin was amazed that Tycroft could shoot himself twice in the chest. He had never even read of anything like that. "Besides," he says, "the first wound was damn damn instantly fatal."

He calls Yamilla Isari's and Arthur Donnelley's deaths "damn strange." The cuts on their throats were identical—absolutely the same. There were no hesitation marks. On a female suicide, particularly, that is very unusual. The blood spray patterns were nearly identical, though Yamilla Isari, being smaller, had less of it. Perkin suspects that Donnelley must have found a photo of the scene of Isari's death and recreated it obsessively.

Then there was the mirror. It can still be seen in photos of the scenes. In both cases, the shape of blood on the wall mirror behind the victim looks like something was blocking spray. It looks like the shape of a person.

In neither death did detectives find a suicide weapon. On the other hand, nor did detectives find any evidence whatsoever that anyone else had been present, in either death. For lack of any concrete evidence to the contrary, Perkin ruled both deaths suicides and moved on.

News Archives

The file morgue of the *Meadowbrook Sparrow,* the town newspaper, holds back issues going back over a century, viewable on microfiche since the paper has never had the budget to digitize them all. The archives are indexed by subject matter, but the indexing is incomplete. For each entry, the players must first say they are searching for something related. Then they must either have the aid of a librarian—likely requiring a **CHA** or **Persuade** test unless the Agents flash an FBI badge, which makes the whole affair much more interesting and likely to draw attention—or else succeed at a **History** test. Without asking the right questions and either getting help or succeeding at many **History** tests, the Agents get incomplete information.

The Wheeler Marriage

May 1905: Meadowbrook celebrates the marriage of Michael Wheeler and Isabelle Nacht. Wheeler, 30, is a quintessential "self-made man," a dashing young stonemason who prospered from contracts with governments and churches around the region. His business specializes in gargoyles, marble cuts, tiles, and monuments. Nacht, 18, is the daughter of a wealthy, landowning family. Michael and Isabelle were the darlings of the town. In a grainy wedding photo, she looks slim and proper.

Isabelle Wheeler's Sickness

November 1905: Isabelle Wheeler, newly married at 18 and the darling of Meadowbrook society, begins to suffer an unknown ailment. It renders her bed-ridden with "convulsions," and incapable of walking.

The Wheeler House

May 1907: Stonemason Michael Wheeler begins construction of a small house at 1206 Spooner Avenue for himself and his invalid wife, Isabelle. Isabelle Wheeler suffers from some form of palsy, which has resisted the treatments of the many doctors her desperate husband has hired from out of state.

Michael Wheeler's Death

October 1910: Wealthy stonemason Michael Wheeler dies during construction of the County Seat in Meadowbrook, when a falling slab of marble strikes him fatally on the head. He is survived by his wife, Isabelle Wheeler. The couple had no children.

Adele DiVetello at the Sanitarium

May 1926: Nurse Adele DiVetello is dismissed from Meadowbrook Sanitarium for "improper behavior." Patients and coworkers accuse her of practicing witchcraft, and several workers say she slaughtered a cat and drank its blood. A physician at the sanitarium marks her as a woman of low moral standards and a heathen. No photograph is included.

Isabelle Wheeler's Recovery

June 1926: Isabelle Wheeler makes an astonishing, seemingly complete recovery from the debilitating ailment that has long afflicted her. For the first time in 20 years, she makes a brief appearance in public, attending several society functions. Several smaller follow-up articles note her continuing good health, but she slowly drops off the society pages again.

DiVettelo and Harrigan

November 1937: Matthew Harrigan, son of a wealthy local politician, and some friends reportedly "are accosted" on the street by Antonio DiVettelo, an Italian immigrant recently living at 1206 Spooner Avenue. Police say DiVittelo, who was battered and bruised but not badly hurt, let loose a "stream of foul and incomprehensible Italian curses at the lads as he was led away." Reading between the lines, it becomes clear DiVettelo himself was attacked.

A follow-up article says DiVitello was held for a short period and then released to Isabelle Wheeler, who paid his bond. That article speculates that Antonio must be related to Adele DiVittelo, Isabelle Wheeler's nurse since 1926.

Matthew Harrigan's Disease

December 1937: Matthew Harrigan dies from a "wasting illness" that could not be identified. The patient developed rashes that became what appeared to be burn marks, which suppurated and bled out. Several of Harrigan's friends suffered from the same sickness, though they recovered.

Animal Deaths

August 1940 to August 1955: Various articles cover the strange disappearance of cats, dogs and other pets around central Meadowbrook. Articles over the years suggest everything from coyotes to diseases to sadistic killings. No direct, consistent cause is ever identified. These cases seem to cease after August 1955.

Isabelle Wheeler's Death

August 1956: Isabelle Wheeler, an invalid for most of her life since falling ill in 1905, dies at age 69. Wheeler lived only with a single caretaker nurse. Wheeler's longtime housemates, previous nurse Adele DiVettelo and an unknown number of DiVettelo's relations, moved out for unknown reasons in 1955. Wheeler left what was left of her fortune to a local hospital.

The Furniture

Isabelle Wheeler's furniture was scattered all in estate sales, long ago, but a few interesting pieces still remain in and near Meadowbrook. The Agents' contact, antiquarian Elizabeth Tucker, can locate these items without trouble. Without her help, the Agents need **History** 50% or **Bureaucracy** 70% (or a successful **History** roll, or a **Bureaucracy** roll at –20%) to locate the end table; then they need a **History** roll (or **Bureaucracy** at –20%) to locate the piano and another for the armoire. Each search takes a few days, placing calls and sifting through old files.

The End Table

This unusual piece can be found in the home of Emily Harrison, age 77, whose family purchased it at the estate sale of Isabelle Wheeler in 1956. Harrison is a widower who lives on the far side of Meadowbrook. She and her church group have quite a heavy pool of gossip going about the Spooner Avenue house. The fact that the Agents are asking questions about it will quickly spread around town.

A roll with an appropriate skill such as **Craft** (**Carpenter**) or **Art** (**Antiques**) indicates the end table is southern

Italian in origin, but with odd, Asiatic influences. The edges are painted with enamel decoration in complex, interweaving designs that seem to be geometrics. Closer examination reveals they are actually stylized people dancing, and finds a recurring, common element in the design: a dark man, bigger than the rest, leads the dance. He has no face; he seems to have a horn in its place. Emily Harrison never noticed those figures.

The top of the table is marked by an odd symbol: the triskelion, a triple spiral. Careful examination discovers that the three slats of wood that compose the surface of the table are mis-aligned, indicating they can be moved and opened. No one has done this since 1956. Inside the table are three objects, lashed down with rotting leather ropes.

THE KNIFE: This bronze knife is small and sharp. It was used in ritual sacrifices of animals to consecrate the Spooner Avenue house to L'Uomo Nero. It is used in the Convochi L'Uomo Nero ritual, presented on page 81.

THE BOWL: This bronze bowl is marked by the triskelion as well, and seems on initial examination to be clotted with dirt. Forensic examination reveals it to be the ancient, dried blood of an animal. This item, too, is used in the Convochi L'Uomo Nero ritual.

THE BOOK: This is Isabelle Wheeler's diary, filled with secrets.

Isabelle Wheeler's Diary

In English. Study time: *days*. *Unnatural* +2%, *SAN loss 1D6*.

This cramped diary records the recollections of Isabelle Wheeler. Covering the years 1927 to 1955, it details Isabelle's pact with the Crone, the consecration of the Spooner Avenue property to L'Uomo Nero, and the Dark Man's appearance on 12 JUL 1955; for details, see **WHAT'S GOING ON** on page 55. It describes in great detail the ritual to conjure or banish the Dark Man.

RECOMMENDED RITUALS: Convochi L'Uomo Nero (see page 81).

The Piano

Isabelle Wheeler purchased this Baldwin upright piano in 1930. Upon her death it was sold in an estate sale in 1956, and re-sold in 1970. It has remained in stores since then. The piano itself is physically unremarkable. But in the moments when music can be heard emanating from 1206 Spooner Avenue, the mirror on the backstop of the piano shows the ghostly form of Isabelle Wheeler playing it. The piano itself remains inert. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

If this piano is destroyed, all music manifestations in 1206 Spooner Avenue permanently cease.

The Armoire

This 1940 armoire, in the American modern style, is owned by banker Jessica Griffs in nearby Columbia City. With the assistance of Elizabeth Tucker, it can be located in a few days. Without her help, tracking it down can take months.

The armoire is made of oak, stained a deep brown, and has a mirrored front. It is physically unremarkable. However, anyone with **POW** of 15 or higher who enters the armoire and shuts the door behind very plainly hears the incantation of the ritual Convochi L'Uomo Nero (see page 81), as if it were occurring in the room outside. No one else present can hear it. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

If the witness remains in the armoire, he or she hears the spell come to its conclusion: a booming male voice says, "Chi chiama il mio nome?"("Who calls my name?"). The voice of a terrified woman can be heard protesting in English. This is followed by a demand from the male: "Scriverete il vostro nome nel libro nero." ("You shall write your name in the black book"). This is followed by the woman's blood-curdling scream. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.) The "vision" then ends.

Shut Doors, Drawn Shades

The neighborhood surrounding 1206 Spooner Avenue is composed of small houses on large lots. Trees block the back and sides of properties, and sometimes a privacy fence stands there as well. It's difficult for one house to see much of another. Still, the locals here like to spy.

Most are retirees, over age 65. Most have lived their whole lives in Meadowbrook. Most know 1206 Spooner was originally called the Wheeler house, but little else. Only the oldest recall Isabelle Wheeler and the "foreign" nurse who took care of her.

Sample neighbors include:

- *Maryanne Cooper, age 66.* She has lived at 1204 Spooner Avenue since 1965.
- *Afred and Juliet Uleski, age 83 and 81.* They have lived at 1208 Spooner Avenue since 1955. They have limited knowledge of Isabelle Wheeler.
- *Lucas Dreyer, age 90.* He has lived at 385 Valley Road (behind 1208 Spooner Avenue) for 70 years. He has extensive knowledge of Isabelle Wheeler and the Crone.
- *Imogen Klasky, age 92.* She has lived at 389 Valley Road (behind 1206 Spooner Avenue) for 80 years. She has extensive knowledge of Isabelle Wheeler, Michael Wheeler, the Crone, Antonio DiVetello, and Matthew Harrigan.

Most are well aware of the recent history of 1206 Spooner, but they are not eager to talk about it. A few admit knowing about the unfortunate accidents and deaths that have plagued the house, but but don't readily say much more. None suggest to strangers that something supernatural is going on there, but that feeling is evident in shudders and significant glances. At that point, most locals simply excuse themselves and shut their doors.

If the Agents pull badges and press the point, or talk locals into sharing by making a **Persuade** roll, they might gain a few more clues.

- Neighbors might reveal that the house has always had a dark cloud surrounding it.
- Some might recall the Crone herself, and her sudden disappearance in 1955.
- Some might recall Isabelle's disintegration in 1956, or even the lifting of her ailment in 1926.
- Some might recall the strange people living at 1206 Spooner.

These revelations should not be easy to come by, and certainly shouldn't all be gleaned from a single source. Neighbors who reveal such rumors do so quietly and quickly, as if even mentioning them can poison their lives. Some cross themselves, or clutch a St. Christopher's Medal or a crucifix, as they reveal what they know, as if that could offer them protection.

The House Itself

The building itself is unremarkable. It was built in 1907, and reflects common construction practices at the time. It is a small house with high ceilings, 2,100 square feet including a room added above the garage. There is a single gable window in the front, porches in front and back, and a two-car garage. A large growth of ivy climbs the north face of the building.

Anyone with at least 40% in a relevant skill such as **Art (Architecture)** or **Craft (Carpentry)** can tell that the house was extensively modified from its original construction, as might be expected in such an old structure. Most likely the master bedroom and garage were additions at a later date. (Having 60% or more in the relevant skill indicates these were added in the 1940s.)

Detailed examination of the interior finds the house was renovated sometime in the 1970s, that a fire point at affected the bedrooms in the back half of the house, and that considerable care was put into repairing the damage. (This was Peter Diaz's repair of the house after the fire of 1977.)

The interior is still decorated with Yamilla Isari's belongings, which her family has yet to collect. They did pay to have it heavily cleaned after her death, but now the master bedroom is covered in blood stains again. A single tracking stain seems to draw a line from the wall opposite the door, across the ceiling, to the point on the floor where the tape which surrounded Arthur Donnelley's body can still be found.

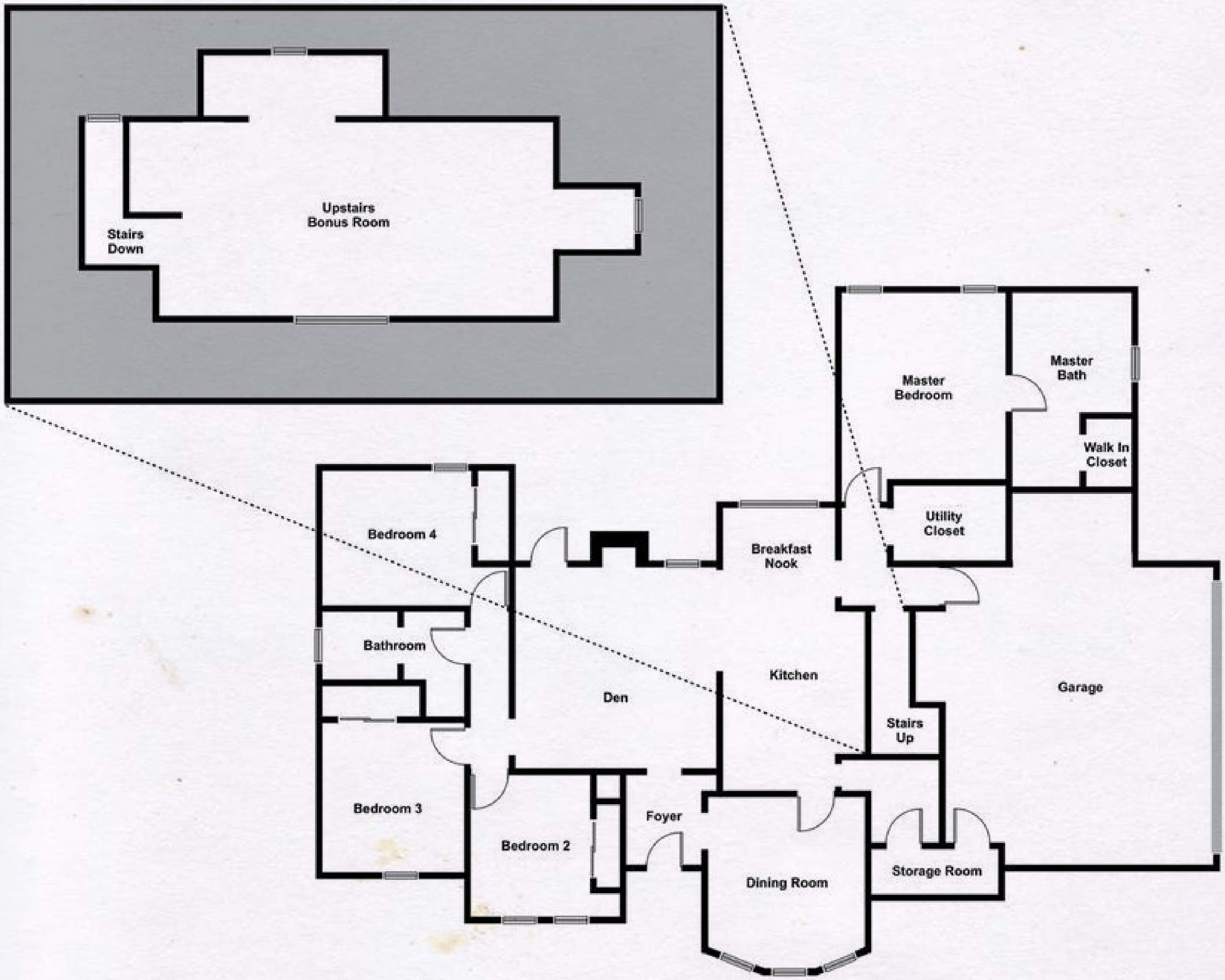
All floors are hardwood except the garage and the "bonus room" above the garage.

Running the House

1206 Spooner Avenue is fueled by the rage and hatred of the beings that inhabit it. Those beings draw strength from the fear and despair of visitors.

Isabelle Wheeler was the first person trapped behind the reflections in the Spooner Avenue house. Since then, she's collected "souls" to inhabit the dark world on the far side of the glass with her. Not all who died in the house remain "alive" behind the glass. So far, George and Margaret Crease, Michael Dougherty, Anton Turé, Janine Aiken,

1206 Spooner Avenue


Stairs Down
Upstairs Bonus Room
Master Bedroom
Master Bath
Walk In Closet
Utility Closet
Bedroom 4
Breakfast Nook
Bathroom
Kitchen
Garage
Den
Stairs Up
Bedroom 3
Foyer
Bedroom 2
Storage Room
Dining Room

Louis Tycroft and Special Agent Donnelley have been swept into the dark nether world of the house.

Their spirits exist in a horrible half-life. They either repeat their last moments over and over again or, if they're more powerful, do their best to lure the living to their doom. But Isabelle Wheeler is the only true "entity" in the house. The others are simply an extension of her power. She has absolute control over them, and can instantly turn them to her whim.

Wheeler's only motivation is for the misery, hate, and pain of others to distract her from her own torment. She will never find her fill. She will feed on the inhabitants of the house forever, unless she's stopped.

It Hungers

Controlled by spirit of Isabelle Wheeler, the house wants nothing more than self-preservation and the gathering of Willpower Points. It is a battery for misery, death and sorrow, bent on affecting those who enter it to replenish itself.

Since such feelings are much stronger in those who are alone and frightened than those in groups, the house does its best to target those who are alone. It goes to great lengths to separate and isolate the Agents.

Above all, it's important to remember the house is intelligent. It forms plans, manipulates people, and twists perceptions in its best interests. It can reach out through telephone calls to great effect, drawing people in at odd hours. It can mimic people to an amazing degree. It hears and understands everything said within it. Those who pass through its doors are always under its watchful eye while they are inside.

Particularly sensitive Agents—those with **POW** of 16 or more, who have successfully operated unnatural rituals before, or who have 50% or higher skills in **Art** or **Psychotherapy**—have an uncomfortable feeling of being watched anytime they enter the house.

Mimicry and Invitation

Once the Agents enter 1206 Spooner Avenue, the house goes out of its way to incite them to return, preferably alone. It makes phone calls to hotels or private cell phones, and it even sends emails or text messages, spinning believable reasons for an Agent to return alone. It mimics the voices of fellow Agents who have visited the house. It cannot spoof "sender" phone numbers or email addresses, but it may claim to be using a temporary number or address for security.

The house is decidedly clever. On the surface, these calls and messages seem completely sound. Only Agents who take extra care in communications security, such as requiring a code for Agents communicating over the phone, or questioning a message carefully enough to catch the house in a lie, find the house lacking in its imitation.

After the Agents discover its mimicry, the house toys with them. It calls back often, allowing the Agents to speak with the dead, including Special Agent Donnelley, George Crease, Anton Turé, and Agents who died within. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D4).

The house attempts especially likes to to startle Agents with phone calls during other manifestations. It tries to distract, confuse, or surprise them, to hopefully gain the upper hand and keep them off guard.

Consumption, Obsession, Possession

1206 Spooner is consecrated ground to L'Uomo Nero, the Dark Man. It gains power—literally increasing its Power score—from the terror of the living. In the past, this power was used to allow the dark god to manifest. Now, it keeps the spirit of Isabelle Wheeler alive in the dark reflections of the house.

The house gains POW through *consumption*. Like a battery, the house can store up to 25 POW in this manner.

It expends POW in *obsession* and *possession,* affecting the feelings and behavior of victims.

Use these effects sparingly! The house should not possess every single Agent every time it has a chance. Pay attention to the emotions at the table. If the players seem to think they are in control of their situation, or if they are beginning to panic, then the house should obsess or possess one of them, giving one more nudge toward disaster.

Consumption

Living beings that lose Sanity Points feed the Power of the house.

- Each time someone *loses any SAN* inside the house, the house gains 1 POW.
- Each time someone inside the house *goes temporarily insane, hits the breaking point,* or *suffers an acute episode of a disorder,* the house gains 3 POW.
- Each time someone *dies or goes permanently insane* inside the house, the house gains 6 POW.

If a victim dies in the house and has a POW score of 11 or lower, the victim must roll a **POW** test. If it fails, the victim's disembodied spirit lives on in the house, under the control of Isabelle Wheeler, forever. The house then uses the image of the deceased to lure others to their deaths.

Obsession

The house can attempt to instill obsession in a visitor who has 11 or fewer WP. The attempt costs the house POW equal to half the victim's WP, and the house must beat the visitor in an opposed POW test. If the house wins, the visitor becomes infatuated with the house.

A visitor who fumbles the **POW** test comes totally under the sway of the house. This is the equivalent of *possession,* described below.

Visitors infatuated with the house seem normal, but will do anything in their power to defend the house from harm, including cold-blooded murder. The obsessed believe they are acting of their own free will.

Privately brief an Agents who falls under the house's influence. An obsessed Agent is now your accomplice.

With the help of a willing Agent, the house attempts to isolate other Agents, cut them off from the outside world, and cause all manner of trouble.

Remember, surprise and fear of the unknown should be the centerpiece of this game. If none of the Agents fall under the sway of the house, set up one of their NPC colleagues (Tucker or Yarrow) or Police Chief Burlington in the role.

Possession

The house can attempt to seize outright control of a single person inside its walls. The house doesn't do this often. The attempt costs the house POW equal to the victim's WP, and the house must beat the victim in an opposed POW test. If the house wins, it seizes control of the victim for 1D20 minutes. If the house fails, the victim is overcome with a wave of nausea and loses 0/1 **SAN**, but is otherwise unaffected.

A possessed Agent cannot leave the house. The house can use all of the Agent's knowledge and skills, and force the Agent to attack or, preferably, terrorize other intruders. The house uses such an opportunity to its greatest effect, eliminating those it finds particularly threatening and feeding on the SAN losses of the rest. If necessary, it forces a possessed victim to attempt suicide.

Agents who discover a fellow Agent is possessed lose 1/1D4 **SAN**. A possessed Agent remembers nothing of the incident. The time of the possession is simply missing. This costs 1/1D4 **SAN**. Learning afterward of whatever horrors the Agent committed under the house's control comes with its own SAN cost from helplessness, ranging from 0/1 **SAN** for mild cruelties up to 1/1D6 **SAN** for the worst torture or murder.

Reflections

The spell spun by the Crone in the summer of 1926 is a powerful incantation. It took Isabelle's pain, suffering and infirmity and placed it in the shadow world beyond the mirrors in the house. When Isabelle's physical body perished, she found herself trapped in this nether world, and she will remain there until the spell is lifted. Isabelle can only access the world physically by entering it through a reflective surface.

Anything in the house with a reflective surface is a portal for Isabelle Wheeler to enter the physical world. The more reflective and bigger the reflective surface, the bigger, more powerful Isabelle's form when she comes through. She can choose to push an arm, her head, or any portion of her body through a reflective surface of appropriate size.

More frequently, Isabelle uses this ability to spy on and distract Agents. Any given room of the house may have dozens or hundreds of reflective surfaces. Mirrors and windows, pools of water or blood, gleaming candlesticks, Agents' glasses, Isabelle can see from all of them at once. Everything in the house is under her watchful eye.

Manifestations

An Agent entering any room of the house may be terrorized by an unnatural manifestation. Each room and the manifestations possible in it are listed under three headings: "WP 15 or Higher," "WP 12 to 14," and "WP 11 or Lower." When an Agent enters that particular room, a manifestation can occur according to the Agent's current Willpower Points.

Do not drop all the manifestations at once. As Handler, you decide when and if such an event occurs. Do your best to slowly build tension. Start small, and work your way up to dramatic events. Also, save the best for last. In fact, it's possible that the Agents might think they have defeated the house, only to learn much later that they must return and find the right way to overcome it permanently. Make sure there are horrors they did not yet encounter.

Porch and Foyer

The front porch is simple stone affair enclosed by iron bars, three steps up. A single lamp hangs above the red door. The porch opens into a small foyer.

The foyer has a closet and opens directly into the dining room and the den. The closet door has a full-length mirror facing the foyer.

WP 15 or Higher

MUSIC: An Agent who arrives at night, or is alone, might hear music playing from inside the door. It is a piano playing something soft, moody, and classical. An Agent with any musical **Art** skill or a particular interest in music recognizes it as Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." When the door opens, the music immediately ceases. There is no piano or stereo in the house. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

THE MIRROR: On the closet mirror, an Agent who looks carefully or succeeds at **Alertness** test sees the small, wet handprints a child. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

WP 12 to 14

MUSIC: An Agent who arrives at night, or is alone, might hear music playing from inside the door. It is a piano playing something soft, moody, and classical. An Agent with any musical **Art** skill or a particular interest in music recognizes it as Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." When the door opens, the music immediately ceases. There is no piano or stereo in the house. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

THE OUTSIDE WALL: On the siding next to the front door, behind a bush, an astute Agent might spot a message written in blood. (Tests reveal it to be dog blood.) It reads, "Hell Is Me." (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

COME IN! If the Agents knock on the door, they very clearly hear a woman's voice shout "Come in!" from somewhere deeper in the house, perhaps upstairs. There is no one in the house. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D4.)

WP 11 or Lower

MUSIC: An Agent who arrives at night, or is alone, might hear music playing from inside the door. It is a piano playing something soft, moody, and classical. An Agent with any musical **Art** skill or a particular interest in music recognizes it as Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." When the Agent enters the dining room, the music continues. It seems to be emanating from under the floor. There is no basement, and there is no piano or stereo in the house. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D4.)

IN THE MIRROR: An Agent who is alone sees a little boy reflected in the foyer mirror, standing in the dining room. The boy is pale blue and obviously dead. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D4.) If the Agent has seen a photograph of Anton Turé, he or she recognizes him, raising the SAN loss to 1/1D6. When the Agent turns around, the boy is gone. If the Agent remains still, the boy slowly walks to the mirror, places his hands on it, and then vanishes. The wet handprints of a child linger.

THE VOICES: Furious discussion can be heard emanating from the foyer closet. A male and a female voice exchange heated words, but exactly what they are saying is difficult to discern. The male voice says something about a "thousand-faced moon," and the female voice seems to be protesting. When Agents open the closet door, no one is inside. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D4.)

IN THE CLOSET: If the Agents open the foyer closet, they discover loose objects from all over the house: rotting orange-juice cartons, ripped-up magazines, shredded clothing. It looks like a huge rats' nest. The foyer stinks, but only after the closet is opened. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

Dining Room

The dining room looks through a three-paned gable window onto shrubbery and the front yard. Doorways lead to the foyer and kitchen. A gaudy 1950s chandelier seems to have wiring problems, flickering from time to time.

The dining room is still filled with boxes of Yamilla Isari's possessions. They've sat here for months, unclaimed by Isari's family, as the house has maneuvered through the legal system to go back into circulation. Going through them completely takes hours. In one of the boxes is Isari's diary. (See **ISARI'S DIARY** on page 73.)

This room was originally a sitting room that held Isabelle Wheeler's Baldwin upright piano.

WP 15 or Higher

WHIMPERS: An Agent who arrives at night or alone might hear the muffled whimpers of an animal somewhere in the boxes. If the Agent struggles to find it, the sound seems to come and go. If the Agent persists, the whimpers gain a more human quality. Eventually, it sounds like a little girl crying. The Agent eventually comes upon a box filled with gore. In the center of a pile of unidentifiable, rotting meat is a cat skull, freshly stripped of flesh. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D4.)

WP 12 to 14

SHEET MUSIC: An Agent who arrives at night or alone, and who searches the boxes, discovers pages of yellowed paper: ancient sheet music for Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," the music they might have heard playing in the room. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

UNDER THE FLOOR: An Agent who pries up the floorboards (perhaps to see where ghostly music was playing) discovers patchy, older birch flooring (the original from 1907). Removing the original floor reveals the underpinnings of the house, a small crawlspace that cannot be found in any other way. An Agent who crawls into the dirt and filth (only one can fit at a time) discovers a graveyard of animals. Ancient bones of dogs, cats and other local pets are stacked about across the foundation. Careful examination finds at least three-quarters of a human skeleton among the piles. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D4.)

WP 11 or Lower

THE RITUAL: An Agent in the dining room on the 12th of the month, or between sundown and midnight on any night, has a momentary flash of a ritual conducted here in the past. The Crone is visible, naked, in the middle of the room, bowing in supplication to a huge, naked man with pitch-black skin, whose face is lost in shadow. This vision lasts a single Agent a split second, and is followed by a wave of crippling nausea that incapacitates the Agent for up to an hour. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D4.)

UNDER THE FLOOR: An Agent with low WP who ventures under the house (as described under **WP 12 TO 14**) are in greater danger than they know. If it's night, the Agent must make a **Luck** roll. If it fails, the Agent's light source suddenly stops working, and the hole above vanishs. In the absolute darkness, the Agent hears something clattering among the bones (**SAN** loss: 0/1), and then guttural, animal-like sounds. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D4). If the Agent fails both **Sanity** rolls, he or she suffers 1D6 damage, either from either whatever is stalking the Agent or by crawling painfully over the bones and jutting objects beneath the house. Play cat and mouse with the Agent, occasionally indicating in the darkness that they seem to have found the edge of the foundation or the exit but have become trapped again after all. After what seems like hours, everything suddenly returns to normal. The exit opens back up and light sources turns back on. There is no "monster" beneath the house. To other Agents, in the dining room above, the missing Agent was gone for only an instant.

Isari's Diary

In Arabic. Study time: *an hour.*

This small, faux-leather journal is filled with 57 pages of cramped writing. Yamilla Isari's recollections in the house include visions of a dead little boy (Anton Turé), continuing dreams of an old woman, and two terrifying dreams of a different woman trapped behind the glass in the master bedroom. Near the end, Isari slept in the den and avoided the master bedroom. The last entry in the diary reads, "I understand now why I came here. I'm home."

Den

This large room is the centerpiece of the house, and holds the grand fireplace. Exits lead to the foyer, the back porch, the breakfast nook, and a hallway to three bedrooms. Most of Yamilla Isari's furniture remains in this room. A few old Styrofoam cups here are filled with rancid coffee, left by the coroner and police.

WP 15 or Higher

THE LIGHTS: If an Agent arrives at night or alone, the lights may flicker on and off. If the Agent succeeds at an **Alertness** test, he or she sees the shadow of a woman in a long gown cast on the wall as the lights flicker. There is no one else in the room. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

THE CHIMNEY: A flapping monstrosity greets any Agent looking up the chimney. Some winged creature flaps out of the chimney, and any Agent present who fails an **Alertness** roll panics and draws a weapon. Any with a gun already drawn must make a **Luck** roll not to accidentally discharge it. But it turns out to be only a dirty and bewildered pigeon. (Later, even if the pigeon is let loose outside the house, it can be found ritualistically killed in the center of the den, its wings, head and legs pulled off and placed side by side. SAN loss: 1/1D4.)

WP 12 to 14

THE FIREPLACE: If an Agent arrives at night or alone, the fireplace seems to light itself, and female laughter can be heard from the master bedroom. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

THE CLEAVER: An Agent who arrives at night or alone may hear the repetitive strike of a cleaver hitting wood. There is no one visible to make such a noise. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.) It can be tracked to the hearth near the fireplace. Watching carefully, the Agent can see each strike of the invisible cleaver as it hits the soft wood, leaving a deep gouge behind. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D4.) Any Agent foolish enough to place a hand there suffers 1D6 damage and probably loses fingers. After twelve such strikes, the ghost cleaver stops.

WP 11 or Lower

COFFEE BREAK: Before the Agent knows what he or she is doing, as if controlled by some outside force, he or she grabs a cup of rancid coffee and slowly drinks every drop, as if savoring it. Anyone else present is flabbergasted, losing 0/1 **SAN**. The Agent who drank the coffee is then overcome by vomiting and retching for 1D10 minutes. In the pool of vomit, amidst the rotting coffee and bile, maggots crawl and writhe. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D4.)

GUNSHOT: Out of the blue, the sound of a single, huge gunshot shakes the house. Those familiar with guns immediately identify it as a shotgun blast. The smell of cordite and gunpowder, and subtler odors of burning hair and blood, fill the air. No source of the disturbance can be seen. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.)

THE COUCH: Agents standing near the couch hear the creak of its supports as it slowly sags under a heavy weight. Nothing is on it. As the Agents move about or talk, the weight seems to shift, as if turning to listen or watch. Anyone trying to "subdue" the presence, either by grabbing it or shooting at it, is swept aside as if a giant hand, taking 1D6+2 damage. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D4, or 1/1D6 if the force attacks an Agent.)

Kitchen

The kitchen was cutting-edge in 1956, but now looks dated. The stick-on tile is peeling. The Formica counters are cracked and yellowed with age. The stove is ancient. The room is filled with a subtle, rotten odor like old eggs. It looks recently rifled-through; many of the cabinets are half opened. A half-filled garbage bag on the floor is filled with rotting foodstuffs.

WP 15 or Higher

THE PRESENCE: An Agent who arrive at night or alone feels a strange sense of power emanating from the kitchen, like something is trying to communicate. Whenever the

Agent moves, the force seems to dissipate slightly, as if it had been congealing in the air. The Agent begins to sweat profusely. Those who leave then see nothing more, but feel like they just avoided catastrophe. (**SAN** loss: 1.) Those who remain are suddenly startled by a tug on their hand, which is being held by the corpse of Anton Turé. He looks up with blank eyesockets and a puffed, blue face. He quietly asks, "Where is my daddy?" It sounds like he's speaking underwater. Before the Agent can react, he's gone. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D6.)

THE GUNMAN: An Agent who arrives at night or alone catches a glimpse of a man reflected in the windows of the breakfast nook. He's standing in the kitchen, just behind the Agent. When they turn, they find a portly man in 1950s clothes, spinning a new-looking double-barreled shotgun towards his own face. He does this so quickly, Agents need to make a **HUMINT** roll to even say anything before he erases his head from the neck up. If they do manage to say something, the man shouts, *"Leave me alone!"* before firing. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D6). Agents who have seen a photo of George Crease recognize him, raising the SAN loss to 1/1D8.

CLEANING: An Agent entering the kitchen alone suddenly finds himself or herself doing the dishes. Waking from this stupor, the Agent hears a man's voice from the master bedroom, saying "Come and see the mirrors!" (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

WP 12 to 14

CLICK: An Agent who arrives at night or alone hears four subtle clicks, one after the other. With an **Alertness** roll, the Agent locates the source of the sound. Otherwise, in a few minutes they'll smell it. All four burners on the stove have been turned on full, but the pilot lights have somehow gone out. After turning them off, the Agent's hand comes away sticky with blood. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

THE CABINETS: A noise from the cabinets startles the Agents. A successful Alertness roll identifies a central cabinet as the source of the noise. It's a scratching, hissing noise that sounds like some sort of animal trapped inside. If the cabinet had been opened before, it is closed now. When the cabinet is opened, a wave of the foulest possible stench issues out. Each Agent present must make a POW test or flee the house, vomiting uncontrollably for 1D20 minutes. They catch a glimpse of something black and moving before they recoil away. When they return, all they find is old containers of salt, sugar, wheat and oats. Nothing inside is rancid. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

GAS: Suddenly, the Agents feel overcome with the stench of natural gas. The whole house seems suddenly filled with it, to the point of asphyxiation. None of the burners on the stove are on. Agents who remain slowly find the smell of gas fading. Those who flee find all the doors locked, as if from the outside; they must collectively apply at least a combined **STR** of 25 to bust down a door. The more the Agents struggle, the greater the feeling of smothering. Eventually, a door gives way and the Agents realize it was all in their mind. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

WP 11 or Lower

RAZOR: Agents in the kitchen hear the clatter of something metallic on the countertop. When they turn, they find a 1909 Milton straight razor in perfect condition. It looks like it was made yesterday, except for all the fresh blood. If the blood is checked, both the blood of Agent Donnelley and Yamilla Isari can be identified. Police will be very interested where an Agent came by this, and they will *not* believe it was overlooked in the search. Suspicion could quickly fall on any Agent foolish enough to bring it to the attention of the local authorities. Furthermore, the razor is a trap. If an Agent walks into the master bedroom with it while alone, the house attempts to possess the Agent and make them cut their own throat, just like it did with Isari and Donnelley. This wound inflicts 1D20+2 damage. Once the act is done, the razor vanishes once more into the nether world of the house and cannot be located.

SINGING: Those who find themselves in the kitchen at night hear the quiet, almost inaudible singing of what sounds like an old woman. She sings in Italian. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.) The song can be recorded. Those who do some digging online discover the song is an 18th-century Italian folksong called "Un modo scuro ho viaggiato," or "A Dark Way I Have Traveled." Those who hear the song, or even a recording of it, have nightmares for the next three nights of an ancient crone appearing in their room and rushing their bed with a hooklike knife.

THE CAT: What can only be described as the sound of a cat in agony suddenly fills the house. This sound persists for hours. Though it seems to emanate from the kitchen, its source can never be found. (SAN loss: 0/1.) Those who stand quietly in the kitchen and listen to the brief silence between howls can hear an old woman speaking softly in Italian, as if soothing the animal. There is also sound that is familiar yet hard to place: a knife sharpened on a whetstone. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

Bedroom 2

This was once a child's room. It looks as if it was in the midst of being redecorated when the house was…vacated. Half the room's wallpaper has been removed, revealing blue sea filled with cartoon ships in an earlier pattern. There is no furniture; only a stepladder, some old paint buckets filled with congealed paint, and some tarps. Long ago, it belonged to Anton Turé.

WP 15 or Higher

AS IT WAS An Agent entering the room for the first time sees it as it once was, the room of little boy from the early 1960s. The mirage persists for a second, and then slowly fades away as if it were a double image. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

AT PLAY: An Agent sitting quietly in the room hears a intermittent clatter of metal on wood. Looking around, the Agent spots a single, vintage toy car, rolling as if pushed by an invisible force. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

THE WALL: The wallpaper of the room seems to shift subtly. Those staring at it find themselves disoriented as the cartoon ships seem to move and the small cartoon men who line the half-way point on the wall seem to dance. A noise snaps the Agents out of the vision, the sound of a jack-in-the-box being slowly wound up. No source for the noise can be found. When it stops, the Agents look back up and finds plain brown paint on the walls; there's no wallpaper to be seen. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

WP 12 to 14

GLIDER: When the Agents enter the room, a 1950s-era balsa wood glider slowly floats down from head height and lands at their feet. The glider was not there before. It dropped from a space where it must have been hanging in mid-air. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

ENDLESS SLEEP: An Agent who enters the room alone is overcome with an urge to curl up in the corner of the room beneath some of the tarps. This feeling of safety and comfort continues while the Agent is in the tarp. A song comes to mind and the Agent begins humming it: "Endless Sleep" by Jody Reynolds. If anyone else enters, the feelings which overcame the Agent suddenly seem alien and bizarre. They can't explain why they did what they did. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

THE CLOSET: Something in the closet seems to shake the door, as if hitting it from the inside. The track of the door comes loose and a small bolt rolls across the ground towards the Agents. Anyone attempting to see what's in the closet catches a brief glimpse of two red eyes in the darkness behind the broken door. When the door is opened, nothing is in there except an area of dampness. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

WP 11 or Lower

COMFORT: An Agent alone in the room feels something small and cold snuggle close, like being clutched by an invisible entity. If the Agent holds still, the entity begins to sob. It's the voice of a small child. If the Agent stirs or takes any other action, the entity vanishes. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

HANDS: The wet hand-prints of a small child can be found on the tarps on the floor. As an Agent watches, they seem to track along the wall heading towards the door. When they reach the door, it slams shut. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

SCRUTINY: An Agent who arrives at night or alone feels an intense wave of scrutiny. No matter where the Agent looks in the room, he or she cannot find the source. The longer the Agent remain, the more intense the feeling grows. Finally, the Agent becomes certain the source of the scrutiny is behind the open door, hiding between it and the wall. If the Agent draws back the door from the wall, there is no one there. However, when the Agent pushes the door back to the wall again, a blue-skinned little boy stands in the doorway. The boy's face is lost in shadow. He looks up at the Agent and gurgles, "What are you doing in my room?" The boy vanishes like a photographic trick. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

Bedroom 3

This small bedroom adjoins the hallway and shares a bathroom with Bedroom 4. It is plain and empty, with an old, ratty, lime-green rug.

WP 15 or Higher

A GLIMPSE: An Agent standing in the room glimpses the indistinct form of a small child passing rapidly by the open door, on its way toward the den. No matter how quickly the Agent rushes out, no one is there. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

THE PHONE: The silence of the house is suddenly shattered by an old telephone ringing. The noise comes from an old rotary phone hidden beneath the rug in Bedroom 3. The wire trails out from the phone, connected to nothing. If an Agent answers the phone, a woman's voice on the other end asks one by one for the families that have occupied the house. The voice sounds polite, even sweet, and a bit confused, as if suffering from a slight case of senility. Lastly, the voice asks for Isabelle Wheeler. No matter the answer, the voice says, "She's there, I'll wait." Then the voice seems to rise in octaves until it's a garble of unintelligible voices. The signal dies with an electrical shriek. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

THE PLEDGE: A figure of a woman in a white nightgown, her features lost in a shroud of gray, suddenly appears in the middle of the room. She holds her arms up to the ceiling and shouts, her voice fading in and out as if being tuned in with a bad radio: "In darkness I strike my name from the book of life, and write it in the black book of the Dark Man." When she finishes her line, the single naked light-bulb in the room explodes in an arc of pyrotechnics. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.)

WP 12 to 14

THE CHANT: An old woman's voice begins whispering to a single Agent in the room. The voice apparently emanates from the air. The voice is speaking Italian. Those who find Isabelle Wheeler's diary (see **ISABELLE WHEELER'S DIARY** on page 66) recognize this chant as part of the Convochi L'Uomo Nero ritual. After an uncomfortably long time, it ceases. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

THE BATH: A noise from the adjoining bathroom draws the Agents. A bath has been drawn, and the water is sloshing about as if something is struggling. The water is clear, and nothing can be seen. But something invisible seems to displace the water. Those who look carefully see what seems to be the shape of a small child. The commotion stops until someone touches the water. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.)

LET'S PLAY: Those opening the closet find a little girl in pigtails sitting in the corner. She looks up and her eyes are silver, like those of a wolf. She smiles and says, "Let's play." An Agent who reaches into the dark is bitten for 1D6 damage. The wound looks like it was inflicted by some sort of dog. Before anyone can react, the little girl is gone. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.)

WP 11 or Lower

A CHILD: When the Agents enter the room, the lime rug seems to be drenched and stinks of rot. Anyone with any **Forensics** skill recognizes the stench as that of a corpse that has been left to sit in standing water. There is no body present. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.) The shape of a small child rises from beneath the lime rug, as if being slowly raised from below the floor. It writhes there for 30 interminable seconds, soundless, and then vanishes the same way it appeared. There is nothing but wood floor beneath the rug. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

A SACRIFICE: Something seems to move under the ratty rug. It's about the size of a large cat, and it slides slowly towards the Agents. If the rug is shot or stomped, it explodes in a gout of blood. When the rug is pulled away, nothing is there except the blood. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

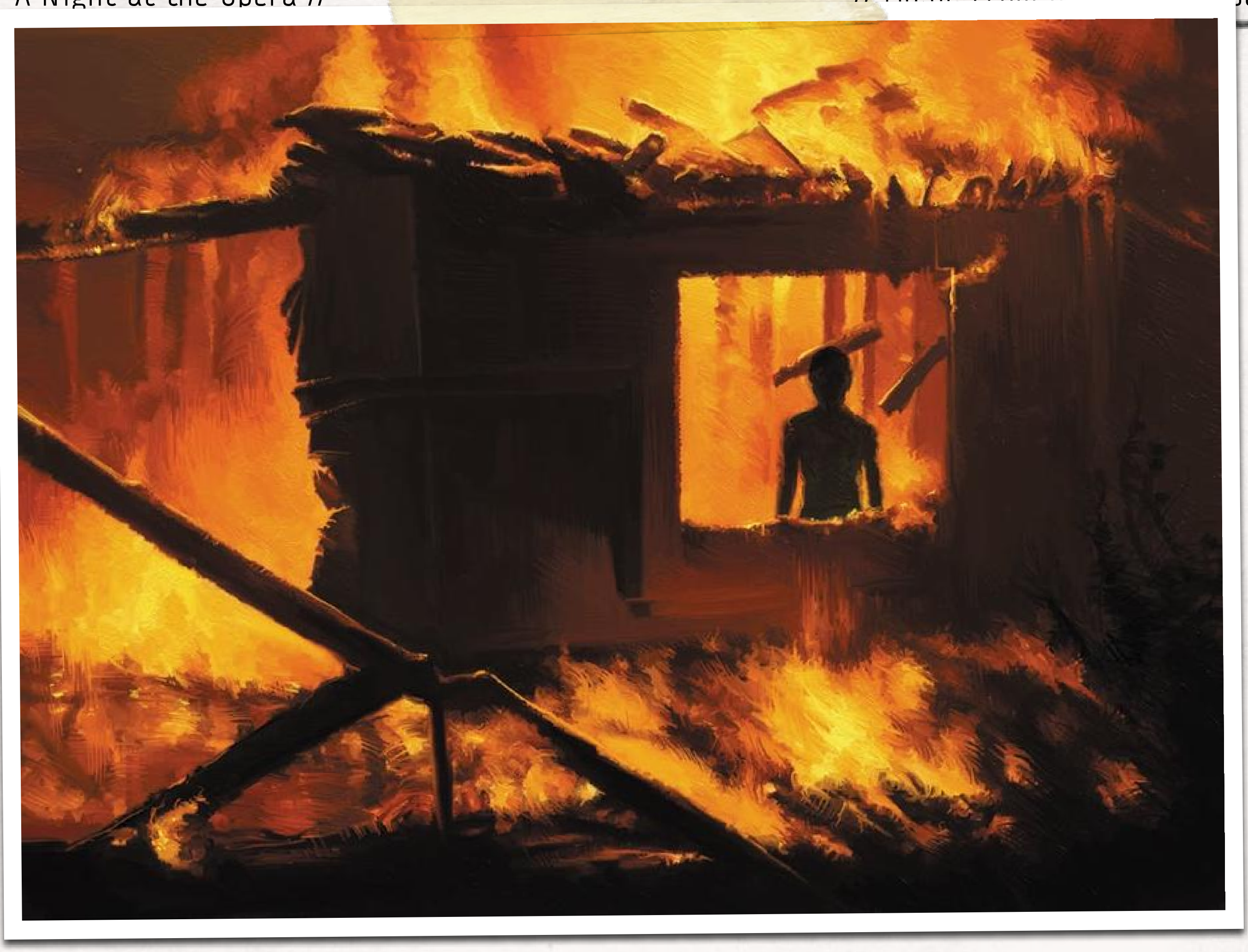
Bedroom 4

This small bedroom adjoins the hallway and shares a bathroom with Bedroom 3. It is plain and empty. Carpeting has been removed, revealing wood tack-strips which once held it.

WP 15 or Higher

THE STENCH: As the Agents enter for the first time, they are all overcome with a wave of nausea. Each smells something different—vomit, feces, burning hair. The feeling persists as long as the Agents remain in the room; when they leave, it vanishes. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.) The next time they enter, the feeling does not return.

NO LIGHT: The light in the room does not work, though the circuit breaker indicates power is getting through. If an



Agent removes the switch-plate, the gap in the wall begins to bleed. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.) The blood seems to fade out, as if removed in time lapse. Afterward, the light works.

NOT ALONE: Standing quietly in the room, an Agent can hear the sounds of slight movement, like someone invisible attempting to stealthily move around. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.) An Agent who attempts to grab the invisible entity must make a **Luck** roll. If the roll succeeds, the Agent grasps an invisible force. The being struggles wildly. If the Agent does not let go, the force eventually breaks free, inflicts 1D4 damage in long, animal-like scratches.

WP 12 to 14

LISTENING: From the adjoining bathroom comes a squeaking noise which takes a moment to place. It's the sound of someone running a finger across the mirror. There's no one in the room. If an Agent runs hot water until steam rises, "I AM LISTENING" is seen to be written on the mirror. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.)

THE OLD WOMAN: An old woman hobbles into the room and ignores all attempts to talk to her. She shrugs off attempts to stop her, swearing softly in Italian. If restrained, she spits and swears in Italian, staring down anyone present. Then, suddenly smiling as if she has figured something out, she vanishes. If let go, she walks to the center the room, looks up toward the ceiling, and vanishes. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.)

THE SHAPE: An inhuman figure in a white sheet rushes suddenly toward the Agents. It smashes into an Agent, forces its way past, floats into the den. An Agent can grab the sheet by making a **DEX** test; the sheet immediately goes limp. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.)

WP 11 or Lower

THE HAND: The closet door, standing partially open, slowly slides shut, pulled from within by a pale white hand. Anyone looking in the closet finds nothing there. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4).

BODIES: An Agent who arrives alone finds the room filled with corpses. Dozens of blue-white, rotting corpses are stacked like cordwood to nearly four feet off the ground. The smell is crippling. Even experienced Agents are completely overwhelmed by the sight. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D6.) If they leave and return, the corpses and the smell are gone as if they were never there.

THE FACE: At night, a ghost-white face suddenly leaps up at the window. It stares in intently, contorted with fear. It seems to be the face of a man. There is dried blood on his head. Just as quickly as it appears, it vanishes into the night. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.) There are no signs of anyone outside the house.

Master Bedroom and Bathroom

This suite features by a odd, all-encompassing mirrors built into the walls. Originally added in 1926 at great expense by Isabelle Wheeler, the style is not common, and seems very odd, more suited to the 1970s. However, the etchings on the seams of each mirror indicate the year it was installed. No one knows why Wheeler installed them.

When entering the room, one has an impression of sinking underwater. In every direction, the mirrors cast thousands of reflections. It's disorienting and ugly. To those with **POW** 16 or higher, it's nearly intolerable. Anyone with **POW** that high can take only a few minutes of the master bedroom before suffering from nausea.

Agents whom the house has obsessed or possessed find the room fascinating, and are continuously drawn towards it.

Due to the disorienting nature of the room, all perception-related rolls and all attacks are at −20%.

WP 15 or Higher

THE FEATHER: The Agent finds themselves fascinated by a small, whirling goose feather reflected in the mirrors. In the reflection, it spins and twirls at ground level near the opposite wall. There is no goose feather in the room. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

THE WOMAN: At night, a woman can be seen in the mirrors, entering the room. She walks to one of the windows and sits in a non-existent chair. She combs her hair with an invisible brush, humming to herself. Her face is never visible. Any disturbance in the room causes her to vanish. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.)

THE PENNY: An Agent entering the room accidentally kicks a loose penny laying on the ground. The Agents see it bounce across the wood floor to the mirror. It meets its reflections and enters the mirror. It rolls to a stop in the room on the far side of the mirror. Now there is no real penny, just a reflection lost behind the glass. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.)

WP 12 to 14

THE BATH: In the master bathroom, the Agents hear the bath start, and a woman singing in French. When they arrive, even after only a moment, the bath is already drawn. The faucet is off and no noise can be heard. No one is in the tub. Anyone reaching into it can feel the cold, still body of a little child, unseen. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.) Anyone draining the tub sees the water empty around a child's invisible shape. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.) When the water is gone, the shape is gone.

MRS. WHEELER: In the master bathroom, Isabelle Wheeler appears in the reflection of the mirror, considers the Agent, and walks out the door. She was never physically there. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

THE BOY: If an Agent is alone in the room, a dead boy suddenly stands up from the bath and steps out. He is in the physical world. Blue and puffy, he walks slowly toward the Agent with his face downcast. When he looks up and opens his mouth, rancid water and grubs spill out onto the floor. He then clutches the Agent and vanishes. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.)

WP 11 or Lower

THE RAZOR: Isabelle Wheeler appears to any Agent entering the room alone. She stands on the far side of the mirror with no analog in physical space. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.) Smiling a bitter, old woman's smile, she slowly unfolds a straight razor. The Agent must make an **Alertness** or **Dodge** or roll (whichever is lower) or suffer 1D8+2 damage as she swipes with the razor. Although Isabelle has no duplicate in the real world, the razor does. It floats off the ground, mimicking where Wheeler is holding it in the mirror. The only way to avoid another attack is to flee the room or destroy the razor. (Grabbing or knocking the razor out of the air are options, but require an appropriate roll at −20%). If anyone else enters the room, Wheeler and the razor vanish.

HANDS: A little boy arrives on the far side of the mirror, crying. He has no physical counterpart. He reaches for the Agent, weeping, talking all the while, but his voice sounds very, very faint. If an Agent approaches the mirror, countless bone-white hands erupt from its surface, clutching. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D6.) The Agent must succeed at a **Dodge** or **DEX** test or be seized and dragged into the mirror. (See below.)

IN THE MIRROR: An Agent alone in the room is grabbed and pulled into the mirror. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D6.) The Agent does not see the assailant. Dropping into the mirror is like falling sideways into an arctic lake. The Agent must make a **CON** test every turn or take a point of damage from hypothermia. An Agent who reaches 0 HP in the mirror has been consumed by the house. The Agent may attempt to swim out of the mirror by succeeding at a **STR** or **Swim** test at −20%, with one attempt allowed per turn. If that succeeds, the Agent spills back into the real world, gains back all HP lost in the mirror, and is covered head to toe in some unidentifiable slime.

Garage

This two-car garage doubles as a storage area. Before 1956, it was a screened-in porch. It has changed severely since then, and is the most modern portion of the house. It has a 1970s garage door opener, a modern fuse box, and a 1980s refrigerator. Abandoned garden tools hang on the all. It has the only recently-poured piece of foundation in the house. Traces of the former porch can still be seen in the wall closest to the house and the connection to the old foundation there.

WP 15 or Higher

THE REFRIGERATOR: When an Agent enters the garage, the light is off. Across the room, the refrigerator door suddenly opens and a half-visible person seems to block the light from it. The shadowy figure looks up at the Agents and then shuts the door. Just as quickly, the light goes off and the room. By the time the Agent turns the lights on, no one is there. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

WHISTLING: Before the Agents enter the garage, they hear someone whistling. Those that listen without entering hear a noise like someone falling. The voice curses quietly and then there's a noise like current being put through a circuit. All the lights dim in the house for a few seconds, and then the fuses trip. There's no one in the garage. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

COOKING: When the Agents enter the garage, they smell a very strong like cooking. It reminds them immediately of a barbecue. Then they smell the burning hair. Those bright enough to piece the puzzle together realize this was the room in which Doctor Weaver was electrocuted. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

WP 12 to 14

BREAKERS: Other electrical problems in the house are tracked down to the garage. Lights flickering on and off, circuit breakers being randomly tripped, all these symptoms point back to the garage opening unit, a monster relic from the 1970s. Every morning at 2:30 a.m., an electrical short resets all the breakers. This is the time when Doctor Weaver was electrocuted.

THE MOMENT: A figure appears in the midst of the garage, lit by huge arcs of energy, and surrounded by a high-pitched, buzzing whine. The shadowy figure convulses twice and then falls to the ground. By the time Agents reach it, it has vanished. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

THE MAN: When the Agents enter, they see a middle-aged man in boxer shorts and a t-shirt in the middle of the garage. He looks shocked that the door is opening, and just a suddenly, he vanishes. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.) Anyone tracking down a picture of Doctor Weaver recognizes him immediately. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.)

WP 11 or Lower

FLUTTERING: An Agent in the house at night hears a commotion from the garage. It sounds like someone moving cloth around, maybe a canvas tarp. Entering the garage, the Agent realizes the sound is more like a bird flapping about. In the rafters near the garage opening unit, a shadowy form like a pigeon is fluttering about. An Agent who reaches for it, or tries to capture it, must make a **Luck** roll. If that fails, the Agent grabs an exposed live wire and takes 1D20+2 damage. There was no bird. This is how the house claimed Doctor Weaver. An Agent who succeeds at the **Luck** roll avoids grabbing the wire and realizes the house was setting them up. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.)

REALIZATION: Something invisible brushes past an Agent in the garage. The Agent is swept with a feeling of absolute despair, a completely suicidal wave that nearly causes the Agent to abandon all reason. For a split second, dying in the house seems like an attractive thought. But the feeling fades as quickly as it came. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.)

THE WATCHER: When the Agents enter, they see an old woman floating in the midst of the garage as if reclining in a chair. She is ancient and toothless woman, wearing a wry smile. She sits completely still, but her glittering eyes follow the Agents as they circle her. When they touch her, she vanishes. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.)

Upstairs—Bonus Room

This is a small sitting room with recessed window benches. It's filled with a scattering of small boxes, an old rocking chair, and some house repair supplies. It feels claustrophobic and cramped. The ceiling slopes severely on the sides, and any Agent taller than an average adult man finds it hard to get about without occasionally bumping his or her head.

The room smells of paint and something subtler, almost spice-like.

WP 15 or Higher

ROCKING CHAIR: The rocking chair is moving when the Agent enters. It slowly stops as the Agent approaches it, and a person is very clearly heard crossing the room toward the exit. The unseen person walks loudly down the stairs and then vanishes. There is no visible source for the noise. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

THE BODY: An Agent arriving at the top of the stairs sees a body on the floor of the Bonus Room. Turning the body over, the Agent sees his or her own dead face staring back through glazed eyes. The body then vanishes. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4.)

GAS: A very strong odor of gas seems to suddenly fill the room. A woman's laughter can be heard downstairs, as well as someone frantically messing with stuff in the kitchen. Seconds later, just as the panic builds, the "vision" ceases. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

WP 12 to 14

JASON: Suddenly, the front door downstairs seems to slam—though anyone watching it sees nothing. There's a rush of heavy footsteps clomping up the stairs (again, with no source), and then a scream, "JAN!" Anyone who has spoken to Jason Aiken (see page 63) recognizes his voice. After this, the disturbance stops. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D4.)

JANINE: An Agent in the room turns to glimpse a rosy-red faced Janine Aiken standing somberly in the corner, her eyes lost in shadow. The closer the Agent comes to touching her, the more she seems to fade. By the time the Agent reachs her, she's gone. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

HOME: An old woman's voice suddenly announces, "You're home now. Home." (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

WP 11 or Lower

REST: An old woman mumbles some repetitive chant in what seems to be Italian. "My dear, my dear," she finally says in English. "Rest now." There's no apparent source for the voice. (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

BREATH: The room is filled with the sound of someone struggling to catch their breath. There is no apparent source for the sound. It raggedly stops only after three exruciating minutes. (**SAN** loss: 0/1D4, or 1/1D4 for listening the entire time.)

HUMMING: A woman humming a song seems to haunt the room from time to time. It takes an appropriate **Art** skill at 20% or higher to realize the music is Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." (**SAN** loss: 0/1.)

Overcoming the House

The house has survived many attempts to destroy it, most recently that of Special Agent Donnelley. The house prefers to weaken and control its victims over months or years before destroying them, but it sometimes resorts to simply killing a stubborn interloper through possession and suicide. The Agents must work together to survive the house's machinations and find a way to neutralize it forever.

Burning It Down

George Crease was the first to attempt to destroy the house. He failed because the house was sated on the misery it had inflicted on his wife and himself. It had POW to spare. The house possessed a neighbor who rushed over at the sounds of screaming, and used the neighbor to douse the fire Crease started. Other fires over the years were put out by other outside forces.

But even fire does not spell doom for the house. The earth itself is consecrated to the Dark Man, and the physical destruction of the house will not touch that consecration. The plot of land will eventually reach out and grab someone's attention. They will build the Spooner Avenue house again, from the foundation up, and the darkness will continue. Conventional destruction is at best a stall tactic against the Dark Man's power. More occult means are necessary to lift the curse permanently.

Removing the Consecration

There are only two ways to end the consecration of the land on which the house stands. Neither of them is good. Either solution should be the climax of the investigation. Agents should not be pursuing such ends until late in the session. Discovering these solutions, and realizing that they are the only options, should come after many terrors. Remember, in horror, pacing is everything.

If you find your Agents at an impasse, bring in their contacts at Delta Green to point them in the right direction. Never give them a direct solution, but offer a tangential hint toward things they have yet to find: a prod to look into the old furniture that was in the house, the history of the previous occupants before 1956, or the name "Ni-Ar-Lath-Otep."

THE RITUAL: The ritual Convochi L'Uomo Nero is detailed is Isabelle Wheeler's diary. The ritual must be successfully cast, and a human sacrifice must be made with the proper intonation of the dismissal. This is an extremely difficult and trying process, and could cost many lives. (Not to mention the life of the sacrifice!) See **CALLING THE DARK MAN** for details.

ELDER SIGN: This solution is suggested nowhere in the house or its history, but if the Agents are familiar with the Elder Sign, it is a potent weapon against the forces that haunt Spooner Avenue. Bringing one into the house at night causes all hell to break loose. The house, sensing danger, flings manifestation after manifestation at the Agents and tries to seize control of them. If the mirrors in the master bedroom are smashed with the Elder Sign, the feeling of "occupation" fades and eventually dissipates completely, leaving only a mundane house behind. The Elder Sign crumbles to dust and the consecration is broken. Agents who pull this off gain 1D6 **SAN**.

Calling the Dark Man

The Agents can use the Convochi L'Uomo Nero ritual to dismiss the power of the Dark Man from 1206 Spooner Avenue. Doing so, however, requires a human sacrifice. That should not be taken lightly by any Agent, and ought rightly to make an Agent question which side he or she is on. The Handler should emphasize the gravity of such a decision. Whoever the Agents pick for the sacrifice, play the victim as sympathetically as you can. Such an act is a barrier past which there is no return. All this for something which may, or may not, work. It should weigh heavily on the minds of the Agents forever.

Convochi L'Uomo Nero

Elaborate ritual. Study: *weeks; 1D10 SAN.* Activation: *years; see costs below.* This ritual calls the Dark Man, who is known by the secret name "Ni-Ar-Lath-Otep." First, 200 HP worth of animals must be sacrificed every year over a period many years, on the nights of the new moon. All sacrifices must be made with the bronze bowl and knife hidden in Isabelle Wheeler's antique end table or ones identical to them. At least two supplicants must be present and ready to offer their lives to the Dark Man, if he appears. The process is not perfect. Sometimes, the Dark Man does not appear.

The ritual describes, simpler another process that guarantees an appearance by the Dark Man: conducting a human sacrifice to deconsecrate the ground and dismiss the Dark Man forever.

Dismissing the Dark Man

Simple ritual. Study: *hours; 1D6 SAN.* Activation: *an hour; see costs below.* The ritual to dismiss the Dark Man can be learned separately from Convochi L'Uomo Nero. It must be conducted on ground previously consecrated to the Dark Man. Those present must conduct a ritual human sacrifice, using the bronze bowl and knife hidden in Isabelle Wheeler's antique end table or ones identical to them. A human sacrifice costs 1/1D10 **SAN** from everyone present. Being adapted to violence has no effect on that SAN test, and the one who actually kills the victim automatically fails.

The ritual's operators must also expend 10 **WP** and 3 permanent **POW** between them. The lead operator must also fail a **SAN** test to activate the ritual; if that fails, activating the ritual costs another point of permanent **POW**. (If you have the *Handler's Guide,* use the usual Ritual Activation rules instead.)

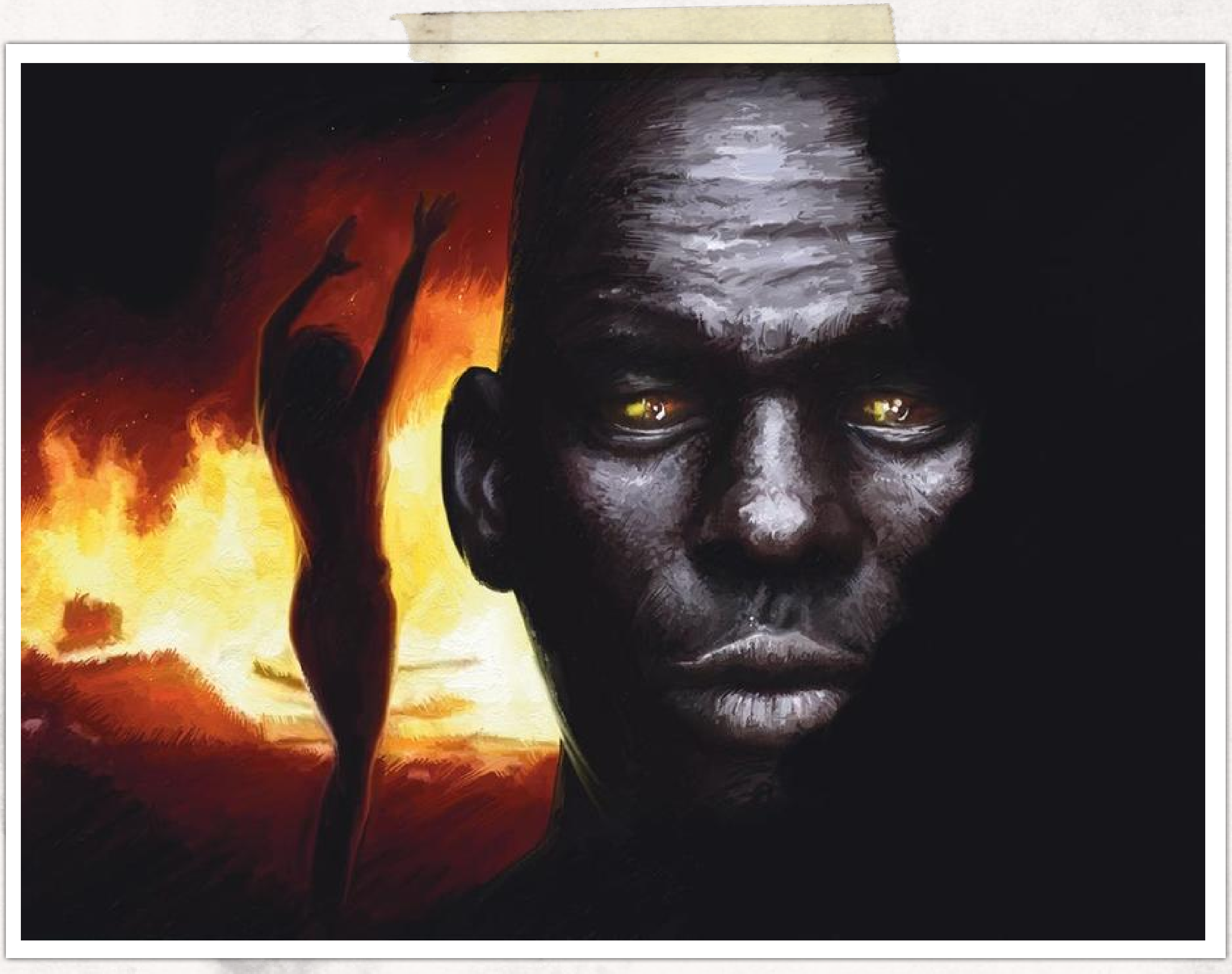
The Dark Man always comes to a dismissal, and he will be most displeased with the turn of events. Just when the Agents are sure they have killed someone for no reason, all lights fade out but the most dim of flames. A shape rises from the shadows of a corner, perhaps near the fireplace. It slowly seems to unfold into a much bigger form, which reveals the presence of a man with completely matte-black skin. Only the chin of this being is visible. Its eyes are lost in darkness like a cloak.

It speaks in the language of those present: *"Who calls me?"*

The mere presence of the entity is terrifying; no one in the room can consider any mode of action except to either struggle through the rest of the ritual, to stop and flee, or to stop and surrender in abject worship of the Dark Man. (**SAN** loss: 1/1D8.) Agents who go temprorarily insane shut down in a complete, helpless fugue, staring in helpless awe.

If the Agents continue with the ritual, chanting its phrases from memory and from the pages of Isabelle Wheeler's diary, the Dark Man commands them to stop. It threatens dire consequences. If they finish the ritual, the Dark Man laughs mockingly and vanishes. The house has been purged of his influence and all hauntings. Each Agent gains 1D8 **SAN**.

If the operators conduct the ritual and sacrifice but do not pay the **WP** and **POW** costs, the Dark Man appears and transforms into a more terrible form. It rises as an immense, roiling, bloody, tentacled shape that seems to



evoke in witnesses' minds a sense of the vastness and hungers of the utterly alien life that surrounds and transcends ephemeral humanity. It shrieks hideously before vanishing. (**SAN** loss: 1D10/1D100.) The dismissal fails, and Isabelle Wheeler remains in the house.

Resolution

This investigation only comes to an end when the Agents successfully lift the consecration or give up. If the Agents manage to burn the house down, they learn several months later that a dazed new landowner has begun constructing an identical house on the spot—along with floor-to-ceiling mirrors in the master bedroom. The realization costs all Agents who abandoned the fight 1/1D4 **SAN**. Once the house is repaired or rebuilt, it won't be long before the deaths continue.

Characters

These are the most likely characters to help or hinder the Agents.

Police Chief Michael Buffington

Michael Buffington is Meadowbrook's 42-year-old police chief. It is his first year in office.

Buffington is no-nonsense and by-the-book. He does not stand for lawlessness in his town. To Buffington, every issue is cut and dry, good and bad—there are no grey areas. He cooperates willingly with law-enforcement officials who seem to have official sanction. He harbors no grudge against federal authorities. Agents who lack official sanction, on the other hand, are ordinary citizens, and Buffington will have them arrested as soon as he catches them in wrongdoing.

Despite his straight-laced attitude, Buffington is surprisingly flexible on the subject of the supernatural. He won't bring it up, and won't be vocal about it in front of people he doesn't know, but he's a firm believer that the world of the paranormal. If Buffington can be approached on this subject, and somehow assured the Agents believe the same, he could become an invaluable assistant in the investigation and even a Delta Green Friendly.

Buffington is not from Meadowbrook originally and is unfamiliar with the Spooner house, except for learning about the various deaths that were reported there over the years—and of course, Special Agent Donnelley's death. His one time in the house, Buffington got the "bad feeling" that seems to strike particular people inside.

Chief Buffington

STR 12 **CON** 10 **DEX** 12 **INT** 12 **POW** 14 **CHA** 11

HP 11 **WP** 14 **SAN** 70 **BREAKING POINT** 56

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Bureaucracy 41%, Computer Science 44%, Criminology 52%, Dodge 31%, Drive 50%, Firearms 61%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 12%, HUMINT 50%, Law 33%, Melee Weapons 50%, Persuade 50%, Search 50%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: .40 pistol 61% (Damage 1D10, Base Range 15 m).
Baton 50% (Damage 1D6).
Taser 60% (Stun).
Unarmed 50% (Damage 1D4 −1).

ARMOR: Reinforced Kevlar vest (Armor 4).

Elizabeth Tucker, Antiques Dealer

Elizabeth Tucker is not what Agents might expect to see when they hear the term "antiques dealer." She's a young, attractive woman with a booming online business (www.antiquetracker.com) that searches for lost family heirlooms and stolen antiques, and makes odd, under-the-waterline deals. She has extensive contacts in the antiques world, and she knows her furniture.

She became involved with Delta Green three years ago, when an amulet was stolen from an Asian exhibit in Philadelphia. She managed to track down the amulet, and also witnessed a few odd circumstances involving its destruction. She became a Friendly after that. She believes Delta Green is a legal, though secret, section of the government. When it comes to Delta Green and the unnatural, she is somewhat gullible.

Tucker is extremely valuable in finding Isabelle Wheeler's antiques, and can locate them in a matter of days with a few phone calls.

Otherwise, she's a target. Have the house influence her, trap her, or manipulate her over the telephone to bring others to it. Use her to ratchet up the tension.

Elizabeth Tucker

STR 9 **CON** 9 **DEX** 13 **INT** 14 **POW** 12 **CHA** 13

HP 9 **WP** 12 **SAN** 60 **BREAKING POINT** 58

SKILLS: Accounting 52%, Art (Antiques) 69%, Art (Architecture) 50%, Art (Design) 49%, Bureaucracy 37%, Computer Science 30%, Drive 41%, Foreign Language (French) 22%, Foreign Language (Italian) 51%, History 34%, Persuade 46%, Search 41%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 40% (Damage 1D4−1).

Emil Yarrow, Parapsychologist

Yarrow is a dire, overweight man who works at Fulton College (two towns over) as an associate professor of abnormal psychology. He became involved with Delta Green six years ago, when an investigation of some sort of occult force killing people in an old hotel drew the conspiracies' attention in a nearby state. Yarrow managed to uncover some information that proved helpful on the hotel, and was made a Friendly. He believes Delta Green is a legal, though secret, section of the government.

In truth, though Yarrow emanates a professional attitude and an absolute knowledge of the occult, he's little more than an amateur. He has no knowledge of Cthulhu and the prehuman history of the Earth. He's seen supernatural events, but pretends to have far more insight in the subject than he does. He keeps a serious attitude even when spewing out ridiculous lines about "demonic possession" or "long-term emotional energy." Nothing he knows will help the situation at Spooner Avenue, though his encyclopedic knowledge of hauntings makes him seem like an authority.

Yarrow does his best to help, but does everything wrong. He encourages the Agents to enter the house at night ("the spirits are more able to communicate in the dark") and to wander there alone ("the spirits have an easier time communicating on a one-to-one basis"). In short, he puts the Agents—and himself—in mortal danger.

Yarrow is serious, authoritative, and professional. He has no time for levity in such a serious situation. When the supernatural shit hits the fan, he either flees or becomes a victim of the house's influence. If the house possesses Yarrow, he attempts to isolate and terrorize the Agents one by one. He finds a wood axe—even if a careful search found nothing like it before—and attempts to attack from surprise, gaining a +20% to hit. When the house's influence on him is discovered, he goes on a rampage. During the rampage he gains a permanent +20% bonus to attack rolls and CON tests, and does not cease fighting even at 0 HP unless he fails a CON test, rolling once at the end of each turn.

Emil Yarrow

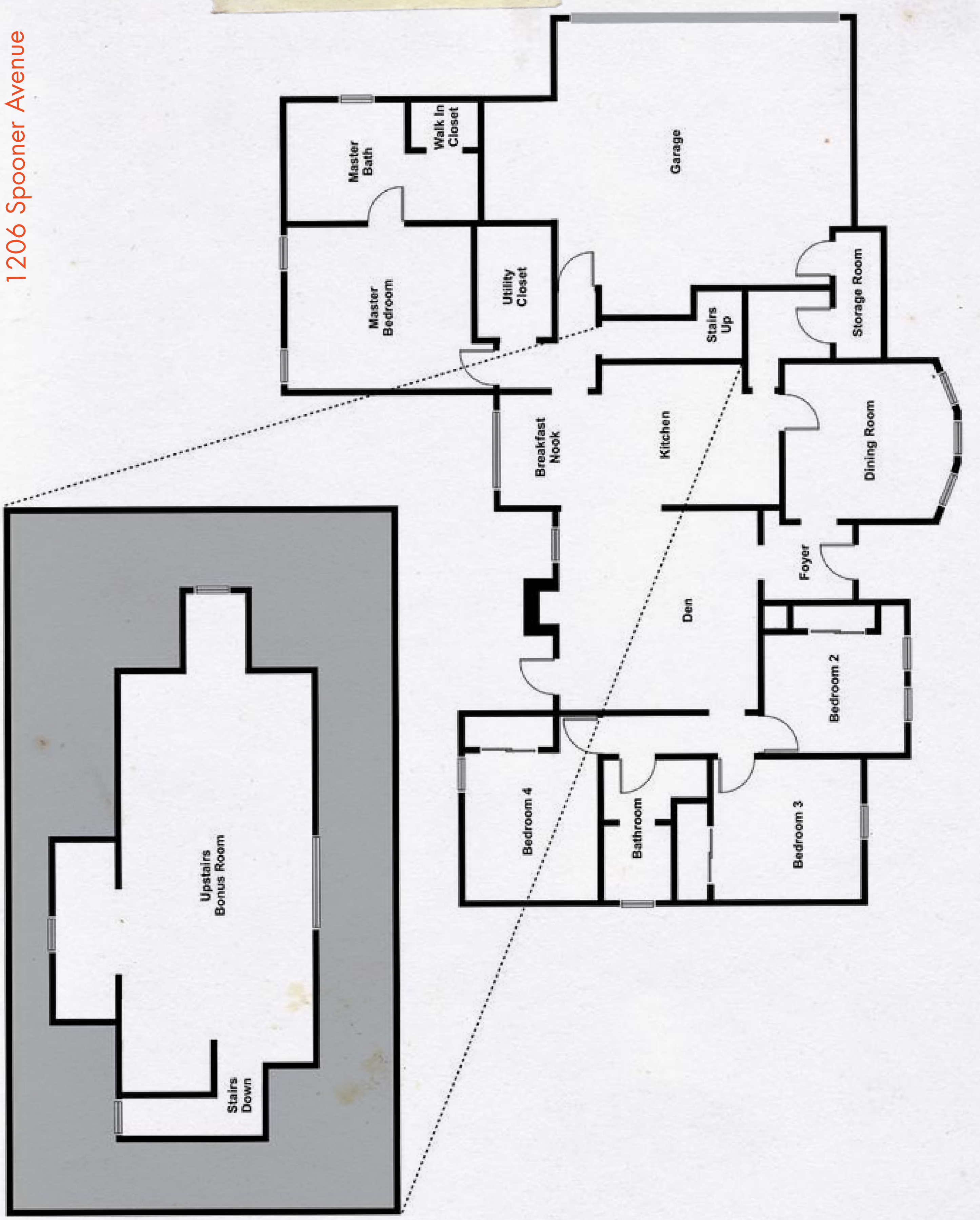
STR 13 **CON** 8 **DEX** 10 **INT** 15 **POW** 10 **CHA** 8

HP 11 **WP** 10 **SAN** 47 **BREAKING POINT** 40

SKILLS: Bureaucracy 22%, Science (Chemistry) 32%, Computer Science 51%, Drive 35%, Law 46%, Occult 31%, Search 30%, HUMINT 40%, Persuade 49%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 40% (Damage 1D4−1).
Wood axe 30% (Damage 1D8).

1206 Spooner Avenue


Master Bath
Walk In Closet
Garage
Master Bedroom
Utility Closet
Stairs Up
Storage Room
Breakfast Nook
Kitchen
Dining Room
Foyer
Den
Bedroom 2
Bedroom 4
Bathroom
Bedroom 3
Upstairs Bonus Room
Stairs Down

// Extremophilia //

Sometimes the Star People come down to share wisdom or to take people with them up to the stars.

Extremophilia

By Shane Ivey

TOP SECRET
DISSEMINATION AND EXTRACTION OF INFORMATION CONTROLLED BY ORIGINATOR

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Introduction

As much as thinking creatures long to stave off death, immortality has nothing to do with sentience. Life makes and remakes itself around the currents of strange energies, aeon by aeon. Some say the fungus-like components of the mi-go, the so-called fungi from Yuggoth, dominate those entities' physical structures in part because those components are effectively deathless. But they are not native to our universe. When a mi-go's structure is severely damaged, it loses cohesion and sentience. Its components slowly decohere and evaporate from reality.

The Benthic Company, outside Helena, Montana, has spent years studying a carefully-preserved sample of the fungus from Yuggoth. A few days ago, a researcher there—Dr. Brent McCaslan—was exposed to the sample directly in a medium that made it aggressively contagious. He changed in ways the company never predicted. As the sample flourished in his system, he infected others, and they passed it along, a form of life resilient for eons before humanity evolved. The researcher will soon make contact with the mi-go and join them in immortality. The other infected subjects will follow similar urges with a less pure connection to the urges' meaning, spiraling into insanity. The Agents have a chance to stop the spread of the alien "fungus"—or to become just another vector.

"Extremophilia" is likely to require two to four game sessions as the Agents investigate and contain the contagion, pursue its sources, and deal with the repercussions of their investigation.

Briefing

The Agents' case officer (we'll use the term whether the Agents are in the Program or the Outlaws) arranges a meeting through whatever oblique signals are usual for their team: a cryptic phone call ("This is the Black Sands Travel Agency confirming your appointment"); a seemingly spam text or email with a string of numbers that provide coordinates, date, and time; or simply a sudden, temporary reassignment on a codeword-restricted case.

The meeting is at 3:00 p.m. the next day, at a secure meeting room on Malmstrom Air Force Base, Montana. The Agents have tickets waiting at their nearest airports.

The Death

The EPA and the Montana Department of Environmental Quality (DEQ) are working with the Lewis and Clark County Sheriff's Office (LCSO) to investigate a death outside Helena, Montana. Helena is about 140 km southwest of Great Falls.

LCSO Deputy Fred Jacob (white male, age 37, married, no children, twelve years on the job) died six days ago. Jacob died unexpectedly, in his home, from toxic shock from massive heavy-metal poisoning: cadmium, arsenic, and zinc. Jacob's condition stood out as strange in several ways.

- » The condition came on suddenly, apparently over the course of only a couple of days. The contamination was widespread. His digestive system showed high concentrations of heavy metals, but so did his circulatory system, brain, and organs, in levels that ought to take months to accumulate.
- » There were no reports of an industrial accident that would explain that kind of poisoning.
- » Medical examination found strangeness in Deputy Jacob's gut flora. There were very low levels of regular kinds of bacteria, which were seemingly replaced by a different, unknown kind, incredibly robust even in the presence of the heavy metals that somehow raced through the victim's system.
- » The coroner's report lists the cause of contamination as inconclusive.

The Investigation

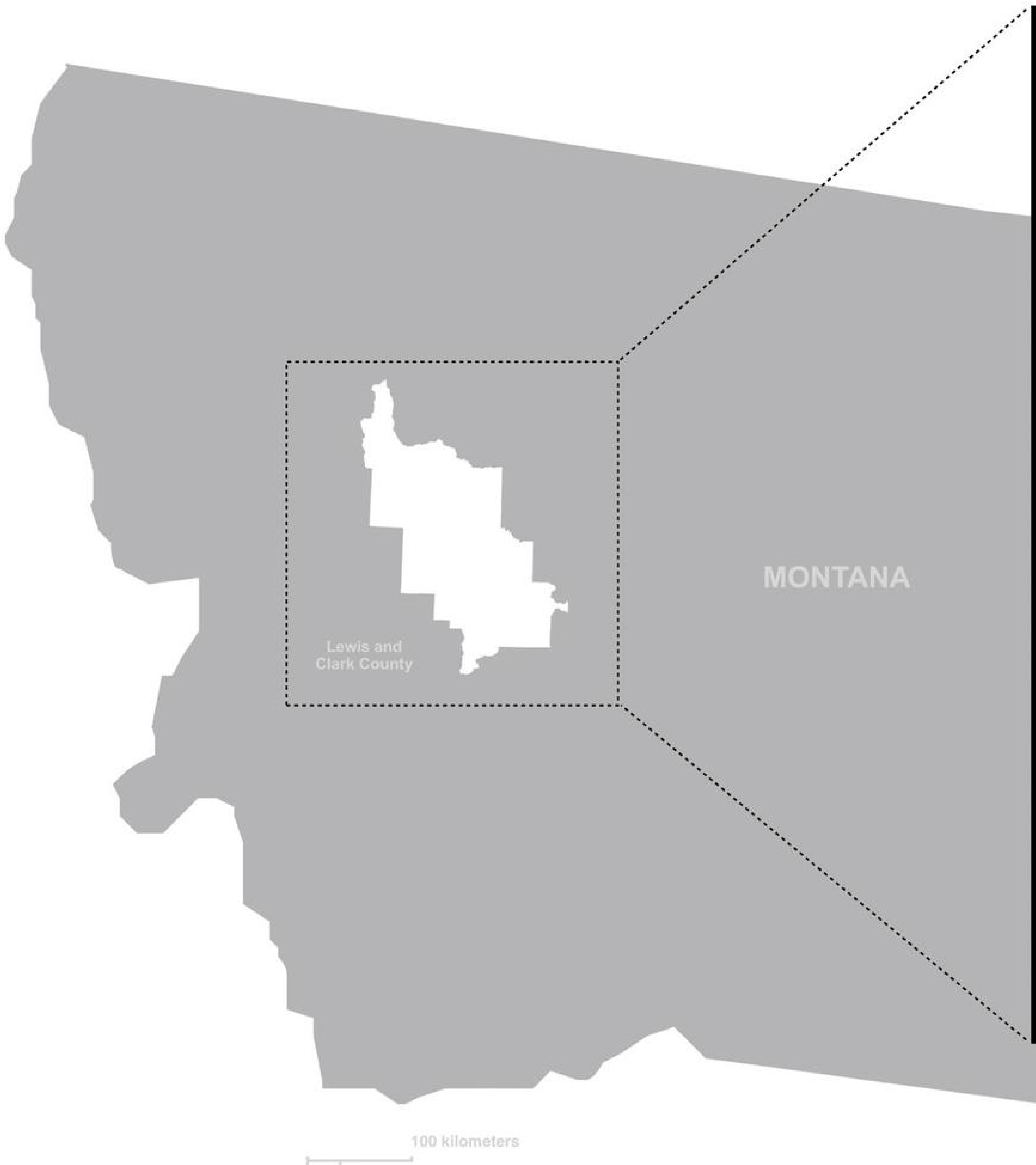
An EPA agent and a state investigator have begun studying recent environmental impact statements and taking ground and water samples from the region. The Program is sending the Agents as a specialist team from the FBI's Critical Incident Response Group in Washington, D.C. Any who don't already work for the FBI have been hired as consultants and are given FBI credentials (but not powers of arrest; they're consultants, not special agents). Officially, the Agents are there to "facilitate" the EPA investigation and look for evidence of criminal pollution.

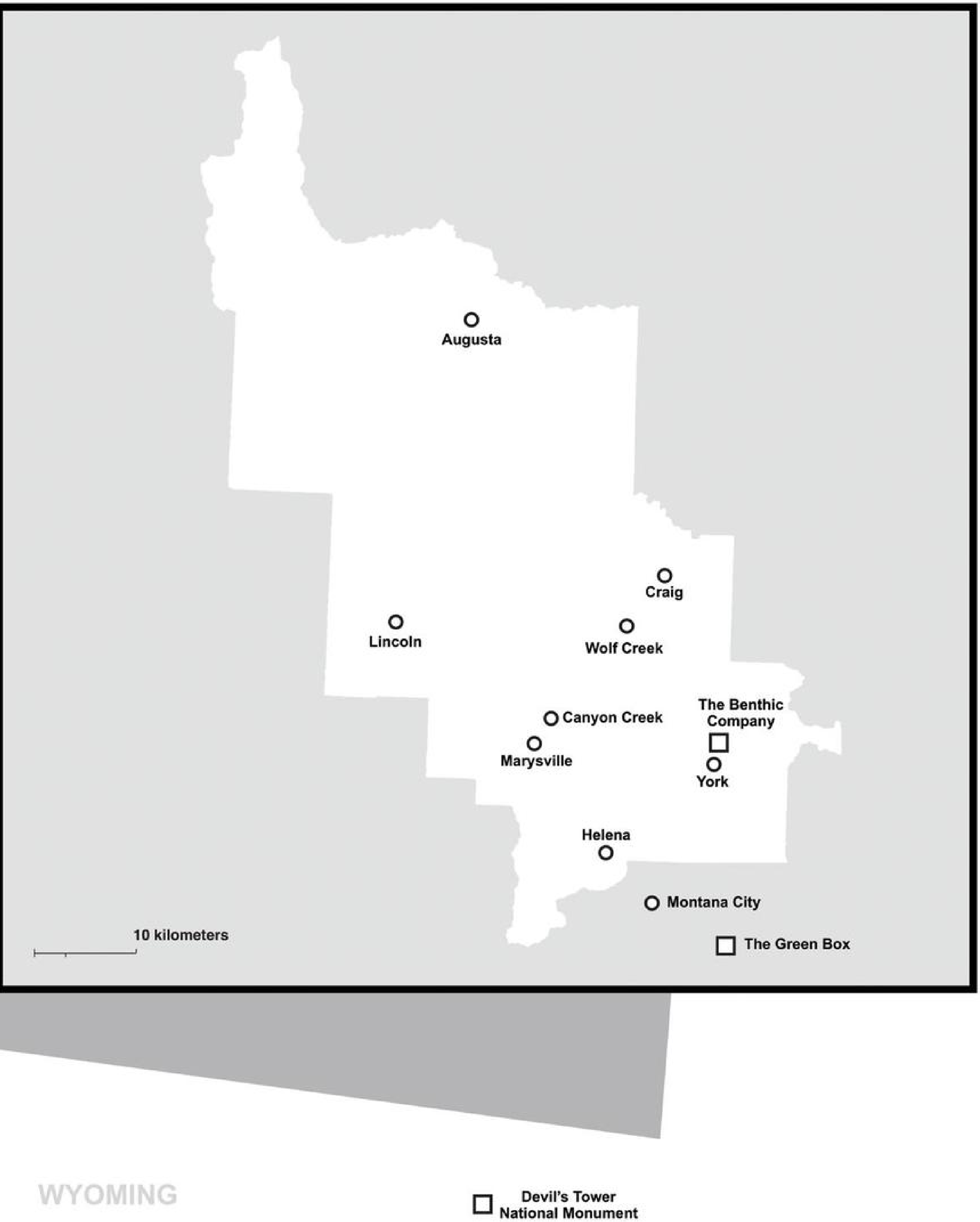
The Agents' real purposes are:

- » Determine whether Deputy Jacob's strange condition indicates an unnatural threat.
- » If it does, identify the threat and neutralize it. Destroy the body and minimize human exposure.
- » Look for evidence that can justify restricting the investigation as a classified bioterrorism case. That will allow the Program to keep the EPA and state investigators, and local FBI, out of it altogether, restricting it to just the Agents and EPA personnel approved by the Program for an ad-hoc counterterrorism task force.
- » There are a few anti-government militia and white-power groups in the region who could be framed, if the Agents need a patsy and can plant the right evidence. (The Handler should invent their details as needed.)

If none of the Agents have the **Medicine** skill, the case officer recommends recruiting a Friendly to help with that side of the investigation. There's an Air Force doctor at Malmstrom Air Force Base who fits the bill. The Handler is encouraged to make up the doctor's details; otherwise it's Captain Sara Jimenez, described in **CHARACTERS** on page 119.

The Agents are responsible for their own transportation and accommodations. The six-agent Helena FBI office has not been consulted on this case. Nor has the region's FBI Special Agent in Charge, in Salt Lake City. None of those officials are likely to be friendly to a team intruding on their territory, even one sent from Washington. The


Lewis and Clark County
MONTANA
100 kilometers


Augusta
Craig
Lincoln
Wolf Creek
The Benthic Company
Canyon Creek
Marysville
York
Helena
Montana City
10 kilometers
The Green Box
WYOMING
Devil's Tower National Monument

Agents are encouraged to keep a low profile to avoid complications.

The case officer gives the Agents coordinates to find a supply cache just outside Helena—a so-called "Green Box" left by other Agents in the area—and warns that they'll need a metal detector to find it.

Cover Identities

Whether the Agents act under their own identities or under cover identities is up to them and the Handler. The case officer recommends avoiding false identities, in this operation, wherever possible. There are a lot of legitimate agencies involved who could look into the Agents. If they discover holes in the Agents' cover stories, they may push for further investigation.

Other Agencies

Many federal and state agencies maintain offices in Helena and could provide aid or trouble for the Agents. Federal park rangers could give details about Devils Tower in nearby Wyoming, for instance, or EPA agents could smooth over the Agents' interactions with Agent Gaylor (see **ENVIRONMENTAL INVESTIGATORS** on page 97). Or if the players are clumsy, they could sense that the Agents are up to something dishonest and begin an unwanted investigation of their own.

Timeline

This is a tentative timeline for the NPCs. Adjust it to suit your campaign and the Agents' actions.

- **MON 13 FEB 2017:** Dr. Ghent and Dr. McCaslan of the Benthic Company are exposed to the fungal sample at the Oakland Pit. Both survive and are changed.
- **SUN 26 FEB 2017:** McCaslan encounters Deputy Jacob.
- **MON 27 FEB 2017:** McCaslan returns to work at the Benthic Company. Deputy Jacob falls ill and begins eating toxic substances.
- **WED 1 MAR 2017:** Jacob dies at home. Jacob's wife Christina falls ill, but the infection progresses slowly.
- **THU 2 MAR 2017:** Coroner Holsey performs an autopsy on Deputy Jacob.
- **FRI 3 MAR 2017:** Sheriff Potter informs the Montana DEQ of a possible heavy-metals contamination in the area. Christina Jacob comes under fungal control and begins to recover health.
- **SAT 4 MAR 2017:** Coroner Holsey falls ill and he begins eating toxic substances. EPA Agent Gaylor and Montana DEQ Investigator Fults arrive, interview Deputy Jacob's coworkers, and inspect Jacob's home.
- **MON 6 MAR 2017:** Gaylor and Fults begin taking soil and water samples around the region. Christina Jacob gives birth.
- **TUE 7 MAR 2017:** The Agents arrive and receive their briefing. Coroner Holsey's condition worsens: fever, weakness, dehydration, vomiting, diarrhea, dizziness, and confusion.
- **WED 8 MAR 2017:** McCaslan leaves work early. He sets out on foot, by instinct and clairvoyance, to steal the Star People tape. Holsey checks himself into St. Peter's Hospital in Helena. Sheriff Potter assigns Sgt. Hayes to escort and "assist" the Agents.
- **THU 9 MAR 2017:** Sheriff Potter tells Benthic Company Security Chief Bostwick about the Agents. Bostwick informs Dr. Ghent at Benthic.
- **FRI 10 MAR 2017:** Coroner Holsey dies, infecting a doctor and two nurses trying to save him. The Agents' case officer instructs them to recover all infected bodies and secure them in the Green Box for later pickup. Gaylor and Fults complain about the Agents to the local FBI office and are told it's out of the office's hands. Benthic Company researchers and its staff physician begin transferring all data to encrypted hard drives, and begin packing their biological samples in portable containers, to be transferred to another Akiaso facility.
- **SAT 11 MAR 2017:** McCaslan begins making his way to Devils Tower. Gaylor begins collecting evidence of the Agents' apparent obstruction of her investigation. Fults writes her reports so as to prevent or neutralize EPA action against the state and its businesses.
- **SUN 12 MAR 2017:** Benthic finishes packing and departs the facility for good. They leave the most important sample in the Pit, planning to return to

study it later, unless they know that the EPA or FBI investigators know of its existence. In that case, they send a team to recover it late at night under the protection of eight Breckenridge guards. They load it into a portable container for transportation to an Akiaso facility where research can continue.

- **MON 13 MAR 2017:** McCaslan reaches Devils Tower and climbs it. Christina Jacob drives to Devils Tower with her baby. A park ranger restrains her from making the dangerous climb. Late at night, McCaslan makes contact with the mi-go and ascends, never to be seen again by humanity.

The Green Box

The Green Box is in the woods about 12 km southeast of Helena. A winding drive follows access roads alongside I-15, then left on Hanging Tree Gulch Road, then a couple of turns on dirt roads past ranch-style houses. The Agents have to hike about a kilometer past the end of Ambush Ridge. That's the south fork of Ambush Ridge, not the north fork.

At the end of Ambush Ridge, in the house nearest the Green Box, lives the Younkin family: Grandmother June, her son Marlin, his wife Joanne, their two daughters Michaela and Reese. They do not know about the Green Box. They do tend to remember strangers parking on their street and walking into the woods.

The Green Box is a storm shelter buried in the hilly forest, invisible beneath leaves and undergrowth. How someone excavated and built the thing way out there, nobody can tell. Finding it requires a successful **Search** roll unless the Agents cast about with a metal detector.

The door is padlocked shut and of course they don't have a key. An Agent with **STR** 11 or better and a crowbar can crack the padlock open. Or the Agents could pick the lock. The shelter contains a number of weird collectibles in boxes and trunks.

- A cardboard box full of loose mousetraps. About one in four is already armed.
- One fully-operational M72A2 LAW rocket.
- Six thermite grenades in a crumbling wooden shipping crate. An Agent with any **Demolitions, Heavy Weapons,** or **Military Science** skill knows these are not high explosives, but are meant to destroy materiel such as engine blocks and armored doors. They can be used underwater. (Base Range n/a, Lethality 25%, Kill Radius 1 m, Armor Piercing 10.)
- A heavy chunk of sandstone. On one side is a military dog tag, badly warped and effaced, embedded in a patch of some other kind of mineral that has fused with the sandstone. An Agent with **Science** (**Geology**) 40% recognizes the metal as an alloy, mostly nickel with some copper, iron, and manganese. An Agent with **Search** 60% or **Archaeology** 50% can discern the letters given below. An Agent with Military Science (Sea) 40% or any other **Military Science** at 60% recognizes a World War II-era U.S. Navy dog tag. An Agent with **Archeology** or **Science** (**Geology**) 40% recognizes the underlying non-sandstone mineral as fossilized flesh, probably mammalian. If the sample is analyzed, carbon dating places the fossil at between three and five million years old. The text reads:

  #####IDGE
  ###ATHAN
  ###THEW
  #####5-42
  ##N-I

- A battery-powered Milwaukee Sawzall and a selection of blades for cutting metal and masonry and for butchering large game.
- A set of three glass bottles with corrosive warning labels on them. They are identical in use to Molotov cocktails, but with a powerful acid substituted for the incendiary compound. Thrown as a weapon, one requires an **Athletics** roll and inflicts 1D10 damage with a radius of one meter. A fumble smashes the bottle at the feet of the thrower, who takes the damage instead.
- A set of British Army ECBA (Enhanced Combat Body Armor) in desert camouflage. In the pockets which would hold strike plates (back and front) for protection against high velocity projectiles are two hardback copies of Peter F. Hamilton's 1997 novel

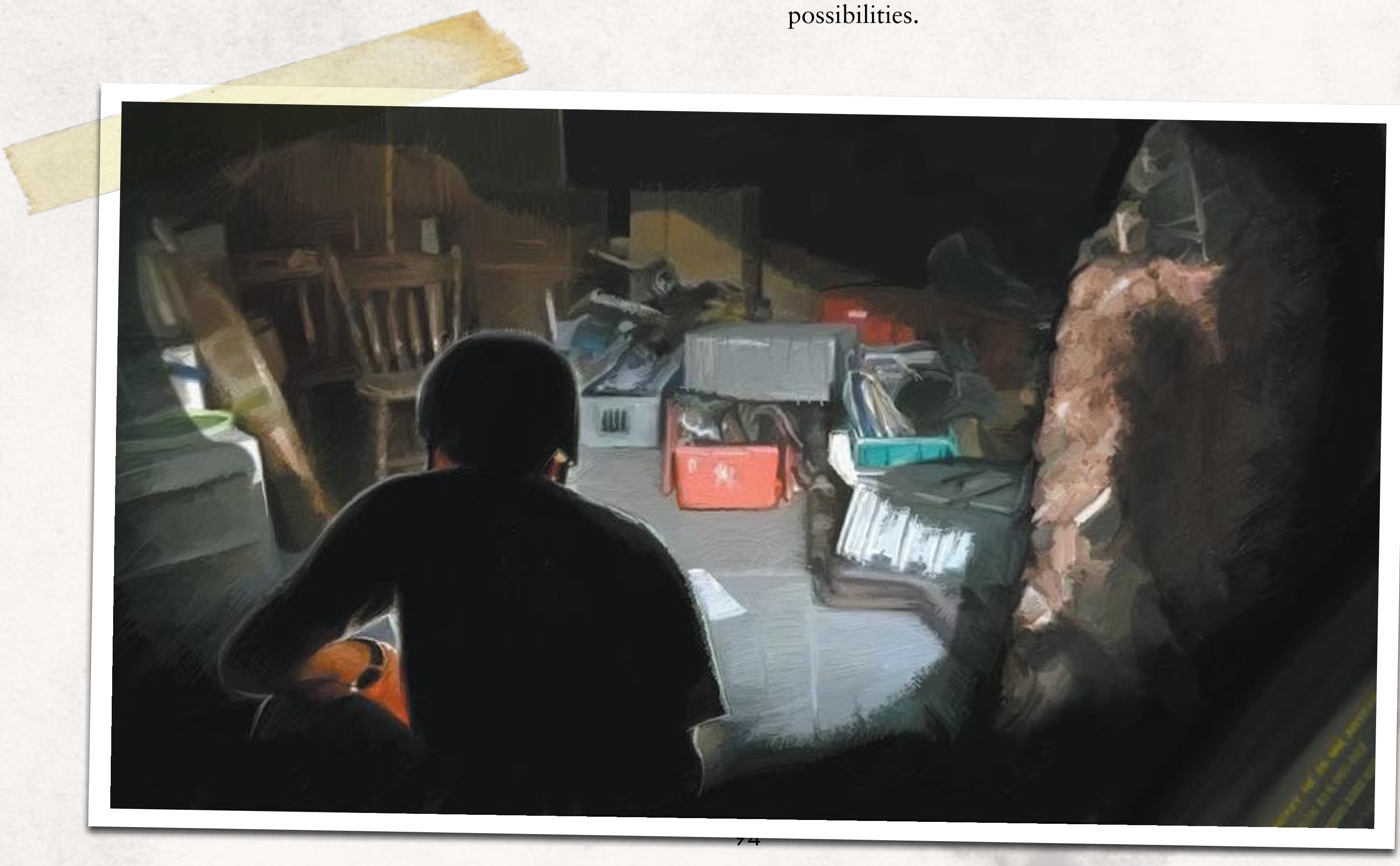
The Neutronium Alchemist. Armor value: 4, or 3 after the first use destroys the books.

- A 1980s tape deck containing a tape labeled "Star People." The battery compartment is ruined due to leaky old batteries, but it has an adapter cord to be plugged into a power socket.

THE STAR PEOPLE: The tape is an early 1980s recording of an unidentified Cree man talking about and then singing a "Star-People Song." He says the song is meant to be sung to the Matootisan Asiniuk, the sweat-lodge rocks: the Pleiades. The Cree people came down to Earth from that lodge as spirits, and then took human form. Sometimes the Star People come down to share wisdom or to take people with them up to the stars. Sing it someplace high up. The Ghost Mountain might be best. Pressed for more, he dismissively says the Star People can't be described. Some legends say they look like stars come down to visit. "The Star People are great people. They haven't been on Earth a long time like my people. Who knows what shape they will take?"

GHOST MOUNTAIN: There are places called Ghost Mountain in Anzo-Borrego Desert, California, in Papua New Guinea, and in South Africa, among others. An Agent with any **Native American language** at 50%, or with one of those languages at 20% and **Anthropology** 50%, or who simply makes an **Anthropology** roll, suspects Devils Tower, Wyoming. It's only a few hundred kilometers from the Green Box and it's sometimes called Ghost Mountain in Lakota and Cree stories. Asking local Native Americans about "Ghost Mountain" can also identify it with Devils Tower.

THE DOG TAG: The tag is for a Navy draftee (the "I" in the bottom line). Research in ancestry and veterans databases can fill in the blanks. Jonathan Matthew Woodridge, serial number 332-15-42, was one of several sailors who died in a boiler explosion during fitting-out of the USS *Eldridge* on 28 OCT 1943. The *Eldridge* went on to serve as a destroyer escort from 1944 to 1946, when it was decommissioned. Or, if a widely discredit conspiracy theory is to be believed, it vanished during the infamous Philadelphia Experiment of 28 OCT 1943, and was replaced by another ship that was given its name in a cover-up. Research of the Philadelphia Experiment leads Agents down a rabbit-hole of theories and hoaxes which are beyond the scope of this scenario. See *Delta Green: Eyes Only* for the possibilities.



The Tape

Dr. McCaslan has suffered strange, disjointed, clairvoyant visions since his contamination took hold. One thing that he sees and understands clearly—especially after the Agents themselves lay eyes on it, due to some weird, telepathic quirk—is the existence and location of the Star People tape. He intuitively understands that it will help him commune with the Star People and ascend to a higher level of reality. If the Agents leave it in the Green Box, he eventually breaks in and steals it. If the Agents take it with them, pay attention to who has it and where they put it. He tries to steal it from them.

About Helena

Helena is the capital of Montana and the seat of Lewis and Clark County. With a population of 28,190 (out of 63,395 for the county), Helena is not a large city. It boasts impressive, Victorian architecture from its 19th-century Gold Rush origins, when more millionaires lived in Helena per capita than any other place in the world. Helena is surrounded by state and national parks and by rugged mountains. Nearly a third of the workforce is made up of government employees.

Helena has its own municipal police department, with 50 officers. They work frequently with the deputies of the Lewis and Clark County Sheriff's Office. In fact, they work out of different sides of the same headquarters building at 221 Breckenridge Street.

Just outside Helena, Fort William Henry Harrison is a training facility for the Montana National Guard and home to a Veterans Affairs medical center.

Local Authorities

The Agents will mostly deal with the Lewis and Clark County Sheriff's Office, the county coroner's office, and environmental investigators from the EPA and the state of Montana.

The Sheriff's Office

The Lewis and Clark County Sheriff's Office is based in Helena and has resident officers in the smaller towns of Lincoln and Augusta. The office has 43 sworn officers, as well as 36 non-sworn civilian personnel in detention, technical, administrative, and other support functions, including one forensic science technician who is responsible for lawful processing of evidence.

A patrol captain and five sergeants supervise patrol deputies. Seventeen patrol deputies work three shifts, with a minimum of two officers on shift at all times. They cover more than 9,000 square kilometers, including many campgrounds and water recreation areas. Some deputies are assigned to a bomb squad, a tactical team, and the Missouri River Drug Task Force, which works with other county and municipal forces and the DEA. Some deputies are assigned full-time to small towns under contract. Four deputies, under a sergeant, are criminal investigators who work weekday shifts, though one is on call at all times.

Deputies work with civilian volunteers in Lewis & Clark Search and Rescue. The sheriff's office owns a search-and-rescue helicopter equipped with a FLIR camera to pick up heat signatures.

Like many police agencies, the LCSO is plagued by political pressures and infighting. Agents could exploit those to confuse matters or to get help from frustrated deputies.

- **SHERIFF LEO POTTER:** age 55, wary and protective of local interests; in league with the Benthic Company (see **THE BRECKENRIDGE CONNECTION** on page 97).
- **UNDERSHERIFF JASON PULLMAN:** age 36, Potter's most reliable man, a vicious political operator in his small circles.
- **PATROL CAPTAIN CHRIS COLBERT:** age 45, despises Pullman as his main rival.

- **PATROL SERGEANT URIAH WEISS:** age 44, impatient with political games, knows he will never go higher than sergeant.
- **INVESTIGATIONS SERGEANT ERIC HAYES:** age 40, another of Potter's picked men, often at odds with Colbert and Pullman and always on somebody's shit-list. The Agents' liaison.
- **FORENSIC SCIENCE TECHNICIAN CHAD KINYON:** age 30, new to forensics, has grand hopes, naive about the office's snakepit politics. Accompanies the EPA and DEQ investigators to collect samples and evidence.

About Deputy Jacob

Fred Jacob's colleagues say he were a conscientious, responsible public servant. He often went fishing with Sgt. Hayes. Jacob's wife Christina is seven months' pregnant, and they had spent years trying to have a child. All agree that his death is a senseless tragedy.

Deputy Jacob had a very limited history on social media, none of it pertinent to the operation. Technically savvy Agents might look into Jacob's cellphone use. That reveals nothing specific, but his daily use dropped off significantly the day before he fell ill. If the Agents bring this up, Sgt. Hayes remembers Jacob joking that day that he never could figure out his phone. Hayes laughed it off as a joke, since Jacob had never had trouble with it before. Now he wonders if Jacob had already begun feeling poorly without realizing it.

Deputy Jacob's Public Contacts

The environmental investigators have not paid attention to Deputy Jacob's contacts with the public. They say the contamination was so profound that it must have come from a catastrophic environmental source.

If the Agents ask about public contacts, Hayes or another of Jacob's colleagues says his only unusual public contact happened three days before the officer died. They remember it because Jacob came in stinking of vomit. He had to go home and change his uniform.

Jacob had been on patrol. He called in that he saw someone walking out in the open during a cold rain. A few minutes later, he reported in that all was well and went back in service. He told everyone a drifter had thrown up on him. Everybody laughed it off and nobody followed up on it.

Jacob's dashboard and body cameras recorded most of the incident. The sheriff's office can produce their footage.

THE VIDEO: Jacob saw a man on the side of the road, out in the cold without a coat and soaking wet from the rain. The man was Caucasian, in his 30s or 40s, wearing business attire, pale and ill. He did not look like a drifter.

The deputy pulled over to check on the man. The man had no ID and was greatly confused. He didn't remember his identity or history. Jacob bundled the man into his emergency blanket as they talked. He walked the man to the car to sit in the back seat but did not close the door or restrain him.

Suddenly the man vomited, violently, all over Deputy Jacob. Jacob recoiled, cursing, and said he was going to call the fire department to get paramedics out to help the man. As he reached for his radio, the man told him to stop. Jacob stopped. The man told Jacob to forget about it all and let him go. Jacob stood weirdly still and silent while the man walked away. After two long minutes, Jacob got back in his car, told dispatch it was nothing, and said he was back in service.

Agents with a background in law enforcement find the encounter bizarre. The man was obviously in danger from exposure to the elements and his own disorientation. Jacob should have tried harder to persuade him to get medical aid. Only an especially callous officer would calmly watch him walk away into the cold and rain. Never mind Jacob standing like he had been hypnotized while the stranger walked off.

OFFICIAL REACTIONS: Deputy Jacob's colleagues who watch the video also find it bizarre. Their reactions vary. Hayes says Jacob's behavior in the video is totally uncharacteristic, and he thinks the deputy must have already been suffering from some kind of ailment even then.

The sheriff and undersheriff don't commit to that. They start looking for ways to cover the department against liability in case the stranger's relatives find him sick or dead and show up with lawyers. They say whatever the cause, Jacob certainly was derelict in his duty to the public, flagrantly against department policy.

IDENTIFYING THE STRANGER: If the Agents run an image of the stranger through FBI databases—they have to send the images to FBI labs in Quantico—a match comes back the next day: Brent McCaslan, a 34-year-old biochemist. White male, single, no criminal record. He works for the Benthic Company, an obscure, privately-held pharmaceutical company based in the mountains outside Helena, a few kilometers from where Deputy Jacob picked him up. The Agents get McCaslan's home address in Helena. See **MCCASLAN'S HOME** on page 113 for details.

Sergeant Hayes

When the sheriff realizes that the FBI is investigating Deputy Jacob's death, he assigns the sergeant in charge of the investigations unit, Eric Hayes, to put his daily work aside and assist (meaning keep an eye on) the Agents full-time. Before making sergeant, Hayes was assigned to the local DEA task force, so he's accustomed to working with federal agents. He does his best to befriend the Agents and persuade them to keep him around as an asset capable of keeping secrets. If they refuse, he follows in their footsteps, interviews the people they interview, and tries to keep tabs for his boss.

The Breckenridge Connection

The sheriff's office's address is 221 Breckenridge Street, in a building it shares with the Helena Police Department. There are competing theories about how Breckenridge Street got its name. Some say it was named for John C. Breckenridge, pre-Civil War vice president. Others say it was named for Elias Breckenridge, Helena native, WW2 hero, federal agent, and founder of The Breckenridge Corporation. In the 1980s, Elias Breckenridge established a Helena civic fund to subsidize medical and funeral costs of sheriff's deputies and city police officers. Elias' son Jonas Breckenridge, age 72, runs the Breckenridge Corporation from a fortress-like estate near San Antonio, Texas.

It is not a coincidence that the Benthic Company employs guards from the Breckenridge Corporation. Breckenridge is an international private security firm with deep military and intelligence ties. Agents with military or intelligence backgrounds recognize the Breckenridge Corporation with **INT**×5 rolls. Others can learn the basics with a simple Internet search. Some Agents may have even encountered Breckenridge guards before. The company is a longtime affiliate of March Technologies, a private-sector spinoff of the old MAJESTIC project.

ASKING LCSO: The Agents can learn more by asking around the sheriff's office. Breckenridge officers working at Benthic and a few other (more mundane) facilities around Montana are on close terms with the police. For years—under four sheriffs—the office has standing orders that any investigations to do with Benthic client companies in the county should go to the sheriff directly, and he has the undersheriff handle them personally. If asked why, Potter says the people elected him to look out for everyone in the county and for the industries that make the county prosper. When there's malfeasance, he says his office responds as necessary to enforce state law. In reality, the sheriff's office covers up more troubles than it brings to prosecutors.

MENTIONING BENTHIC: If Sheriff Potter hears the Agents are interested in the Benthic Company, the Agents can make **HUMINT** rolls to notice him visibly start. After that, he pays very close attention. The sheriff considers Benthic and Breckenridge to be valuable contributors to the community, and he regards the feds with suspicion. The sheriff stops short of overtly interfering with an investigation, engaging in a flagrant cover-up, or lying outright to federal agents, but he carefully avoids offering information that may cause trouble for his friends at Breckenridge and their clients, and he keeps his Breckenridge contact at Benthic informed about the case. He can be intimidated by threats of prosecution for obstruction of justice, but only an overt show of terrible malfeasance at Benthic will truly change his mind.

Environmental Investigators

The EPA and the state Department of Environmental Quality have sent agents to determine whether Jacob's death points to an environmental contamination. When the operation begins, they are fruitlessly collecting soil and water samples from the area Jacob usually patrolled.

Depending on the Handler's needs, they could provide ideas or clues to stymied Agents, such as giving hints about the Oakland Pit. They could also be useful in covering things up (either by taking advantage of their antagonism or by getting Fults to see things the Agents' way), or they could dog the Agents' heels and threaten to expose their operation. If the game has a tight time-frame, the Handler could disregard this source of complications altogether.

EPA INVESTIGATOR JENA GAYLOR: A legitimate (non-DG) EPA official, demoralized but trying to do her job right despite strife within her agency. When she meets the Agents, she smells a conspiracy to freeze her out of the investigation and cover up for the malefactors. She knows that would make her sound a little crazy, but she can't shake it. Gaylor is a 40-year-old African-American woman from Detroit with a degree in environmental science from Wayne State University and a law degree from Michigan State. She is passionate about keeping the environment safe for people, and sees adhering to the law and the Constitution as necessary to that mission. If she determines the Agents are working against her, she will keep scrupulous records of all their actions and statements for later investigation.

MONTANA DEQ INVESTIGATOR GABRIELLE FULTS: Gaylor is working with a state environmental investigator, who follows EPA's lead but whose true objective is reducing Montana's liability and minimizing adverse impacts on Montana business development. She sees protecting the natural environment as a means to make the state more liveable and more appealing to businesses. But she sees business growth as more fundamentally necessary to the state being liveable, because business generates revenue to pay people so they can afford to live at all. She's a 33-year-old white woman from Geyser, a tiny town south of Great Falls, with a degree in chemical engineering from the University of Montana. She could be talked or tricked into helping the Agents cover up the incident's environmental impact, as long as she doesn't think the impact is immediately dangerous.

The Coroner

County coroner Bryan Holsey, M.D., is only 32 years old. His office is a few blocks east of the sheriff's office. Holsey was contaminated by Deputy Jacob's corpse and has already fallen ill. He's at home when the investigation begins—he lives alone—but will check himself into the hospital the day before his death. That exposes two doctors and three nurses to the contagion, unless the Agents restrict access to him in time.

Holsey's sole employee is Janet Reese, coroner's assistant. She is still in college and can easily be bullied by Agents with federal badges.

The Jacob Family

Deputy Jacob's body is at the county coroner's office, a few blocks from the sheriff's headquarters. His wife is at their home on the outskirts of town.

The Body

The coroner shares a building with the county probation and paroles office, so one or two sheriff's deputies are nearby during business hours. The building is empty at night. It shares the block with a small bank and a few homes with leafy yards.

Breaking and entering is risky—deputies drive by frequently, day and night, and the parole office has security cameras that overlook all entrances—but the Agents can bluff their way past Holsey's young assistant, Janet Reese, simply by flashing a badge.

The examination requires **Medicine** or a relevant **Science** skill at 50% or higher and, more importantly, looking for strange signs that the coroner, interested only in cause of death, did not seek. If the Agents have no medical skills, they can get help from a coroner in a nearby city by making a **Persuade** roll. (The job is beyond Reese, who is still in school.) Such a coroner is fascinated by what they find, and could make a useful Friendly. Unfortunately, examining Jacob's body risks contamination; see **CONTAGION** on page 101.

The Agents' examination can find things the coroner didn't think to examine.

- The unknown gut flora seem to be thriving on the heavy metals in Jacob's system even though the rest of the body is dead.
- The fungus-like spores of his gut flora can be found in other organs, as if carried intact from his digestive system into the bloodstream. If the player asks about a correlation, the Agent finds the strange flora is found in all organs with concentrations of heavy metals.

- The officer's body is not decomposing. Indeed, the unknown gut flora seem to be rekindling dead cells, repairing damage, infusing them with energy, and neutralizing cell-death factors. Gut flora that began to die with the body's death have begun to revitalize and change.
- DNA analysis (requiring **Medicine** at 40% and 1D6 days for the results to come back from a distant lab) reveals ongoing changes at the genetic level. The dead officer is slowly becoming…something else. Something that cannot yet be predicted or identified.
- If the Agents compare Jacob's contamination with water samples taken from the Pit, they find traces of the unknown flora in the Pit's water. Heavy metal traces are consistent between the two samples.

Sources of Heavy Metals

The Agents can determine with an easy Internet search that the only major nearby source of heavy metals like those found in Deputy Jacob is the Oakland Pit. (See **THE PIT** on page 116.) Trace elements, not dangerous to human health, can be found in rocks and soil throughout the area.

Asking the sheriff's office, they can learn that one deputy works a patrol beat that includes the Pit. She is not sick and has reported no trouble there. (See **DEPUTY KELLEY KONOPKA** on page 117.)

EPA investigator Gaylor and DEQ investigator Fults (see **ENVIRONMENTAL INVESTIGATORS** on page 97) suspect that Deputy Jacob was somehow exposed to substances from the Pit, but they have no evidence of that. As far as anyone knows, he had never been there. They are taking samples from the areas he usually patrolled to make sure there are no unknown contaminants that could endanger others. They found no heavy-metal contamination in Jacob's home.

Acquiring Hazmat Suits

The Agents can get hazardous-materials suits from the sheriff's office, the local EPA office, St. Peter's Hospital, the Veterans Affairs medical center at Fort Harrison, or by ordering online. They're an incidental expense. Any Agent with law-enforcement, EPA, or CDC background knows how to use them safely.

The Widow

Deputy Jacob's widow, Christina Jacob, was seven months pregnant when her husband died. The other officers, their sympathetic wives, and her own family say Christina was depressed after her husband's death, as you would expect. But after a week or so, life settled back to normal and people stopped coming around. Mrs. Jacob seemed healthy and made it clear she just wanted to be alone to mourn. Nobody has seen her in person for a few days. Her last prenatal checkup, a few weeks ago, showed no trouble.

Christina Jacob was active on social media, and posted frequently in the last year about the couple's efforts to conceive and then their excitement about her pregnancy. Her last post was on Feb. 28: "Poor Fred is sick tonight. Send good thoughts!"

The modest, two-story Jacob house is on the outskirts of Helena, surrounded by similar homes with flat lots and a few trees.

The infection affected Christina Jacob's reasoning. She figured she had the flu, then figured she was suffering from stress and grief, and didn't bother going to the doctor. She has gradually come under fungal control and become increasingly uncommunicative.

If the Agents call on her, she is pallid and slim, obviously not seven months pregnant. She has worked a string of part-time jobs but is not presently employed. She planned to be a stay-at-home mom. On the refrigerator, Agents can see a reminder of an upcoming prenatal appointment.

Christina Jacob is easily distracted and tends to zone out in mid-sentence, sensing things she could not possibly describe. At one point she begins weeping with joy. She says she sees herself and her baby shining among the stars, forever. They'll be among the Star People.

In lucid moments, she remembers that Fred told her about his encounter with the stranger. She remembers him saying he wished he had easy access to the FBI's facial-recognition program so he could have identified the man and offered more help.

The house has a strange, musty smell. **Forensics** at 50% or higher, or an appropriate **Science** skill, recognizes it as vaguely fungal. If the Agents think to check air filters, they can find spores that look like a fungus—at least, more like a fungus than anything else—but are not identifiable by any human science. The spores match samples taken from Deputy Jacob and other victims of the alien contagion.

For Mrs. Jacob's stats, see **THE ACCIDENTS** on page 120.

The Baby

Unknown to anyone outside the house, two days before the Agents arrived, Mrs. Jacob suddenly gave birth. Her baby was much affected by a gestation in a system contaminated by the alien fungus.

Mrs. Jacob did not call for help. She recovered quickly. Her baby thrived. She has been caring for it like any mother would her newborn, except that she has told nobody and she never took it to a doctor.

She volunteers none of this information to the Agents, but one could easily find the fungal child by looking around while others keep the mother busy.

Any non-Delta Green NPC who encounters Christina Jacob and the child attempts to save their lives and get them to a hospital. If Dr. Ghent, from the Benthic Company, learns about them, she sends a security team to collect them for caretaking and study. The security team is deeply conflicted about that mission, and could be talked into helping the Agents. See **BENTHIC SECURITY** on page 105 for details.

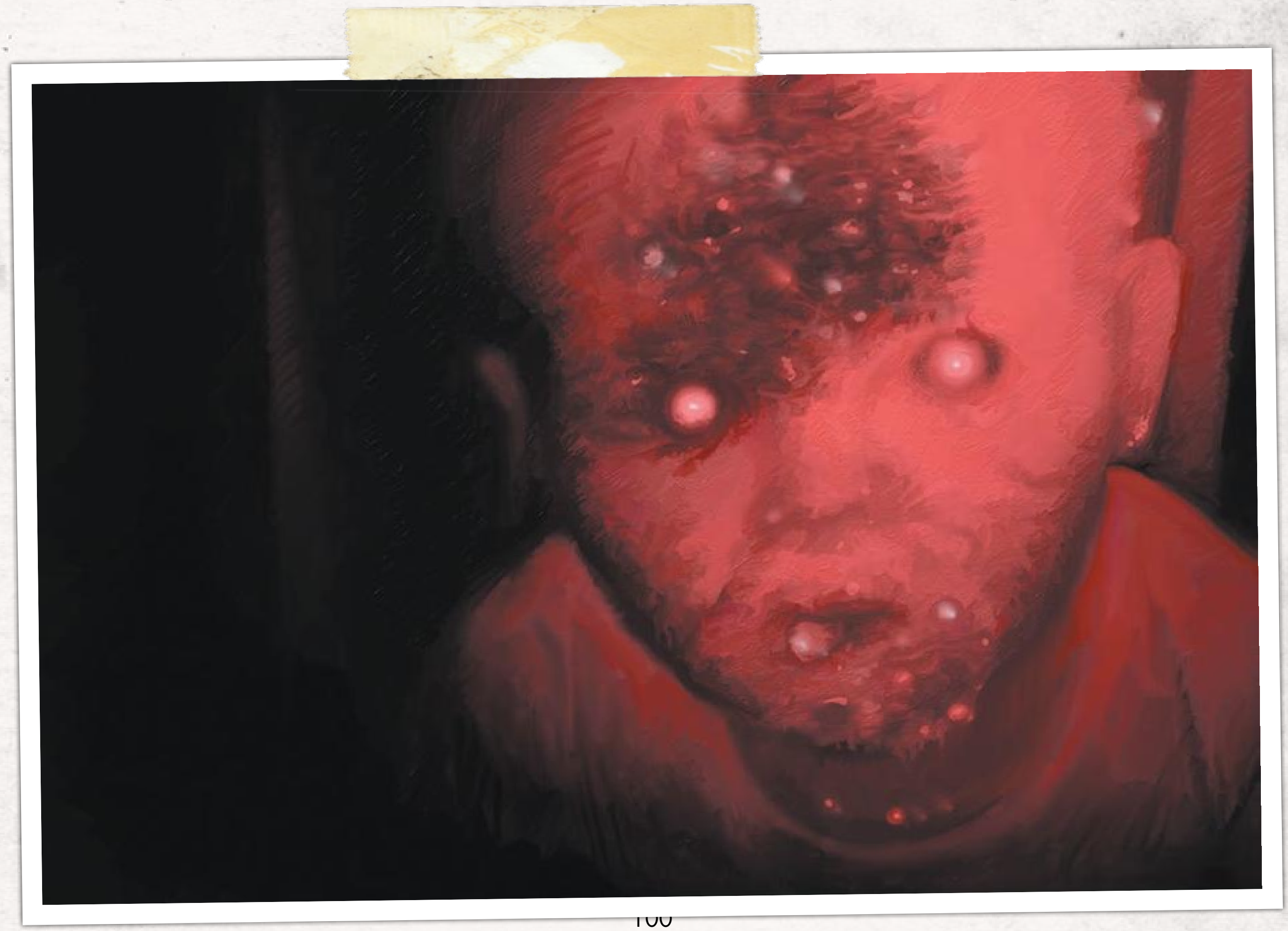
For the baby's stats, see **THE FUNGAL CHILD** on page 120.

Awakening

When McCaslan flees for Devils Tower, Christina Jacob "awakens" fully. She takes her baby in her car, intuitively follows McCaslan's trail, and tries desperately to interfere with the Agents, helping McCaslan make contact with the mi-go. She attempts to join him atop Devils Tower and present herself and her child to the Star People.

Examining Mrs. Jacob

Testing Mrs. Jacob's (or the baby's) blood (requiring **Medicine** 40% and a few hours) can find heavy-metal poisoning, as in her husband. More intensive examination finds the strange gut flora, but at lower levels, and the remains of toxic things she has eaten: phone batteries, nickels,



bullets from her dead husband's firearms. Somehow, they did not do her much harm. The acids in her stomach are breaking them down with, apparently, help from the alien fungus. The fungus seems to thrive on the mix of acids and heavy metals.

Genetic examination (requiring **Medicine** at 40% and 1D6 days for the results to come back from a distant lab) finds many genetic matches between her thriving fungal flora and that of her husband, and similar heavy metal poisoning. Unlike her husband, she survived because the unknown flora spread more swiftly and prevented the heavy metals from being absorbed by her organs.

Contagion

Exposure to a victim under control of the unnatural contagion may lead to contamination as the alien flora spreads. Contamination instills unnatural thoughts and instincts, including a hunger for heavy metals that are fuel to the "fungus" but poison to human beings.

- Close contact (such as a fight, or a conversation inside a vehicle or at very close quarters) or extended but somewhat protected contact (such as providing first aid, or a conversation in a living room) calls for a **Luck** roll to escape contamination.
- Surgery or an internal medical examination calls for a **Luck** roll at a –20% penalty.
- An ordinary surgical mask by itself offers no protection. Wearing a surgical mask with full-body scrubs and gloves, or a filter mask, grants a +20% bonus to the **Luck** roll. Wearing a hazmat suit protects the victim fully.

Every 24 hours after infection, the victim must make a **CON×5** roll. Failure costs the victim 1D4 HP for the physical symptoms, as well as 1 SAN and 1D10 temporary POW (to a minimum of 1 POW), as the "fungus" influences the victim's brain.

In addition, failing the **CON** test means the victim unconsciously seeks and consumes the heavy metals that caused the alien fungus to thrive in the acidic waters of the Pit—primarily cadmium, arsenic, and zinc. (See **PICA** on page 102 for examples.) Seeing this behavior costs 0/1 **SAN** for witnesses—and for the victim if they bring it to the victim's attention. Consuming heavy metals poisons the victim. Because the alien fungus is metabolizing the toxins, the victim takes only 1D6 damage, and does not make a Lethality roll or a **CON** test for the poison. Pumping the victim's stomach before the damage takes effect can prevent it. Whether consuming such toxins leads to long-term cancer is entirely up to the Handler.

If the daily **CON** roll succeeds, the victim regains 1D4 lost POW, up to his or her maximum. A critical success on the CON roll purges enough of the "fungus" from the victim's system that no further rolls need be made. Otherwise,

>> Infection

Disease	Route	Speed	CON Test Penalty	Damage	Symptoms	Cure
Unnatural fungal infection	Inhaled or ingested	24 hours	+0	1D4 HP, 1 SAN, and 1D10 POW	Fever, headache, confusion, pica	Sodium bicarbonate

>> Poisoning

Poison	Route	Speed	Damage	Symptoms	Antidote?
Heavy-metal poisoning	Ingested	1D6 hours	1D6	Dehydration, vomiting, diarrhea, confusion, headaches, weakness	No

the victim keeps making CON rolls until cured (see **TREATMENT**) or the victim rolls a critical success.

Pica

Here are likely sources of heavy metals that a victim under fungal influence might try to consume. The alien fungus metabolizes some of the toxic metals, but also causes the human body to metabolize them far more quickly. Heavy-metal poisoning becomes widespread within hours. After each meal, the urge fades until the next loss of POW.

- The waters of the Pit. (See **THE PIT** on page 116.) This is the preferred source if the victim knows the specific toxins found there, as Deputy Jacob did, or if the victim is close enough to smell the water.
- Nickels.
- Lead shot and bullets (for arsenic alloys).
- Over-the-counter zinc supplements.
- Older rechargeable batteries.
- The protective coatings on iron or steel car bodies, fencing, rails, lightposts, roofs, heat exchangers, and aircraft parts.
- Lead components in car batteries.
- If nothing else, pebbles and rocks for their trace elements of the metals found in the Pit.

Weird Visions

Victims who lose POW or HP to the infection may find bizarre alien memories seeping into their thoughts. They "see" more and more with each vision:

- Strange living blacknesses running like rivers in basalt canals.
- High towers of no human design, on a world lit by no sun.
- Glowing, hybrid creatures of chitin and fungus, chittering incomprehensible truths.
- A powerful urge to commune with…something… something amazing and full of wonder.
- A compulsion to go to high, lonely places.
- An instinct to aid others who are similarly infected, even if the character has no way of knowing those others exist or where they are.

If an Agent gains a disorder due to hitting the Breaking Point while infected, the compulsion to find unnatural wonders in high, lonely places becomes an obsession, a disorder that replaces one of the Agent's motivations.

Under Fungal Control

When reduced to 1 POW, the victim comes under mental control of the alien fungus and becomes contagious. The victim recovers 1D4 POW per day, but loses 1D6 **SAN** per day as alien thoughts and instincts take over.

A victim under full control of the "fungus" takes no more damage from ingested heavy metals, as the victim's own "fungus"-infected cells and digestive system begin to metabolize the toxins. The victim recovers 1D4 HP per day. A slain victim begins to glow faintly in places as the alien fungus continues to thrive.

A victim under "fungal" control remains controlled and contagious until cured or killed, and gains the special qualities described for **THE ACCIDENTS** on page 120.

A "fungus"-controlled victim reduced to zero SAN adds 1D6 each to **STR**, **CON**, and **INT**. If the victim succeeds at a **POW** test, he or she gains the use of Clairvoyance and Fascination (see **RITUALS** on page 122) and gains the *macrodimensional* quality (described under **THE SUBJECTS** on page 119).

Treatment

The alien fungus thrives on heavy metals and high acidity. If the Agents understand that, then any character with **Medicine** at 20% or better, or **Pharmacy** at 40% or better, can recommend treatment with an acid neutralizer and chelation therapy. Antifungal medications, unfortunately, do no harm to the fungi from Yuggoth.

STARVING THE "FUNGUS": An acid neutralizer such as sodium bicarbonate can starve the "fungus" of needed digestive acids if administered with a successful **Medicine** or **Pharmacy** roll. That takes 2D4 days and reduces the patient's CON by 1 per day. If the roll fails, it can be attempted again only after that time has passed. The patient recovers 1 CON per week.

Killing the "fungus" does not cure the heavy-metal poisoning that is causing the immediate harm. In fact, it makes it worse, because the "fungus" no longer absorbs the metals. If the acid neutralizer is successfully administered before the “fungus” has seized full control, the victim no longer loses POW, but takes 1D6 damage from released heavy metals entering his or her system.

PURGING THE POISONS: Chelation therapy—infusions to chemically bind metals to less-harmful compounds—can act as an antidote for heavy-metal poisoning if administered in a hospital and with a successful **Medicine** roll. St. Peter’s Hospital in Helena would certainly suffice, as would the nearby Veterans Affairs medical center at Fort Harrison. Side effects can include dehydration, kidney damage, reduced blood calcium, and allergic reactions.

Success with the **Medicine** roll forestalls damage by the toxins, allows the victim to recover 1 HP. Failure inflicts 1 damage (1D4 with a fumble) and does not alleviate the poisoning. Each attempt takes a week. If chelation brings the victim to maximum HP, enough heavy metals have been purged that they inflict no more harm.

Conducting chelation therapy without first purging the alien fungus robs the “fungus” of the minerals it needs. Every 24 hours, the victim must make a **CON×5** roll or lose 1D6 CON and an equal amount of STR and HP, as the “fungus” feeds on the body’s iron and calcium instead.

Cover-Up at St. Peter’s

St. Peter’s Hospital, with a staff of 1,400, serves five Montana counties around Helena. Agents who are physicians can keep the true details of the alien fungus’ effects from going wide, despite the contagion, by forcing their way into the hospital’s response. An Agent with FBI, military, EPA, or CDC credentials can talk hospital administrators into going along with this scheme with a roll of either **Law, Persuade,** or **Medicine.** If that fails, the hospital administrators and doctors can be bullied into going along with the demands but are sure to complain to their congressional representatives and the Agents’ employers. The Handler can determine the particular blowback.

A cover-up at the Fort Harrison V.A. hospital works along the same lines, but the Agents can get a +20% bonus by asking their case officer to quietly pull strings using Program assets.

Calling for Help

This terrifying contamination may lead the Agents to proclaim it a bioterrorism attack and call in the Centers for Disease Control. Remind the players that the more public they go, the more paths the unnatural vector may follow. Their first purpose is to minimize public exposure. But of course the choice is the players’. If they call for help, the FBI’s Weapons of Mass Destruction Operations Unit (WMDOU) manages the incident from Washington, DC. It sends experts in hazardous materials and biological threats to assist local FBI agents. (Those could prove handy replacements for Agents lost to the contagion.) The entire local FBI office will mobilize to “help” the Agents with a bioterrorism threat. Every last one of them endangers the secrecy of the Agents’ true mission.

Ambitious Handlers can find many ideas in the CDC’s *Criminal and Epidemiological Investigation Handbook,* downloadable from www.cdc.gov.

The Press

Helena is a small city, but it has three competing TV news outlets—CBS affiliate KXLH (“Montana’s news leader”), NBC affiliate KTVH, and ABC and FOX affiliate KFBB (“Montana’s news leader”)—as well as a daily newspaper, the Independent Record.

Great Falls is home to an amateur Phenomen-X.com contributor, 48-year-old conspiracy theorist and delivery driver Bill Blank. (His birth name was William Ortez; he changed it legally in 1999 to throw off “Deep State investigators.”) Montana has an unusual proportion of unnatural events and rumors, so Bill stays busy reporting things that hardly anyone believes. He’s still convinced that the 2000 earthquake in the Montana badlands was an underground nuke that destroyed a secret government facility.

How active reporters get in the operation is up to the Handler, and depends on the Agents’ discretion. Widespread heavy-metal poisoning that’s somehow contagious could quickly become national news, unless the Agents manage to discredit the reports before they draw too much public investigation.

Day 3: New Orders

At some inconvenient moment about two days after the operation begins, the Agents get a call from the case officer. It's in typically oblique code to confuse potential eavesdroppers: "Dad says, uh, don't cook that meat today. You know, all that meat you were going to cook? Put it on ice and store it in the garage. The garage you visited the other day. He'll pick it up tomorrow."

The case officer tries to convey the intent by tone, without giving away details: They are to collect the dead deputy's body and find a way to store it safely in the Green Box for collection later. If the players don't understand, give their Agents **INT**×5 rolls to read between the lines. How the Agents pursue that goal is up to them. Stuffing the body in a hazmat suit is probably a good start. Maybe they've already destroyed the corpse.

If the players think they have run out of leads or otherwise are frustrated, the case officer could arrange a face-to-face meeting and offer suggestions. If they don't have the skills to examine Jacob's body for clues, ask an expert for help—but make sure they can control their expert's reactions if they find something important. If they can't get a warrant to search Benthic, break in.

The Benthic Company

Dr. Brent McCaslan is one of three researchers under Dr. Lora Ghent at the Benthic Company, a pharmaceutical research lab in the Big Belt Mountains about 30 kilometers northeast of Helena—twisting, a 45-minute drive through forested limestone canyons. It's a short drive from the tiny town of York (not much more than a bar, a fire station, and locally-famous park, campground, and hiking trails).

A locked gate can be opened with a key card and has a button to call security in the building for access. The gate opens to a private drive that leads through thick woods. The drive curves around behind the building for cargo deliveries and pickups.

In a spacious entry atrium, visitors are greeted by a guard at a security desk. Locked doors lead to stairs and an elevator down to the offices and laboratories.

Benthic does not send data for offsite storage over the Internet, but by courier on physical hard drives. The company's I.T. expert keeps a diligent watch for phishing scams and digital intrusions. Agents hoping to hack their way in will be disappointed.

In the entry vestibule for the incubator lab—where the unnatural samples can be found—a large locker is prominently labeled "UNDERWATER HAZMAT." It contains six underwater hazmat suits. All Benthic employees know Dr. Ghent and Dr. McCaslan use underwater hazmat suits in their research into extremophiles at the Oakland Pit.

Who Owns Benthic?

An Agent with **Accounting** 40% can find with an hour's research that The Benthic Company is owned by Benthic Enterprises, Inc., a privately-owned holding company based in Bermuda. An **Accounting** roll after 1D6 hours of online research and phone calls can learn that Benthic Enterprises is owned by Delaware-based Akiaso, Inc., a pharmaceutical firm named for Akeso and Iaso, Greek goddesses of healing.

Further rolls can follow the trail of ownership: Akiaso is owned by a secretive Luxembourg tax shelter...which (another roll) is owned by a consortium of investment companies based in the Netherlands, Singapore, and the Channel Islands...one of which (another roll) is owned by March Technologies, Inc....which (another roll) is owned primarily by a network of retired heavy-hitters from the U.S. Air Force, the Navy, and the defense-intelligence-industrial complex.

If Agents from the Program start investigating March Technologies, they soon get a panicked phone call from their case officer ordering them to knock it off and focus on the operation. The case officer says the company is connected—implying that it's connected to the Program. That means there may be something serious going on at Benthic, but the Agents need to avoid looking too deeply. At the very least, they need to cover their tracks.

Further investigation of March Technologies is beyond the scope of this scenario. You can find information about it in the *Handler's Guide* and in *Delta Green: Eyes Only*.

Benthic Staff

The Benthic Company is staffed by four scientists, a physician, an office manager, an information technology specialist, and ten security officers under contract from the Breckenridge Corporation. A janitor, hired locally after being vetted by security, visits three times a week.

The staff all live in homes and apartments in Helena. Peterson lives with her six-year-old daughter; Deer lives with his wife and two teenage sons; Ghent and McCaslan are single and childless. The researchers and the physician came to Benthic from Akiaso, its parent company. The other staff were local to the Helena area when Benthic hired them. None take anything noteworthy or suspicious home from work.

The support staff want no part of any trouble and know little about Benthic's work—just scraps they may have accidentally overheard. Even the I.T. guy doesn't pay enough attention to what happens on his network to realize its importance; he just keeps it running.

Everyone does know, however, that Dr. Ghent and Dr. McCaslan have been increasingly strange over the last month or so. Ghent and McCaslan were always secretive, working together on an extremophile study at the Oakland Pit. But over the last couple of weeks, Ghent became distant and unapproachable, and McCaslan became easily confused and distracted. Then, a few days ago, he simply left work and did not come back.

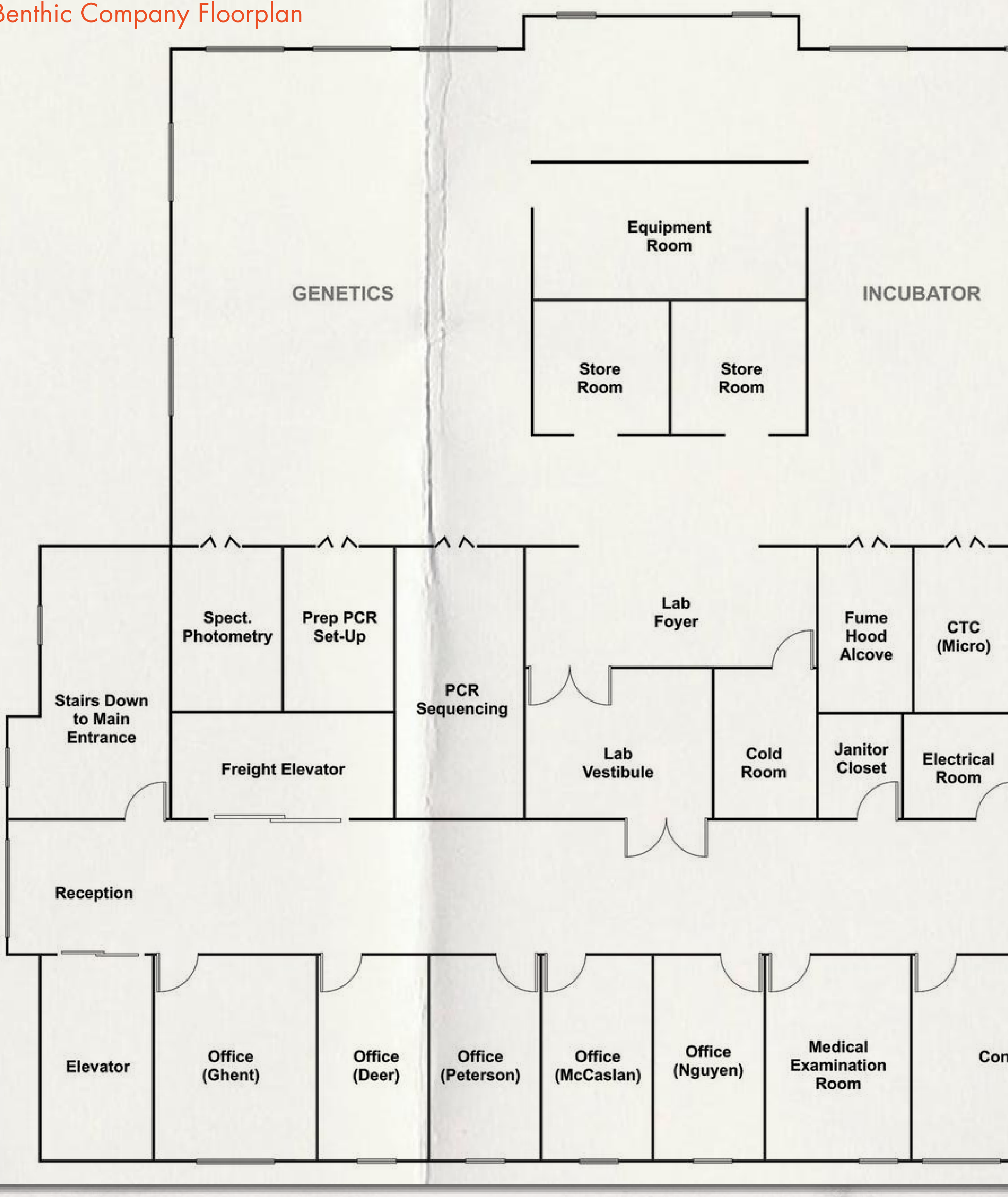
Benthic Security

Three or four security officers from the Breckenridge Corporation are on duty at a time during business hours (one outside at a welcome kiosk, one on the office level, one in the lab, and one roaming), and two are on duty at a time during off hours (one outside at the welcome kiosk, one roaming inside). Most are former police, corrections officers, and/or military personnel, with an unusually high proportion of combat veterans.

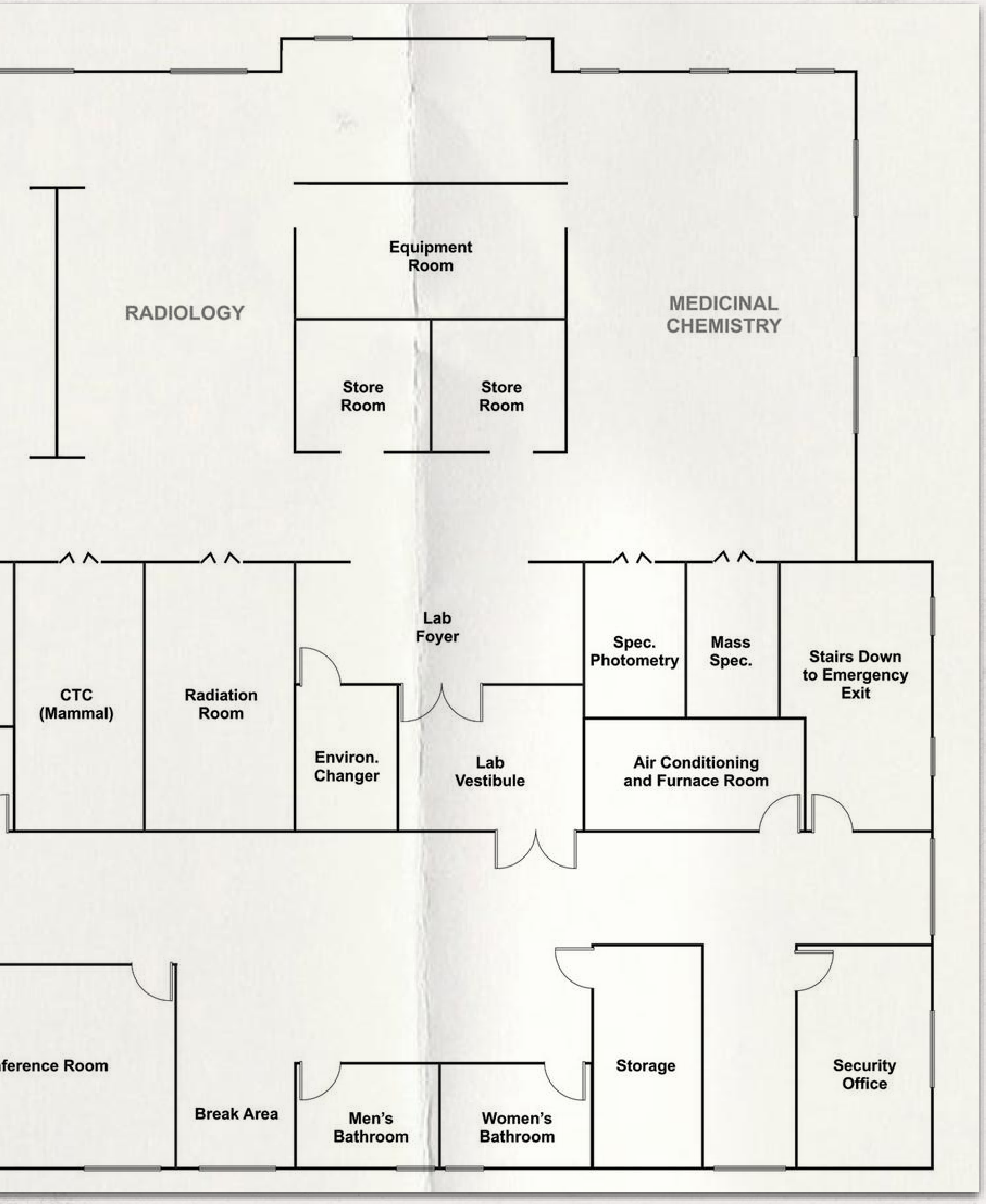
CHIEF OF SECURITY: The security chief is Trever Bostwick, a 58-year-old retired federal agent on his second career. He is on duty during business hours. He is in frequent contact with Sheriff Pullman. Bostwick's first priority is protecting the interests of Benthic and Akiaso. He can be talked into

>> Benthic Company Personnel

Name	Position	Notes
Lora Ghent, Ph.D.	Lead researcher, CEO	White female, age 49
Robert Deer, Ph.D.	Researcher	African-American male, age 47
Linda Peterson, Ph.D.	Researcher	Korean-American female, age 42
Brent McCaslan, Ph.D.	Researcher	White male, age 34
Jay Nguyen, M.D.	Staff physician	Vietnamese-American male, age 51
Jesse Hobson	Office manager	White male, age 30
Thomas Fajardo	Information technology specialist	Spanish-American male, age 28
Tyson Griffin	Janitor	African-American male, age 60
Trever Bostwick	Chief of security, day shift 1 or 2	White male, age 58
Sam Bates	Security officer, day shift 1	African-American male, age 45
John Bearden	Security officer, day shift 1	White male, age 37
Bob Durfee	Security officer, night shift 1	White male, age 29
Eduardo Ireland	Security officer, night shift 1	Mexican-American male, age 33
Isaac Jourdan	Security officer, day shift 2	African-American male, age 39
Samuel Rosado	Security officer, day shift 2	Mexican-American male, age 36
Ted Taylor	Security officer, day shift 2	White male, age 41
Oscar Tate	Security officer, night shift 2	White male, age 30
Rhetta Thoms	Security officer, night shift 2	African-American female, age 38


Benthic Company Floorplan

GENETICS
Equipment Room
INCUBATOR
Store Room
Store Room
Spect. Photometry
Prep PCR Set-Up
Lab Foyer
Fume Hood Alcove
CTC (Micro)
PCR Sequencing
Stairs Down to Main Entrance
Freight Elevator
Lab Vestibule
Cold Room
Janitor Closet
Electrical Room
Reception
Elevator
Office (Ghent)
Office (Deer)
Office (Peterson)
Office (McCaslan)
Office (Nguyen)
Medical Examination Room
Con


Equipment Room
RADIOLOGY
MEDICINAL CHEMISTRY
Store Room
Store Room
Lab Foyer
Spec. Photometry
Mass Spec.
Stairs Down to Emergency Exit
CTC (Mammal)
Radiation Room
Environ. Changer
Lab Vestibule
Air Conditioning and Furnace Room
ference Room
Break Area
Men's Bathroom
Women's Bathroom
Storage
Security Office

the idea that protecting the interests of humanity should come first, if the Agents present compelling arguments and if there's clear enough communication in the inevitable chaos.

GOT A WARRANT? Benthic's first response to federal agents knocking at the door is to demand a search or arrest warrant. If the Agents have one, the senior security officer on duty reviews it carefully and, assuming it's not obviously bogus, allows the agents to act as the warrant allows. (Falsifying a warrant that fools the guards requires a successful **Law** roll; getting caught could land an Agent in prison.) But the security officer will be deliberate about it, slow enough to start raising the Agents' suspicions. That allows the researchers and staff physician time to shred and burn their papers and reformat their hard drives and mobile devices. The Agents have every right to push past and conduct their business while the officer reviews the warrant, but the officer tries to stall them.

USE OF FORCE: If the Agents come without a warrant, or pretend to have one but fail to produce it, or break in after hours, the security officers treat them like any other unlawful intruders. They try to apprehend and restrain them by voice commands first, escalating to bare hands if that fails, and then to pepper spray and batons if necessary. They use firearms if the intruders use deadly force or fight so aggressively that an officer figures he can claim reasonable fear for someone's life. Flashing FBI badges in the absence of a warrant does not impress these guards.

All Breckenridge officers are in business suits and wear pistols, batons, and pepper spray. They have four (street-legal) semi-automatic AR-15 carbines in a locker in the chief's office.

Other Means of Access

Agents daunted by Benthic's tight security could approach Benthic employees away from the company premises. That makes any Benthic employee nervous, and their first instinct is to keep their mouths shut and call Dr. Ghent for advice. But if the Agents convince them that a biological threat is on the loose and Benthic may be to blame, some of the staff might open up. Researchers Deer and Peterson are most likely, and have the most useful information. The I.T. specialist is next most likely, and could have surprising details gleaned from the company's system.

Deer and Peterson

Dr. Linda Peterson, if confronted with compelling evidence that something awful is unfolding, may offer to cooperate in return for a promise of immunity from prosecution. If the players don't think to draw her out, an Agent who makes a **HUMINT** roll senses that she's upset enough to perhaps cooperate. But she is terrified. The Agents can persuade her that they can truly offer immunity by succeeding at a **Law** or **Persuade** roll.

Dr. Robert Deer is a true believer. Their team is about to solve mortality. Interfering with that would be an appalling crime against humanity.

About Dr. McCaslan

Agents asking anyone at Benthic about Dr. McCaslan are told only that he is an employee. If they make their way in with a warrant, or if they break in after hours and look for information about him, they learn that McCaslan left work early, recently, saying he had the flu. That was the day the Agents arrived for their briefing.

If the Agents ask McCaslan's colleagues about his health or demeanor after his enounter with Deputy Jacob, they say with pretty obvious falseness that he seemed fine. Threatening them with prosecution for lying to federal agents, or a **Persuade** roll without going that far, can get Peterson or Deer to admit:

- McCaslan looked sick and seemed distraught, but he didn't say why.
- Over the last few days he seemed to be obsessing over Devils Tower, Wyoming, and a tape he had lost: "It has everything," he said, sounding distraught and confused. "It has the Song of the Star People. I saw it! Hidden underground!"
- His colleagues agree that he sounded crazy. He must have had a bad fever from the flu. They hope he has been getting some rest.

If the Agents no longer have access to the Star-People tape and did not listen to it earlier, they can get the basics about the Star People and Ghost Mountain (described in **THE GREEN BOX** on page 93)—but not the song itself—by searching the Internet for "song of the Star People."

McCaslan didn't talk much with his colleagues that day or afterward, except for Dr. Ghent. The two of them seemed to be working together on something that even the other researchers didn't know about. If the Agents suggest a personal relationship between McCaslan and Ghent, the interview subject laughs uneasily and says that doesn't sound like them. A **HUMINT** roll senses that the unease goes dreadfully deep, far beyond the awareness of the interview subject. Something about the connection between McCaslan and Ghent strikes a chord of terror and revulsion in their closest colleagues that they don't consciously recognize or understand.

Dr. Ghent's Revelations

Dr. Ghent can reveal many mysteries—probably too many for a single interview. These details could also be learned from:

- Notes found at McCaslan's home (see **MCCASLAN'S HOME** on page 113).
- By speaking to McCaslan himself.
- From encrypted notes on Ghent's computer (requiring **Computer Science** at 50% or a successful **Computer Science** roll to access them).
- By pressing Dr. Peterson.
- From Benthic lab records recovered from the courier (see **MISSING DATA** on page 112).

Ghent is more lucid than McCaslan, but is just as far gone. Since McCaslan attracted police attention, she has been overseeing careful preparations to move the lab's fungal samples to another March Technologies facility.

The best way to get Ghent talking is a mix of fascination, admiration, minimizing her sense of risk, and speaking to her separately from other Benthic staff. Fungal infection has clouded her judgment. If she thinks she is talking to people who know about the unnatural, she is more likely to reveal her incredible discoveries.

MCCASLAN'S ABSENCE: Ghent is annoyed with McCaslan. She says McCaslan is not sufficiently focused on the larger work. A **HUMINT** roll senses that she knows perfectly well what McCaslan is up to, though she intends to keep it secret.

If the Agents get her talking about other aspects of her work, she may recklessly say more. Exposure to the catalyzed Sample awakened McCaslan's true and inner mind. It awakened psychic talents that lie dormant in most human brains, engineered that way by the Old Ones—the prehuman scientists who shaped the course of life on Earth and in other realities entirely.

McCaslan went looking for a way to reach out to the Old Ones—the Star People—and learn their secrets. The Agents themselves may have found it for him. Did the Agents really think their presence here was coincidence? The Old Ones saw it all, long ago. McCaslan saw it, too.

THE SAMPLE'S ORIGIN: If asked about the weird fungal samples in the lab, Ghent pretends not to know where they originated. A successful roll of **HUMINT** or a relevant **Science** detects the lie. If called on her dishonesty and pressed, she smiles and says something along these lines:

"The samples came from the stars. People like you tried to kill it. We kept it alive. Now, we've learned how to make it thrive. And we're learning how to let it give us its gifts. Soon, we'll go to Devils Tower and speak to the greatest of its kind. Their secrets are vast and wonderful."

Having said that much, she admits without much prodding that researchers like her are on the verge of giving humanity the greatest possible gift: not mere immortality, but a physical connection with the immortal intelligence of the Old Ones, the ancients from the stars, spread from person to person until the entire species is changed.

HOW SHE KNOWS: If she thinks it will buy her time or change the Agents' minds, Ghent might get carried away and reveal even more. In her dreams, she has spoken to the Power that stands as intermediary between realities, between times, and between worlds. The Old Ones know that Power and pay homage.

Only if the Agents string her along enough to really go on a tear will she say aloud that the Power has a name. That name is Nyarlathotep, beloved of the Million Favored Ones, and Nyarlathotep will help her invoke a greater Power still. Together, they will make the Benthic sample bloom into its truest form and spread its influence around the globe. *Iä! Shub-Niggurath! The Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young!*

PROJECT DANCER: This deeper background can be learned from Ghent, if the Agents *really* get her talking and have the patience to listen. Or it could be found in encrypted computer files if the Agents decrypt them with **Computer Science** at 50% or higher (or persuade the IT guy to do so; his skill is 50%).

It all began with an Air Force program called Project DANCER, back in the 1990s. DANCER is long defunct, but it once studied extraterrestrial biology. DANCER recovered the sample after other actors—some illegal vigilante group—ambushed extraterrestrial entities with the blind, stupid urge to merely destroy them.

Project DANCER's first few years studying the sample were primarily concerned with keeping it dormant—damaged enough to be unable to fully function, but not so badly damaged that it would decohere from reality—and with cultivating its fungus-like spores.

Project DANCER was eventually shut down—one risk of secrecy is that the right people don't know your value—and its research was moved from Air Force bases to private-sector labs. One of those was pharmaceutical research firm Akiaso, Inc., the parent company of Benthic. The Benthic Company itself was named for the oceanic zone where the earliest ancestors of fungi evolved.

The Formula

In Ghent's office, a strange mathematical formula is scrawled among weird, nonsensical notes in a folder that's labeled, "DO NOT OPEN. —LG".

At first glance, it is a seemingly simple mathematical formula. Anyone with **Science** (**Mathematics**) at 30% or above recognizes it as deceptively complex and must make an **INT** roll or a **Science** (**Mathematics**) roll, whichever is better, at −40%. If the roll succeeds, then the character rises from sleep the next night and goes into a fugue that lasts hours, scrawling notes about deep mathematics and ramblings about the nature of existence. The character awakens exhausted but with absolutely no memory of the fugue beyond whatever was scrawled. This happens again and again for 1D6 days. After each night, the character loses 1 POW and 1 **SAN** and gains 1D4% in the **Unnatural** skill.

After that period, encountering the original formula again triggers the same **INT** or **Science** (**Mathematics**) roll, with the same results—but this time the penalty is only −20%. If it succeeds, a third encounter has a no penalty. If that succeeds, a fourth encounter has a +20% bonus; a fifth is at +20%, and a sixth and any beyond that are at +40%.

A character reduced to 1 or 2 POW by exposure to the formula becomes a permanent pawn of the mi-go. Sooner or later the victim disappears or else is found with his or her brain surgically removed.

The Sample

The centerpiece of the main lab is a line of a dozen transparent, boxlike containers that hold fungal samples in various chemical environments. Some of the fungal samples seem withered and anemic. Others seem robust and expansive. The most robust sample seems to occasionally change color. Dimming the lights in that sample's case shows that in fact it occasionally glows with random colors. **SAN** loss: 0/1.

Separated from the catalysts and the nutrients in the lab, the "fungus" quickly evaporates from reality. **SAN** loss: 0/1.

The Agents can find documents that indicate plans to pack the lab's essential samples into secure containers, to be loaded onto trucks sent by Akiaso for delivery to other, unnamed facilities. That has not yet happened when the Agents arrive.

What the "Fungus" Does

To get a sense of what makes the Sample so special, Agents can interview Deer or Peterson (requiring a Persuade roll to draw the details out), or examine the lab's or staff physician's records for themselves (requiring **Medicine** or an appropriate **Science** skill at 50% or higher).

WHAT IT IS: First, it's not really a fungus. But "fungus" describes it better than anything else found in nature, so that's the word the researchers use to save time.

EXTREMOPHILE: The "fungal" samples thrive in environments rich in acids and heavy metals. Benthic researchers hypothesized that the "fungus" shares some qualities with bacteria that metabolize arsenic.

MICROBE ABSORPTION: The "fungal" sample secretes enzymes—or rather, organic compounds that behave like enzymes while defying chemical analysis—and other bioactive compounds that absorb and digest virtually any other biomass, including otherwise-harmful microbes.

MEDICINAL VALUE: The "fungus" and dependent organisms that grew in symbiosis with it synthesize macrolide-like molecules that have impressive cancer-killing, anti-inflammatory and anti-aging qualities, and that attack many harmful bacteria. The samples quickly extinguished samples of antibiotic-resistant strains of MRSA, anthrax, and Streptococcus. Akiaso researchers identified the product as a possible weapon against antibiotic-resistant pathogens, which are expected to kill millions in the coming decades. Its value could be incalculable.

MISSING ENERGY: The strange thing—one of many—is what happens next. As far as the researchers can tell, metabolized energy sometimes simply vanishes, and then in other cells energy suddenly appears out of nowhere. It's like the "fungus" somehow sends signals and energies in and out of reality as we understand it.

What Happened At the Pit

The Agents could learn these details from:

- Ghent.
- Deer.
- Peterson.
- Benthic lab records recovered from the courier (see **MISSING DATA** on page 112).
- Notes found at McCaslan's home (see **MCCASLAN'S HOME** on page 113).

For many years studying the strange, fungus-like spores of the Sample, the researchers had little success. They kept the spore sample intact, but growth eluded them.

They looked for nearby sites where natural fungus with a vaguely similar structure thrived outside the lab, and turned up one interesting candidate five years ago: the Oakland Pit, a massive, disused copper mine with waters rich in heavy metals and acids. (See **THE PIT** on page 116.) The Pit had proven home to extremophiles before. Sure enough, it stimulated the growth of Benthic's samples and catalyzed whatever factors cause them to cohere in our physical dimensions. Ghent bribed the Pit's director to help them install a larger sample in the Pit and monitor it without observation or a paper trail.

The Pit's toxic environment was the first time in all these years that they had caused the sample to truly thrive and grow. It takes a **Law** skill of only 10% to know that leaving the research sample in the Pit was a gross violation of state and federal environmental laws.

CONTAMINATION: Both Ghent and McCaslan were contaminated two weeks ago by accidental exposure at the Pit when their hazmat suits were damaged during collection of a sample. Notes found in Ghent's or McCaslan's office show exactly where in the Pit the work was done.

Their two fellow researchers and the staff physician brought the scientists out for treatment and study. They watched carefully and cautiously with surprise as the contaminated researchers rapidly improved, rather than rapidly suffering kidney, liver, and digestive failure as expected.

Peterson may tell the Agents that she saw reports by Dr. Nguyen that indicated the "fungal" contamination may have affected the subjects' brains.

The Physician

Dr. Jay Nguyen is an Akiaso loyalist. He refuses to share anything with investigators, citing patient confidentiality, even if the Agents out-argue that position with a successful **Law** or **Medicine** roll. If Nguyen thinks the Agents are about to force their way into his office, he gets out his phone, pretending he needs to consult with his superiors, and opens an app that connects with his computer. It's a program he developed himself, for his own protection. With a few commands he instructs the computer to erase all records of his work at the Benthic lab in the past three months (which takes only one turn) and then to reformat itself entirely and rebuilt its operating system from scratch (which takes 20 minutes).

Recovering erased records requires **Computer Science** at 50% or better, or a **Computer Science** roll if an Agent is not that expert, and takes 1D4 hours. Recovering them from a formatted drive requires 2D4 hours and a successful **Computer Science** roll by an Agent with **Computer Science** 70% or better.

An Agent with **Medicine** 30% or **Pharmacy** 50% can decipher the records of Nguyen's examinations of Ghent and McCaslan after their accident at the Pit.

- The "fungus" killed many yeasts in their gut flora.
- But it did not simply eradicate the yeasts. It replaced them, occupying their place in the energy chain.
- That led to impressive changes in behavior and in physical and mental capabilities.
- Examinations found symptoms of heavy-metal poisoning, but those faded after a few days. Instead, the subjects gained enhanced mental clarity and improved physical health.
- Nguyen recommended further study in animal and eventually human trials.

Missing Data

As soon as she heard that Benthic was under investigation, Dr. Ghent gave instructions to begin exporting research data and preparing to shut down the office. The exported data, stored on a dozen encrypted hard drives, has been given to an Akiaso courier by the time the Agents arrived.

The courier is driving a privately-owned sedan with a King County, Washington, plate. If the Agents recover security footage (requiring **Computer Science** at 50% or higher or a **Computer Science** roll), they get an image that can be run through government databases. The courier is Carl Tsan, a 32-year-old employee of the Seattle office of Akiaso, Inc. **Computer Science** 70% or higher, or a second roll, gets a clear enough image of the car and its license plate to ask police to watch for it it.

If the Agents explicitly ask to flag Tsan in Border Patrol systems, they get a hit the following day. The courier is stopped while trying to board a flight to Singapore with the drives packed carefully in checked luggage.

The hard drives reveal whatever details about Benthic's work the Agents failed to recover at the scene. Further investigation of Akiaso is beyond the scope of this scenario. Most likely, any attempt to pursue Akiaso further will be shut down by the Program after intercession by Akiaso's colleagues on the board of March Technologies. The Agents will be told to store the hard drives and all other evidence at the Green Box. A team from the Program's CORAL NOMAD project is sent to collect it. It winds up back in Akiaso's hands, 48 hours later.

The Agents can prevent that by destroying evidence rather than saving it.

Moving Out

One or two days after the Agents begin investigating, moving trucks start coming to Benthic and loading everything up for transportation across the country to some new Akiosa facility. Packing up the offices and most equipment takes two days and nights. Loading the biological research specimens into trailers built to contain biohazards takes a third day and night.

After the Cleanup

What if the Agents don't get to Benthic before the company cleans out all the evidence? The researchers and company physician have moved with their families at short notice, leaving no forwarding address. But the Agents could get some of the background details from local workers who have been left behind in Helena, and who may have overheard the researchers talking just before everything shut down. They may need to compare interviews with multiple guards and support staff to piece a partial background together. The Handler should adapt the details available to the Agents' belated investigation.

Repercussions

The Agents might collect enough evidence of catastrophic human experimentation and environmental pollution to send Benthic's research staff to prison for years or decades. But can they present that evidence without revealing Things That Man Was Not Meant to Know? We'll leave that decision, and how the Agents handle the Benthic staff, to you and your players.

Left to their own devices, the researchers and the physician all drive to a privately rented hangar at Helena Regional Airport and board a corporate jet owned by Akiaso. They fly to Akiaso's headquarters in Delaware to continue their work. Benthic's local support staff, having signed withering non-disclosure agreements when they were hired, are all let go as the company quickly shuts down.

Violence at Benthic is reported to the LCSO—unless it happens during the cleanup. The company cannot risk letting ordinary deputies and detectives see their work. Much like Delta Green, the company covers up its own people's injuries or deaths as accidents or unrelated incidents.

Pursuing McCaslan

McCaslan's infection is haphazard, and he is growing increasingly incoherent in thought and speech. He has more and more trouble thinking clearly the way other people can, and his speech is becoming a jumble of wrong words. Having forgotten how to drive, McCaslan walks to the Green Box to steal the Star People tape.

If the Agents kept the tape instead of leaving it at the Green Box, McCaslan finds its location as if he could see head of time where they would put it—because he did—and steals it from them. If the Agents are extraordinarily careful with the tape, and never leave it any place McCaslan could reach, he attempts to use his Fascination ritual to get help from one of them.

McCaslan has no trouble memorizing the Song to the Star People. He walks to Devils Tower, 800 kilometers east-southeast, to implement it. Unsuspecting drivers help him on his way. Luckily, they avoid infection.

If confronted by the Agents, he uses Fascination to control them. He prefers to send them climbing back down the mountain, but orders them to subdue or kill each other if absolutely necessary. He wishes only to sing to the Star People and be taken up by them.

McCaslan's Home

McCaslan lived in a condominium off Custer Avenue, about a kilometer west of the airport. McCaslan never spent much time at home, but the last few days have left his place a shambles. Three or four days of mail have piled up in the mailbox. He seems to have smashed half his belongings in an incoherent fit. The garbage cans and toilet hold the revolting, rotting remnants of his "fungus"-contaminated vomit. Everything has an earthy, fungal smell.

Agents who search the place carefully without wearing hazmat suits must each make a Luck roll or suffer infection (see **CONTAGION** on page 101). But a search can pay off. They find a legal pad where he scrawled obsessively about finding "the tape" and learning "the song of the star people" from it. On other pages he scrawled "Ghost Mountain" and drew a crude but easily recognizable sketch of Devils Tower. At the Handler's discretion, the pad may include crazed notes saying that reveal facts the Agents did not turn up at the Benthic Company. McCaslan saw visions of himself exposing a police officer to the infection, and of that event attracting government agents who would possess the Star People tape, which he would use to ascend to a higher reality. For other clues, see **DR. GHENT'S REVELATIONS** on page 109 and **WHAT HAPPENED AT THE PIT** on page 111.

They also find a few framed photos of from McCaslan's diving trips to the Caribbean and the Mediterranean. One shows him in an underwater hazmat suit, with the hood and mask not yet attached, smiling into the camera and giving a big thumbs-up. In the background is the striated limestone wall and green waters that any local would recognize as the Oakland Pit.

McCaslan's family mostly lives in Virginia. They are not close. He was always more interested in work than family or friends, especially when he started with the secretive Benthic Company.

In the Air

The LCSO can send the Agents up in its rescue helicopter to seek McCaslan, but even FLIR does little good if you don't know exactly where to look. They have to find clues by listening on the scanner or going down the road and looking for trouble. The helicopter has a range of 600 km. The Agents could also get the local DEA to provide a small plane with a range of about 1,200 km.

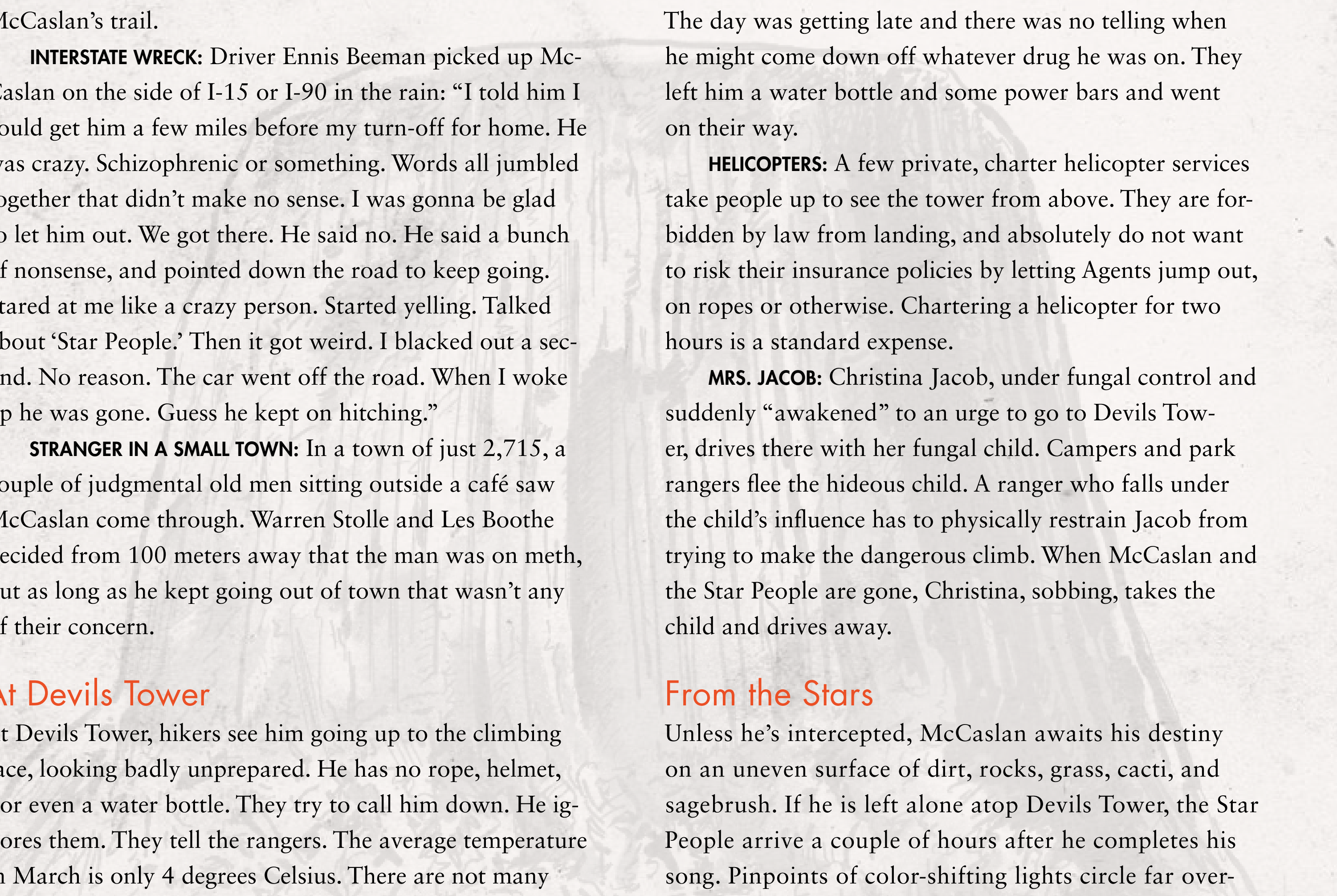
To the Green Box

McCaslan is drawn to the Green Box and the recording of the Star People song. The Agents can follow his trail on a police scanner or with interviews and social media.

THE HOUSE ON AMBUSH RIDGE: The Younkin girls (see **THE GREEN BOX** on page 93) saw McCaslan coming down the road. He looked like a crazy or drugged-out homeless person, and he walked straight past the house into the woods. Joanne Younkin called the Jefferson County Sheriff's Office.

To Devils Tower

Devils Tower, Wyoming, stands about 800 km east-southeast of Helena. McCaslan eventually trudges east away from the Green Box, through the woods and around Shingle Butte, until he hits a rural road and hitchhikes again. The next morning, a farmer picks him up. McCaslan uses his psychic power to control the farmer before the farmer starts driving. That gets him a ride most of the way to Devils Tower without arousing trouble. The farmer drops McCaslan off just out of sight of the entrance station.



McCaslan's Trail

Asking local police and other alert witnesses can pick up McCaslan's trail.

INTERSTATE WRECK: Driver Ennis Beeman picked up McCaslan on the side of I-15 or I-90 in the rain: "I told him I could get him a few miles before my turn-off for home. He was crazy. Schizophrenic or something. Words all jumbled together that didn't make no sense. I was gonna be glad to let him out. We got there. He said no. He said a bunch of nonsense, and pointed down the road to keep going. Stared at me like a crazy person. Started yelling. Talked about 'Star People.' Then it got weird. I blacked out a second. No reason. The car went off the road. When I woke up he was gone. Guess he kept on hitching."

STRANGER IN A SMALL TOWN: In a town of just 2,715, a couple of judgmental old men sitting outside a café saw McCaslan come through. Warren Stolle and Les Boothe decided from 100 meters away that the man was on meth, but as long as he kept going out of town that wasn't any of their concern.

At Devils Tower

At Devils Tower, hikers see him going up to the climbing face, looking badly unprepared. He has no rope, helmet, nor even a water bottle. They try to call him down. He ignores them. They tell the rangers. The average temperature in March is only 4 degrees Celsius. There are not many hikers, and very few trying to reach the top.

Any Agent with more than base Occult skill knows that Devils Tower has always been a focus of Native American myths and UFO conspiracy theories. It was in *Close Encounters*, after all.

FEDERAL ALERTS: The national park rangers at Devils Tower are on the lookout for a man trying to climb without equipment. The park's volunteer climbing rangers are on standby.

THE CLIMB: It takes four to six hours for two climbers to reach the top of Devils Tower, and one or two hours to climb down. The climb requires an **Athletics** test, with failure inflicting 1 HP from bruises and exhaustion, or 1D6 on a fumble. The climb could be made in half the time, but in that case failing the **Athletics** test means 1D6 damage, or 3D6 with a fumble.

WITNESSES: A pair coming down (Ed and Sasheesa Nimbly) say they saw a strange man up there, just standing still and staring into the sky. He wouldn't talk to them. The day was getting late and there was no telling when he might come down off whatever drug he was on. They left him a water bottle and some power bars and went on their way.

HELICOPTERS: A few private, charter helicopter services take people up to see the tower from above. They are forbidden by law from landing, and absolutely do not want to risk their insurance policies by letting Agents jump out, on ropes or otherwise. Chartering a helicopter for two hours is a standard expense.

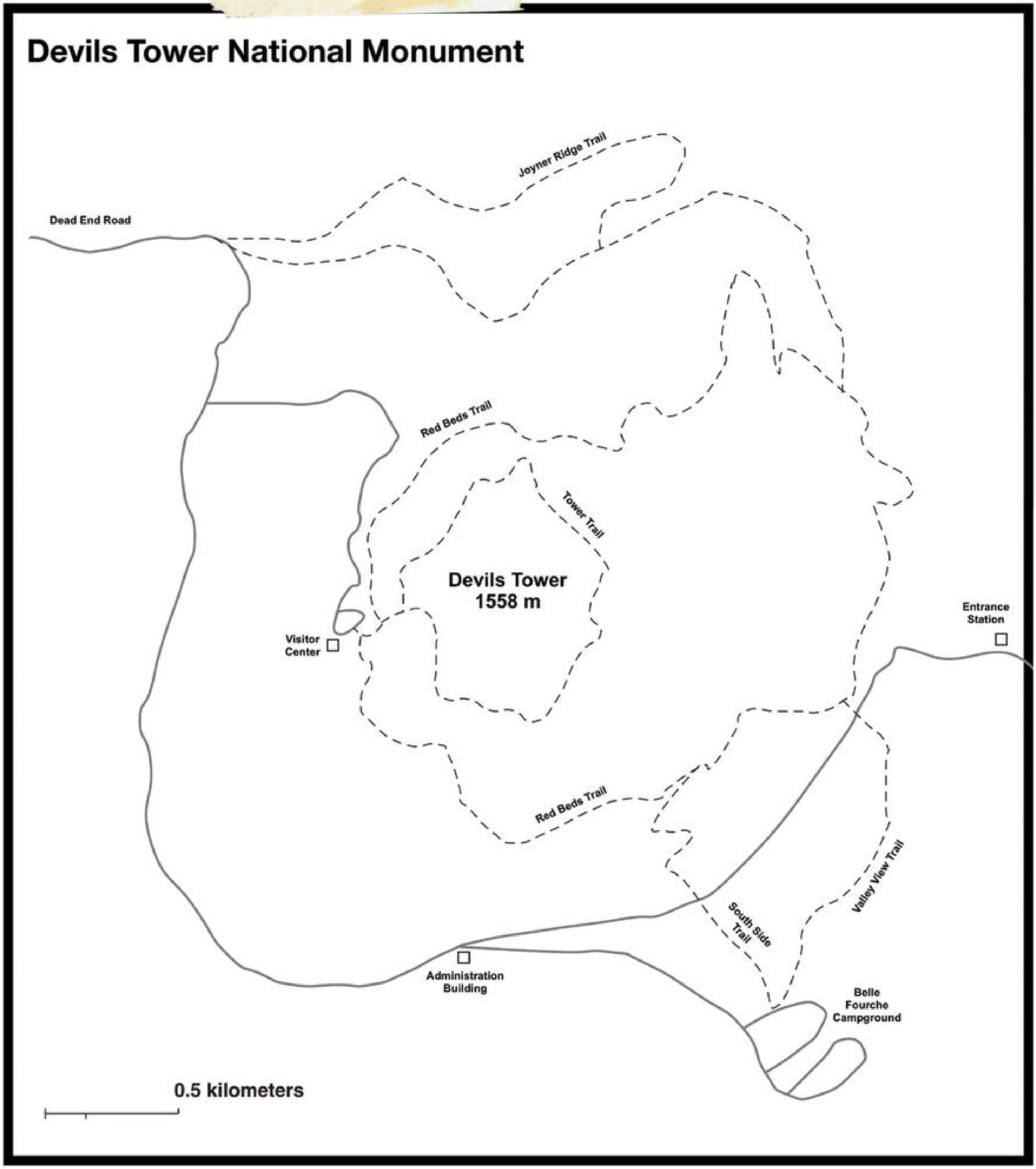
MRS. JACOB: Christina Jacob, under fungal control and suddenly "awakened" to an urge to go to Devils Tower, drives there with her fungal child. Campers and park rangers flee the hideous child. A ranger who falls under the child's influence has to physically restrain Jacob from trying to make the dangerous climb. When McCaslan and the Star People are gone, Christina, sobbing, takes the child and drives away.

From the Stars

Unless he's intercepted, McCaslan awaits his destiny on an uneven surface of dirt, rocks, grass, cacti, and sagebrush. If he is left alone atop Devils Tower, the Star People arrive a couple of hours after he completes his song. Pinpoints of color-shifting lights circle far overhead, winking out, reappearing again, until three of the mi-go, the fungi from Yuggoth, descend from the night sky: bizarre beings not entirely crustacean or fungal, about the size of large bears, with fruiting, sporal head-lobes that softly glow.

One of them addresses McCaslan in a buzzing approximation of speech produced from vibrations of its claws and carapace: "You have become something other than human. Are you prepared to see vistas that open only to the favored of Nyarlathotep?"

McCaslan, smiling and weeping, says, "Black bookcase, green thunder sideways recoiling."


Devils Tower National Monument
Joyner Ridge Trail
Dead End Road
Red Beds Trail
Tower Trail
Devils Tower
1558 m
Visitor Center
Entrance Station
Red Beds Trail
Valley View Trail
South Side Trail
Administration Building
Belle Fourche Campground
0.5 kilometers

Another mi-go extends a weird, half-organic metal device, which produces a low *whoosh* sound that causes McCaslan to collapse to the ground, utterly insensate. The third mi-go reaches out with a bizarre implement like rotting meat and shard-sharp bone. It uses the grotesque object to tear off the top of McCaslan's head, scoop out his brain, place the brain in a canister of some unidentifiable metal, put the skull back together, and seal the wounds up as if they had never been made. The mi-go fly away with McCaslan's brain, leaving his corpse and bloodstains for the Agents or tomorrow's hikers to find (at a **SAN** cost of 0/1 from violence).

Witnessing the mi-go costs 1/1D6 **SAN**. Witnessing the surgery costs 0/1D4 **SAN**.

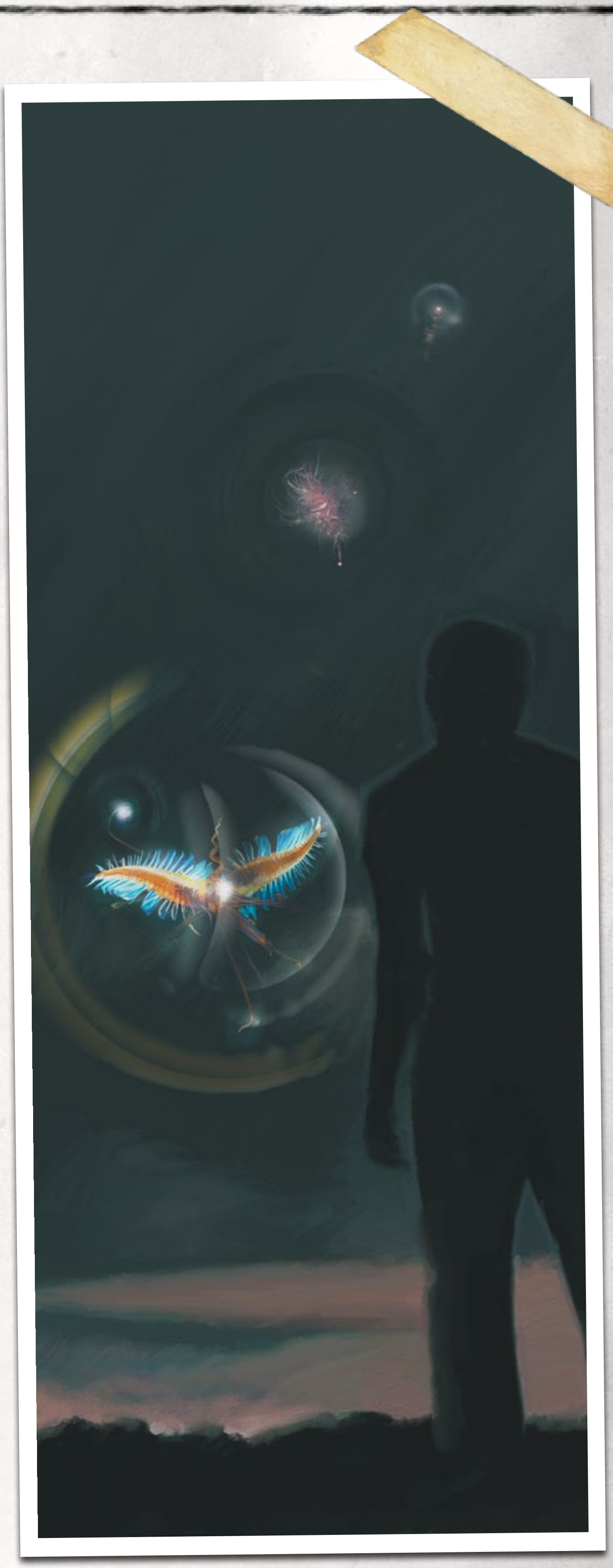
The Pit

The Oakland Pit (a fictionalization of the fascinating Berkeley Pit) sits near the southeast edge of Lewis and Clark County, only a few kilometers from Helena. Once a prolific open-air copper mine, the Pit was shut down decades ago and is now an EPA-supervised Superfund site. The owner, Montana Mining, Inc., now mines minerals from the surface water through water-treatment plants and uses the treated water in other mining operations.

The Pit is a stinking lake in a limestone hole over a kilometer across, nearly 300 m deep. Its greenish water is tainted by copper, cadmium, arsenic, and sulfuric acid (acidic to about the level of lemon juice). Snow geese that took shelter in the Pit during a 2016 snow storm were found ravaged inside and out by burns and festering sores. Since then, officials have attempted to keep birds away.

Fed by natural aquifers, the Pit's water is about 50 m below the surrounding natural groundwater level—and rising. It's expected to reach groundwater level in a few years and spill back through its aquifers into nearby creeks and rivers. Projects are ongoing by the state and Montana Mining to divert the aquifers that feed it in order to prevent that pollution.

Biologists have published papers on extremophiles that thrive in the Pit's toxic environment. (Those studies say nothing about Benthic or its unnatural fungus.) And the Pit has become a tourist attraction, sponsored by the owner to aid public relations. A gift shop sells Montana



souvenirs and T-shirts, crystals, and copper trinkets. A long tunnel leads to a viewing platform ($2 fee) that looks over the water while an audio recording enthusiastically describes the success of mining in the area.

A large sample of Benthic's alien fungus grows in the Pit. Left undisturbed, it will eventually draw more human subjects to itself—especially if the rising water levels of the Pit spill back into the aquifers. It will use new subjects to expand itself farther and make a direct connection with its broader biomass among the Fungi from Yuggoth.

Site Manager Jesus Preas

A 50-year-old Montana Mining geological engineer, Preas was pushed out of the management track and shuffled off to the most useless position he can imagine, babysitting tourists and geese over an open pit of poison. He agreed to an off-books deal with the Benthic Company, giving them off-the-record liberties with the site. At one point they came out late at night with underwater hazmat suits and physically planted a strange biological sample of some kind, rather than just taking samples from the water. He does not know why Benthic paid him to obscure their activities rather than working with Montana Mining.

If the Agents start pressing him as part of a seemingly official investigation, Preas starts getting nervous. A **HUMINT** roll can tell he's been up to something. A Persuade roll can get him to crack. Preas wants to minimize the damage to his reputation, and that means not letting his private arrangement with Benthic go public. The more the Agents work to protect him, the more he cooperates. He can point right to the corner of the Pit where the Benthic researchers worked.

Deputy Kelley Konopka

The area's assigned deputy, Kelley Konopka, responds swiftly to trouble. Konopka (white female—one of only two in the LCSO—with a sturdy build, sandy blond hair, and blue eyes, age 32) is assigned to the region that includes the Pit. Konopka is watchful, patient, and both careful and fearless. She's divorced with two young children in her custody. A five-year LCSO veteran and former Army lieutenant, Konopka resents her bosses for favoring male deputies for recruitment and promotion—and strangers who hold stereotypes about hick cops.

If the Agents ask Konopka about unusual visitors or activity at the Pit, she says nothing stands out. The last university project studying the Pit was about four years ago. The only current research program is run by a local biotech firm, The Benthic Company. It's a private company, so all Konopka knows about their activities is what she sees. They've had scientists come out a few times to collect samples. Konopka does not know what precisely they are studying or why, nor the names of the researchers who came out, nor even where they worked. She never had reason to linger to see what they were up to.

In a crisis at the Pit, Konopka's first priority is getting civilians out of harm's way. Her second priority is shutting down the source of a threat and collecting evidence that can lead to prosecution and conviction. It takes only a few minutes for backup to arrive from the Helena police department and the LCSO. Konopka writes exceptionally thorough reports. She has no patience nor sympathy for federal government employees who put their own interests and priorities above their official duties.

Water Treatment Plant

Victims of the alien fungus may come to drink deeply from the toxic waters of the Pit. They can be scooped up easily from the open-air, first-stage reactor tank at the water-treatment plant. The plant is a series of small, industrial buildings, heavy pipes, and machinery that filters toxins from the stinking green water. A chain-link fence meant to discourage animals and tourists can be climbed or cut without trouble. No guards are posted after hours, but deputies like Konopka sometimes drive by to make sure there's no trouble. If Agents park a vehicle near the plant at night or on a weekend, failing a **Luck** roll means a deputy notices and investigates.

In Deep Waters

The living "fungus" is a sprawling, uneven lump about two meters square, glowing strange colors at random intervals. It thrives in the deep, poisonous water of the Pit. Benthic's researchers placed it at a depth of 30 m, the edge of safe diving distance; beyond that, the bends are likely on resurfacing.

The alien fungus is not conscious. It is immune to attacks, except for an explosion or fire that can burn underwater and has a Kill Radius of 1 m or more. It has 10 HP and is destroyed by a successful Lethality roll. Any hypergeometric attack has full effect.

The Agents could prepare a charge using the thermite grenades in the local Green Box, or by taking apart a rocket's warhead. Nearby mining companies keep explosives, too, if the Agents want to try some dangerous burglary; we'll leave those details to the Handler. Setting a charge requires a **Swim** roll and a **Demolitions** roll (although **Heavy Weapons**, or an **INT** roll by an Agent special training with grenades or thermite, would suffice for the thermite grenades). If the Agents lack the right skills, they can find them in ex-soldiers among the police, FBI, and paranoid militia groups in the region. The Agents just have to persuade an expert to help.

Unless the Agents have been told exactly where to look, finding the "fungus" in a general area requires a **Search** roll. If that fails, the first Swim roll automatically fails, as the Agent finds the sample only when it finds the Agent. If they don't even know the general area to search, it's a lost cause. The place is huge.

HAZMAT: Getting near the "fungus" safely requires an underwater hazmat suit. Swimming in underwater hazmat gear requires special training in SCUBA diving.

Swimming in the Pit without hazmat gear guarantees infection by the alien fungus (see **CONTAGION** on page 101). The pollutants in the water count as a separate poisoning, inflicting 1D6 damage (after the toxins circulate for about 24 hours) per **Swim** roll attempted. With a failed **Luck** roll, the Agent develops a lethal cancer in 2D6 years.

Underwater hazmat suits can be gotten from storage at the Benthic Company (those supplies won't be cleared out for a week or so after the staff and all everything important is gone), from the EPA's Region 8 office in Denver, Colorado, or from FBI's Weapons of Mass Destruction Directorate in Washington, D.C. Or they can be ordered online. Delivery from out of state—whether paying with the Agents' own money or requisitioning with **Bureaucracy**—takes 2D4 days. A single suit counts as an unusual expense, or it's a major expense for up to 10 suits.

SWIM: Failure means a stony coral accretion near the sample extrudes unexpectedly and catches on the suit. The Agent must make a second **Swim** roll or a **Luck** roll, or the suit tears. If that happens, the spur inflicts 1 damage and extends into the Agent's limb or body like a hook. Realizing that costs 0/1D4 **SAN**. Pulling away inflicts 1D4 damage unless another Agent uses a tool to knock the spur loose and succeeds at a **DEX** roll. The effects of exposure, described in **CONTAGION** on page 101, take effect 1D4+1 turns after the suit tears.

DEMOLITIONS: Failure means the Agent does not finish setting the charges but may try again, requiring another **Swim** roll. A fumble means catastrophe is imminent. The Agent *must* roll **Demolitions** again. If that roll succeeds, the Agent corrects some disastrous error and can keep trying. Otherwise the charge ignites while the Agent is working on it.

Complications and Aftermath

The Agents gain SAN by reducing the alien fungus' harm to humanity.

THE FUNGUS: If the Agents entirely closed off the unnatural fungus' influence on humanity—destroying it in the Benthic lab and in the Pit, and preventing the infection from spreading after that—each Agent gains 1D6 **SAN**. If they reduced the unnatural fungus' contacts with humanity substantially but not entirely, each gains only 1 **SAN** instead.

LEGAL AND OFFICIAL BLOWBACK: How much trouble did the Agents have with Jena Gaylor from the EPA? With the local police? How many bodies did they leave on the ground? How much media attention did they attract? If the Agents did a thorough job obscuring and explaining away their actions and keeping the unnatural truth away from the public, each gains 1D4 **SAN**.

THE MI-GO: Each Agent gains 1 **SAN** per mi-go destroyed.

THE CHILD: If they destroyed Christina Jacob's fungal child, each Agent gains 1 **SAN**.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS: If Christina Jacob and her child elude the Agents and drive away from Devils Tower unhindered, we leave their fates to the Handler. They could be the seeds for a later scenario, or become the victims of terrified vigilantes, or meet the mi-go on some lonely road, leaving their vehicle and belongings behind.

Characters

Capt. Sara Jimenez, USAF

A physician stationed at Malmstrom AFB, Jimenez has been a consultant on a few Delta Green operations. She knows that Delta Green investigates supernatural threats but has not faced them first-hand. Jimenez is an African American female, age 42, with a loving family waiting for her at the base.

Capt. Jiminez

STR 10 **CON** 13 **DEX** 10 **INT** 15 **POW** 12 **CHA** 12

HP 12 **WP** 12 **SAN** 56 **BREAKING POINT** 48

BONDS: Hank Jimenez (husband) 12, Julia Jimenez (daughter) 12, Ellie Tucker (mother) 12.

SKILLS: Bureaucracy 70%, Firearms 40%, First Aid 60%, History 30%, HUMINT 30%, Medicine 60%, Military Science (Air) 20%, Navigate 30%, Persuade 60%, Pharmacy 50%, Science (Biology) 60%, Science (Chemistry) 50%, Search 40%, Surgery 50%, Unarmed Combat 60%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 60%, damage 1D4−1.

Police, Federal Agents, and Security Officers

Protecting and serving, not always in that order.

Police or Security Officer

STR 13 **CON** 12 **DEX** 11 **INT** 11 **POW** 12 **CHA** 11

HP 13 **WP** 12 **SAN** 60 **BREAKING POINT** 48

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 50%, Dodge 40%, Drive Auto 50%, Firearms 50%, HUMINT 40%, Law 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Persuade 40%, Search 50%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: .40 S&W or 9mm pistol 50% (Damage 1D10, 15 shots, Base Range 15 m).

AR-15 carbine 50% (Damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3, 30 shots, Base Range 100 m.).

Baton 50% (Damage 1D6).

Taser 55% (Stun).

Pepper spray 55% (Stun).

Unarmed 50% (Damage 1D4−1).

ARMOR AND EQUIPMENT: Each Breckenridge security officer carries three extra pistol magazines, flashlight, restraints (cable ties), and an encrypted cellphone to communicate with each other. Police officers and federal agents have the gear described in **TOOLS OF THE TRADE** on page 85 of the *Agent's Handbook*.

NOTES: A police officer typically has pistol, baton, taser, and pepper spray holstered, and a carbine stored in the trunk of a patrol car.

Environmental Investigators

Jena Gaylor, EPA, or Gabrielle Fults, Montana Department of Environmental Quality.

EPA or DEQ Investigator

STR 10 **CON** 12 **DEX** 10 **INT** 13 **POW** 11 **CHA** 10

HP 11 **WP** 11 **SAN** 55 **BREAKING POINT** 44

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, HUMINT 40%, Law 40%, Persuade 40%, Science (Biology) 40%, Science (Chemistry) 40%, and Science (Environmental) 40%, Search 60%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4−1.

The Subjects

Dr. Ghent and Dr. McCaslan, becoming more than human.

Ghent or McCaslan

STR 14 **CON** 15 **DEX** 10 **INT** 20 **POW** 14

HP 15 **WP** 14 **SAN** 0

ARMOR: See **MACRODIMENSIONAL**.

SKILLS: Alertness 30%, Driving 20%, Science (Biology) 80%, Unarmed Combat 40%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4

CONTAGIOUS: If the host dies, its alien gut flora tries to spread itself. If any mammal is within a few feet of the dying host within one minute of death, the host suddenly convulses and violently projects vomit at it. The stuff comes the from deep guts and is especially horrible to smell. Anyone caught in the spray must make a Luck roll or become infected; see **CONTAGION** on page 101. Wearing a hazmat suit protects the victim fully. The host may also vomit contagion on a victim it pins in unarmed combat.

INHUMAN MIND: The Subject's **INT** test is a critical success on any roll up to 20 and any roll with matching dice except 100.

MACRODIMENSIONAL—MCCASLAN ONLY: This quality manifests only after the Subject has been physically attacked, when adrenaline and fear bring the alien infection out even further. The Subject sometimes appears to move in stuttering frames, as if blinking in and out of reality from second to second. A successful Lethality roll destroys a Subject, but other attacks are unpredictable. If an attack rolls an odd amount of damage, the Subject has shifted out of phase with our dimension and is immune to the attack.

NON-TERRENE: The Subjects are at home in nearly any environment. Radiation, pressure, cold, vacuum and more have no negative effects on them. They can move on the surface of Saturn, the depths of the ocean or in open space with equal ease. They are not subject to poison, disease, or aging.

RITUALS—MCCASLAN ONLY: Clairvoyance, Fascination.

SAN LOSS: 0/1D4 if any unnatural quality manifests.

The Accidents

Christina Jacob, Coroner Holsey, and other victims of second-hand infection. They are less far gone than Ghent and McCaslan, at least until they have another week or two of infection. They are still recognizably human, incurring the usual SAN cost for killing them.

The Infected

STR 10 **CON** 10 **DEX** 10 **INT** 12 **POW** 14

HP 10 **WP** 14 **SAN** 0

ARMOR: None.

SKILLS: Alertness 30%, Driving 20%, Medicine 50% (Dr. Holsey only), Unarmed Combat 40%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4−1.

CONTAGIOUS: If the host dies, it's alien gut flora tries to spread itself. If any mammal is within two meters of the dying host within one minute of death, the host suddenly convulses and violently projects vomit at it. The stuff comes the from deep guts and is especially horrible to smell. Anyone caught in the spray must make a Luck roll or become infected; see **CONTAGION** on page 101. Wearing a hazmat suit protects the victim fully. The host may also vomit contagion on a victim it pins in unarmed combat.

NON-TERRENE: The Accidents are at home in nearly any environment. Radiation, pressure, cold, vacuum and more have no negative effects on them. They can move on the surface of Saturn, the depths of the ocean or in open space with equal ease. They are not subject to poison, disease, or aging.

RITUALS: None.

SAN LOSS: 0/1 if any unnatural qualities manifest.

The Fungal Child

Fred Jacob, Jr., an already ambulatory infant composed partly of alien fungus that sometimes glows strange colors and sometimes seems to stutter in and out of reality. It seems quite alert. It does not cry. But it is still a baby, partly human. Killing it costs 1/1D8 **SAN** due to violence—but the Agents then recover 1 SAN loss for destroying an unnatural threat.

The Baby

STR 1 **CON** 4 **DEX** 3 **INT** 6 **POW** 4

HP 3 **WP** 4 **SAN** 0

ARMOR: See **HYPNOTIC.**

SKILLS: None.

ATTACKS: None.

CONTAGIOUS: If the child dies, the alien flora it hosts in its flesh and gut tries to spread itself. If any mammal is within two meters of the dying child within one minute of death, the child suddenly convulses and violently projects vomit and a cloud of spores. The vomit comes the from deep guts and is especially horrible to smell. Anyone caught in the spray must make a Luck roll or become infected; see **CONTAGION** on page 101. Wearing a hazmat suit protects the victim fully.

HELPLESS: The child is an infant. It appears to be a few months old, though it was born only days ago. It can crawl around but is far too weak to defend itself.

HYPNOTIC: The fungal child has strange effects on human brains. Any Agent who is in within a few meters of the child without the protection of a hazmat suit, and who loses 2 or more **SAN** for looking at it, sees it as a normal, adorable, helpless baby. This effect fades after the Agent has been out of the child's presence for 15 minutes. It does not return the next time the Agent encounters the baby.

NON-TERRENE: The child is at home in nearly any environment. Radiation, pressure, cold, vacuum and more have no negative effects on it. It can move on the surface of Saturn, the depths of the ocean or in open space with equal ease. It is not subject to poison, disease, or old age. If allowed to mature, within a year or two it becomes a sort of human/mi-go hybrid, with stats like one of the infected Subjects described on page 119.

RITUALS: None.

SAN LOSS: 1/1D4.

The Star People

The mi-go; the living fungi from Yuggoth.

Fungi From Yuggoth

STR 16 **CON** 15 **DEX** 13 **INT** 25 **POW** 14

HP 16 **WP** 14

ARMOR: See **MACRODIMENSIONAL**.

SKILLS: Alertness 30%, Flight 55%, Science (Genetics) 95%, Science (Macrodimensional Physics) 50%, Science (Human Anthropology) 11%, Tool Use 55%, Unnatural 60%.

ATTACKS: Grapple and erase 55% (see **GRAPPLE AND ERASE**).

Electric wand 55%, Lethality 2% or 15% or 25% (see **TOOLS**).

Macrodimensional scalpel 55%, Lethality 10%, Armor Piercing 5 (see **TOOLS**).

Gravity weapon 55%, Lethality 65% (see **TOOLS**).

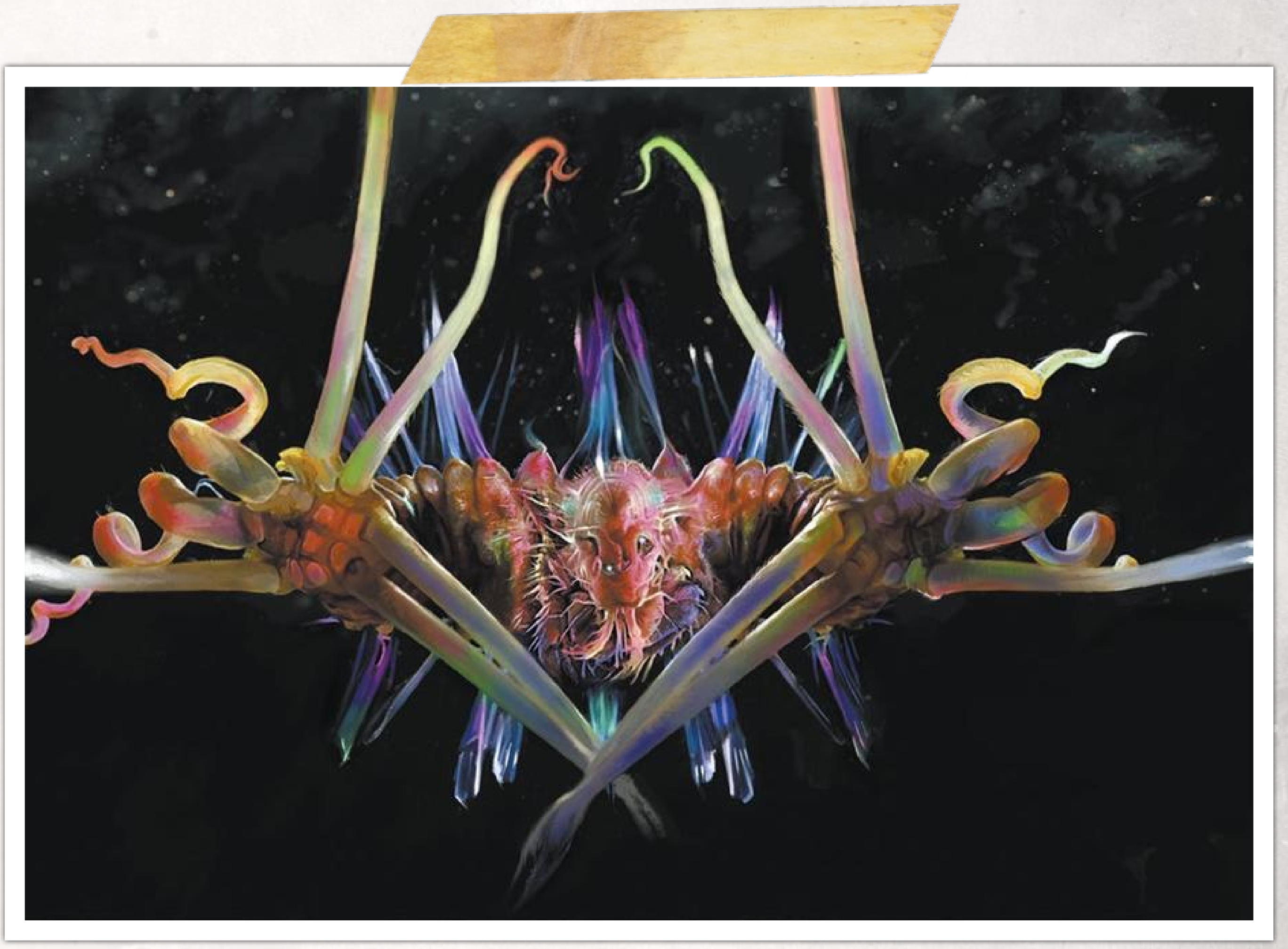
AETHERIC FLIGHT: The mi-go can "fly" in any environment, moving as if being swept away on some unseen current—even underwater or in space. In flight, the mi-go can move at great speeds, equivalent (at top speed) to a jet aircraft. They can hover, invert and hold in place as well. This allows them to "walk up" walls in a fashion similar to a giant spider.

GRAPPLE AND ERASE: Mi-go often rush and inject an intruding human with a substance that removes short-term memories. The mi-go must make a grapple attack to pin the target (which the target is permitted to counter, as usual). If the mi-go wins, and no one interferes in the meantime, then on its next turn it injects a substance which prevents the creation of short-term memories for 12 hours. The victim "comes to" 12 hours later and loses 0/1 **SAN**. All **SAN** lost during the initial attack is regained, but is inflicted again if the target discovers the lost time.

INHUMAN MIND: The mi-go's **INT** test is a critical success on any roll up to 25 and any roll with matching dice except 100.

MULTIFORM: The mi-go can move, change, extrude, extend and alter their bodies as needed. Each change takes one turn, and costs nothing. A mi-go could extrude four more limbs to hold a pinned target, for example, or open a cavity to hold an item.

MACRODIMENSIONAL: The mi-go exist in a multitude of dimensions, only a fraction of which are visible to us. They sometimes appear to move in stuttering frames, as if blinking in and out of reality



from second to second. A successful Lethality roll destroys a mi-go, but other attacks are unpredictable. If an attack rolls an odd amount of damage, the mi-go has shifted out of phase with our dimension and is immune to the attack.

NON-TERRENE: The mi-go are at home in nearly any environment. Radiation, pressure, cold, vacuum and more have no negative effects on them. They can move on the surface of Saturn, in the depths of the ocean, or in open space with equal ease.

SHORTCUT: A mi-go can bypass a physical obstacle or cross a distance up to 100 meters in one turn by making a successful **Science (Macrodimensional Physics)** roll. Success indicates the mi-go seems to stutter out of reality for a split second before arriving at its destination. It costs 0/1 **SAN** to witness this for the first time. Failure indicates the mi-go does not accomplish the movement, and all attacks that round inflict full damage even if the they usually would not (see **MACRODIMENSIONAL).**

TOOLS: Mi-go are tool-users, though it is hard for humans to tell where their bodies end and the tools begin. The mi-go are known to wield weapons like electric wands, macrodimensional surgical tools, and the deadly gravity weapon (see **ATTACKS**). Humans attempting to commandeer such weapons must make a Luck roll each time they are "used"; failure indicates that due to the bizarre nature of the weapon, the human injures himself or herself.

Electric Wand: This eighteen-inch wand-like object is made of a black, non-reflective metal not found on Earth. It emits an electrical jolt with Lethality attack of 2%, 15% or 25%. The mi-go may change the setting at any time.

Macrodimensional Scalpel: The common mi-go surgical tool is made of a strange black shiny material, and is filthy, smelling of rotting meat and covered in strange stains. The mi-go often carry these tools on their bodies in gelatinous sacks made of an opaque grey slime. The scalpel cannot be understood by humans.

UNNATURAL BIOLOGY: The mi-go's physiology would baffle any biologist. Making a called shot for "vitals" or another apparently vulnerable area inflicts normal damage, with no special game effect.

THE VOICE: The mi-go can emit a buzzing imitation of human speech and can hold rudimentary conversations with humans. Each attempt to impart or understand information by the mi-go requires them to roll their **Science (Human Anthropology)** skill. Failure indicates a confusing exchange, usually involving a poor understanding of causality in four-dimensional space-time.

SAN LOSS: 1/1D6.

Rituals

Brent McCaslan did not study these techniques. He manifested them instinctively as his brain changed and became unnatural. An Agent attempting to learn one of these rituals must have a source (such as the Star People tape), spend the listed time studying, researching, and practicing, and then *fail* a **SAN** roll in order to truly believe that such impossibilities can happen. After that, the Agent can attempt to activate the ritual.

Activating a ritual requires taking the listed time, paying the listed costs, and then succeeding at a **Ritual Activation** roll. The **Ritual Activation** rating equals 100 minus the Agent's SAN. Bonuses and penalties sometimes apply but are unlikely to come up here. If the **Ritual Activation** roll fails, the Agent may pay 1 POW permanently to force the unwilling human brain to channel the ritual's unnatural forces.

Clairvoyance

Simple ritual. Study: a few *hours or a few days; 1D8 SAN.* Activation: *a few minutes; 1 WP and 1 SAN per minute of use.* Sometimes called "remote viewing," this ritual is often encountered as an apparently innate psychic ability. After entering a trance, the operator sees events and places far away, and sometimes in the past. The operator has little control over the visions, which are easily misinterpreted and are always determined by the Handler. The operator may see visions without meaning to activate this ritual, at the Handler's discretion.

Fascination

Simple ritual. Study: *a few hours; 1D6 SAN.* Activation: *one turn; 3 WP, 1D6 SAN.* This powerful ritual requires only that the operator speak calmly to the subject and takes only a single turn to attempt. After the Ritual Activation roll succeeds, costing 1D6 **SAN**, the operator can attempt once per turn to entrance the subject with an opposed **POW** test. Each attempt costs 3 WP. Success renders the subject motionless and insensate, with only autonomic processes functioning, for up to an hour. Only physical assault or some other overwhelming event shocks the subject out of it in the meantime. If the **POW** roll fails, the subject can attempt an Unnatural test to realize exactly what is happening. Being controlled, or realizing what happened after the attempt fails, costs the target 0/1D6 **SAN**.

In the elevated mind of McCaslan, this ritual has a further effect. While a target is under control, the operator can issue commands that the subject may be compelled to obey. The operator must overcome the target in an opposed **POW** test to compel obedience. If the attempt fails, the operator loses 3 WP. If the operator's roll fumbles and the target's roll succeeds, the target awakens and regains self-control.

Song of the Star People

Complex ritual. Study: *a few days, 1D6 SAN.* Activation: *up to an hour, 9 WP, 1D4 SAN.* This ritual must be undertaken in an area frequented by the mi-go: high woodland hills marked by stones with unknown hieroglyphs, isolated mines dug so long ago that they are mistaken for natural caves, remote temples where they are served by mad monks, deserts where no sane human dares to tread, and so on. The ritual is mostly gibberish; an Agent who makes an **Unnatural** roll recognizes invocations to unnatural powers in a weird language said to derive from the thought of Great Cthulhu. Typically, a handful of the mi-go appear after less than an hour of chanting. The ritual costs 9 WP or 1 permanent POW. Assistants may contribute WP by echoing the operator's speech, even if they don't know the ritual. The operator and each assistant loses 1D4 **SAN**, in addition to the **SAN** loss for encountering the mi-go.

"Extremophilia" Playtesters

Amber, John, Kelly, Kevin, and Miranda; Helena Baser with Jocelyn Donnelly, Al Frazer and James Goldsmith; Simon Brake with Chirag Asnani, David Kirkham, Matt Nixon and Sanchit Sharma, and with Taynor Darn, Kristina May Lustig, Stephanie McAlea, Dave Mansfield; Martin Caplan; Gil Cruz with John Briquelet and Ted Shambaris; Rex Fennerer with Jonathan Reichman and Jeffrey W. Williams; Leandro Raniero Fernandes with Alexandre Giancotti, Paulo Rodrigues and Silas Marques de Lima; Jason Fritz with Rick Hughes, Steve Sigety, Mitch Thorson and Dave Vollrath; Ollie Gross with Leo Chavez, Chris Nord, and Christian Sell; Jason Janicki with Emily Cole, Chris Leclerc and John Leclerc; Mike Kelley with Sadie Miller, Tannim Potter, Elliot Bicker, Bryan Potter and Carrie Potter; Vasil Khiznjak with Sergey Bobrov, Artem Hetman, Inna Ivanova, Anton Komandir, Nikolay Oleshuk, Vicktor Procenko, Natalia Rodionova and Pavel Rodionov; Jeremy Kush with Mateo Leviathan, Tobias McNabb and Ryan Stockham; Andy Lilly with Peter Darton, Ross Darton, Robert Friskney, Sarah Lilly and Matt Rivers-Latham; Ernest Lo with Shoutuki Ting, Eightbrother and AdamJu; Will Roy with Maxwell Nelson, Kevin Ham, Isaak H. and J. A. Figueroa; Aser Tolentino with Tassia Accioly, Zachary Kline, Ben Loula, J "Hank" Marshall and Megan Tolentino; and Ben Trendle with Ethan Cordray and Katie Huddlestonsmith; Christopher Watson.

// The Star Chamber //

“Just tell me who’s at fault and what you recommend we do about it. We’ll take it from there.”

The Star Chamber

By Greg Stolze

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Introduction

"The Star Chamber" is a scenario for Agents in the official, reactivated Delta Green program. A self-contained, one-off scenario, it can be inserted in the middle of an ongoing Delta Green campaign. It doesn't work well as the first or second operation for a player team. The Agents need to be established as trustworthy and solid. It also makes a poor end to a campaign, since the Agents are unlikely to face truly cataclysmic encounters or revelations. "The Star Chamber" works well in the middle, where it can provide a larger perspective and introduce future colleagues, allies, rivals, or backup Agents.

Things Fall Apart

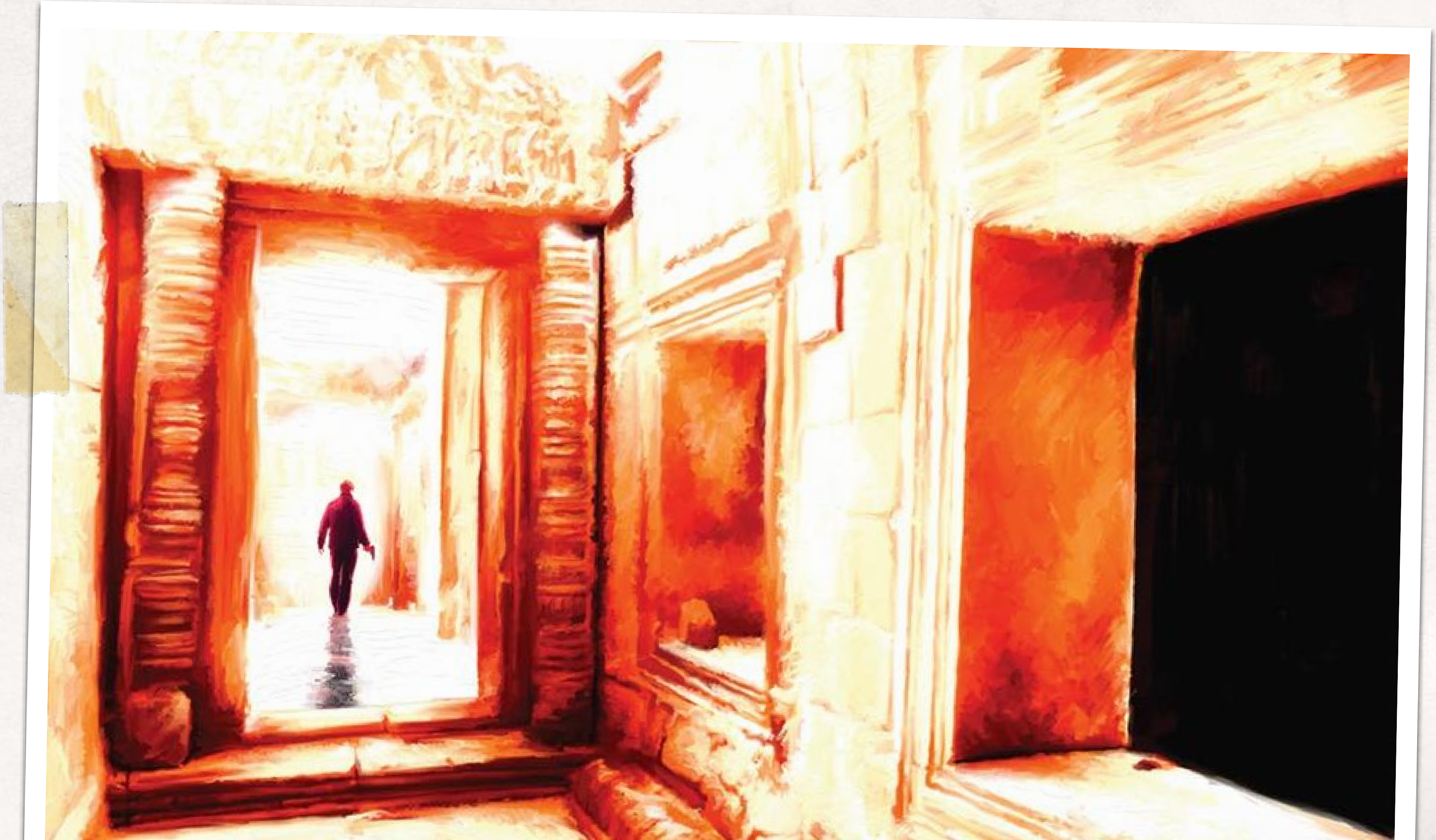
Something went wrong in a recent operation, and Delta Green's leaders have tasked the players' Agents with learning how and why. The Agents must hear another team's report of a mission that went very bad, decide what really happened, and make recommendations about the fates of the survivors.

The disaster happened in Myanmar. The operation was code-named TIGER ISLAND. The principal actors have been given new aliases solely for the purposes of being interrogated. They usually operate on foreign soil, so they're being examined stateside to minimize the possibility of identification or recognition. They're referred to here as Task Force T.I. (for "TIGER ISLAND").

Neither examining another team's dysfunction, nor being examined, is very comfortable. In this scenario, the players get to do both.

How We Play

"The Star Chamber" puts players in a pair of contrasting roles. On one hand, they control their usual characters, in the game's "present," judging the stories and actions of Task Force T.I.'s survivors. Their normal characters are



called "Primary." The players also control members of Task Force T.I., both in the present—as they argue and explain—and in flashback scenes occurring the previous May. Task Force T.I. characters are "Secondary."

The twist is that three of the four flashback scenes are not enacted "factually," but from the point of view of one survivor. Toby's testimony presents him as justified in his aggression and disastrously hindered by Mona's incompetence. In Rick's memories, Toby's a bloodthirsty simpleton. Jenny's account of the culmination casts doubt on everything.

It's *Rashomon* with anti-gods and automatic weapons.

What Happened and What's Happening

Last May, Task Force T.I. fucked up. They were in Myanmar, deep in the undeveloped hinterlands. Delta Green will not send a new team back there to check the facts. The survivors' testimony is all this ad-hoc court has. They agree on the outlines of events, but two of them vituperatively blame each other for the mission's failure.

Scene by Bloody Scene

"The Star Chamber" has an unusual degree of structure for a Delta Green scenario. Its nine scenes are presented in order and it runs best without deviation. If players express concerns about the constraint, explain that it's a one-time thing. Within the "present day" scenes, their usual characters' decisions are wholly their own and what they say goes. The fate of Task Force T.I. is in their hands.

Scenes

The scenario begins with The Briefing and then goes by scene.

- **SCENE 1:** The Inquest Convenes *(page 5)*
- **SCENE 2:** Flashback to Location TI-19 *(page 6)*
- **SCENE 3:** Cross-Examination *(page 9)*
- **SCENE 4:** Flashback: The Ambush (Toby's Tale) *(page 9)*
- **SCENE 5:** Flashback: Discussion and Dissent (Rick's Tale) *(page 12)*
- **SCENE 6:** Courtroom Clarification *(page 12)*
- **SCENE 7:** Flashback: The Abominable Temple of Location TI-20 (Jenny's Tale) *(page 13)*
- **SCENE 8:** Closing Arguments *(page 15)*
- **SCENE 9:** The Verdict *(page 16)*

Explication

Here are some of the political, literary, and legal concepts that inform this scenario.

RASHOMON: *Rashomon* is quite possibly the best Japanese movie of the 1950s. It tells the story of the confusion surrounding a violent encounter between a samurai, his wife, and a bandit, which ended with the samurai dead. Conflicting stories leave it open whether the samurai died fighting the bandit, was murdered by his wife, or committed suicide.

"STAR CHAMBER": The Star Chamber was a British court that operated from the late 15th century through the 17th. It judged cases involving the prominent and powerful—people whose influence might otherwise corrupt legal proceedings. Witnesses and defendants were examined in secret. In time, it became a symbol of class oppression, and is still synonymous with privilege, secrecy, and arbitrary judgment.

BURMA OR MYANMAR: When it was a British crown colony, they called it "Burma." The military government that took over in 1962 officially changed the name to "Myanmar" in 1989. However, the language is still "Burmese" and the people are still "Burmese." Rick probably calls it "Myanmar" while Toby uses "Burma." They're the same country.

CHAUCHUA OR...: The people referred to as "Chauchua" are known elsewhere as "Chaucha" and "Jojos," and were dubbed the "Tcho-Tcho" by western ethnologists in the late 19th century. It is possible that they are a branch of humanity who worship inhuman patrons and cleave to cultural traditions that appall everyone else. It may also be that they are a completely inhuman race that can pass for human, even to the point of interbreeding. No one knows for sure, but it's well established that they enjoy eating human flesh. Delta Green knows them, and every contact has led to unnatural horror.

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Sensitive Data

The members of Task Force T.I. are referred to by code names for security's sake. They're not going to slip up and call one another by their legal names (if they're even known) or by prior aliases. For similar reasons, Locations TI-19 and TI-20 are never called by their proper local names, nor are any identifying details given about the military units involved or the suspect villagers at TI-19.

Secondary Agents

- **JENNY:** Bethany Stell, linguistics professor, 35. Mind altered by Aklo. Suffers from conversion disorder (hysterical blindness).
- **MONA:** Maria Rodriguez, State Department researcher, former Marine and Delta Green team leader, 51. Mind snapped; non-functional.
- **PETE:** Brian Mullroy, Customs Service special agent and former Marine, 26. Was adapted to Violence. Deceased.
- **RICK:** Todd Guertner, Foreign Service Officer specializing in agriculture, 34. Aklo scars on his legs say, "This receptacle has been found acceptable by the Greedy Fertility Power." (Jenny knows this; she may or may not have translated it accurately for Rick.)
- **TOBY:** Mike Carstairs, Export Enforcement officer, 36. Detests Chuachuas (and that's putting it mildly). Adapted to Violence.

Key NPCs

- **THE PRIMARY TEAM'S CONTROL OFFICER:** Identity and details are up to the Handler.
- **DELTA GREEN SECURITY GUARDS:** Agent Smith, Agent Johnson, Agent Taylor, etc.
- **BOGYOKE ARUN HTAY:** Captain in the *Tatmadaw Kyee* (Myanmar army). One of his units was attacked by something unnatural. Mona's contact—willing to help her, but always at a cost.
- **KHIN MAUNG AYE:** Runs a bar and brothel in Location TI-19. Claims the Chuachua are terrible; might identify half-breed Chuachuas.
- **LUO MING:** Chinese academic operating out of Hong Kong. Chuachua researcher; traded a Chuachua text to Jenny in return for Rick's necklace, but unlikely to appear in the scenario.
- **NANG LWIN:** Middle-aged woman of TI-19 who drew the Secondaries into the firefight where Pete died.
- **U HLAING:** Rick's contact for the Rainbow of Hope NGO. Wants to hide his assets overseas; gave Rick a Chuachua necklace.

Key Terms

- **CHAL-DAOK FIALUK:** Chuachua for "The Singer in the Skin," the patron god of the Chuachua in the Kayin State, bound under Location TI-20.
- **CHOI-HUBEY:** Chuachua for "The Green Giver of Discipline," a god whose position in the pantheon is to keep slaves and livestock compliant. Patron of the Chuachua in the Shan State; aided them in binding *Choi-Hubey* under Location TI-20.
- **TATMADAW KYEE:** The Myanmar army.
- **TATMADAW LAI:** The Myanmar air force
- **THUI HUKKRUK:** Chuachua for "Punisher of Inferior Disbelievers." The monster that attacked Bogyoke's unit.

Secondaries' Languages

Only languages other than English are listed.

- **AKLO:** Jenny (60%); Mona recognizes the writing and it hurts her head
- **BURMESE:** Jenny (40%) Mona (40%)
- **CHUACHUA:** Jenny (60%), Mona (40%)
- **FRENCH:** Rick (50%)
- **MANDARIN:** Rick (40%)
- **THAI:** Mona (60%), Rick (50%), Toby (50%)

Briefing

The Primary Agents get called in by their control officer, who has arranged for them to get paid leave to "study information extraction techniques" in Chicago. Their plane tickets are paid for, and their bosses are placated. The Thursday and Friday they're off work don't even come off their sick days or vacation time. They fly in Thursday and fly out Saturday for what their control officer assures them is "a dry situation." It's safe.

The Primary Agents' control officer picks them up at Midway International Airport and drives them up Cicero Avenue to a four-story brick factory, no sign on it, fenced in behind barbed wire and dark. "*It's an interrogation facility,*" the control officer says. "*Disused, at the moment. You're going to have to get the truth out of some tough customers.*"

The four prisoners arrive individually, in casual clothes but apprehensive. They're not in cuffs, but each arrives in a windowless, unlabeled panel van. Each van's driver, and a guard sitting behind the prisoner, wears an FBI windbreaker and badge. The eight escorts produce AR-15 rifles and stand security over the site. Primary Agents with special-operations backgrounds recognize fellow special operators by body language and demeanor.

"*Those four,*" the control officer says, "*are the survivors of our outfit's OPERATION TIGER ISLAND. It went down last May in Myanmar, in Shan State near the Thai border. We have reason to believe one or more of them may be in league with a corrupted gang of regional natives called the Tcho-Tcho—or, I guess, it's 'CHOW-chew-uh' now.*

"*We're keeping the survivors separate for now. Go through their stories of what happened. If it doesn't add up, let them cross-examine one another. There's no love lost in there, so that's likely to shake something loose. Even if you can't find out exactly what happened, make the call as best you can. This leak may be ongoing, and the only decent assets we have in the region are three of these four. On the plus side, no matter what you decide, you keep your hands clean. Afterward, just tell me who's at fault and what you recommend we do about it. We'll take it from there.*"

Extracurricular Investigation

Some Primary Agents aren't going to be happy taking Task Force T.I.'s word for it. Your best response is probably, "You didn't join Delta Green to be happy." Yes, it would be great if they could go back with Geiger counters and magnifying glasses to verify Rick and Toby's assertions. But that crime scene is on the other side of the world, in a hostile nation, in a region that now has very specific reasons to hate and fear intrusive Americans.

Delta Green's resources are considerable, but they're not infinite. Their best regional assets for an investigation are Rick, Toby, and Jenny. The Venn diagram of people who could find out the truth and people who are suspected of betrayal is a perfect circle. If one of them has gone over the edge, drawing things out risks unacceptable complications, and giving them an opportunity to investigate offers opportunity to frame someone else. The Primary Agents have one day to hear the story, make up their minds, and inform their superiors of their decision.

The control officer then opens up the floor for questions, but clearly is ready to leave.

The most important issues are **ONE:** Did anyone from Task Force TIGER ISLAND recklessly expose the unnatural? and **TWO:** Is anyone from Task Force T.I. under the influence of occult forces?

No, the Primary Agents don't get to know Task Force T.I.'s real names. No names are to be exchanged at all beyond the code-names for Task Force T.I.

No, there's no opportunity to gather objective evidence.

No, there's not a real judge or jury for this kind of thing. Delta Green's operations are sensitive and compartmentalized. The situation needs neutral arbiters who have Delta Green clearance and know what it's like in the field. The Primary Agents are those arbiters.

No, there's no backing out. Rick and Toby have been pointing fingers, and there's evidence that Task Force T.I. may have gone off the reservation. Delta Green needs the Primary Agents to determine the truth.

Once the Primary Agents are clear on the setup, provide the players with their Secondary character sheets. Explain that some of the time they'll control their Primaries, and some times their Secondaries. It is, quite literally, up to the players to determine who's right and who's wrong.

The Guards

The transport team come from another branch of Delta Green. They're soldiers, not investigators. They're quiet professionals who provide security at sites like this and who occasionally assault and secure operational sites so

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agents can go in. If there's violence, they immediately kill whichever of the prisoners is involved. (Each guard has Firearms 80%, Melee Weapons 70%, Unarmed Combat 80%, and 14 **HP**. They're wearing reinforced Kevlar vests for 4 Armor. They do 1D12 damage with a carbine, 1D10 with a pistol, or 1D6+1 with a combat knife and high STR. All are adapted to Violence.) Otherwise they stay silent except when giving or confirming commands. They go by bland pseudonyms ("Agent Smith," "Agent Johnson," "Agent Taylor"). They do not answer questions (including questions about their work or where they fit in Delta Green), do not offer opinions, and do not want to know anything about this situation. They know better than to ask questions when they're not cleared to hear the answers.

WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON?

The factual truth about what's going on with the attack and with Location TI-20 is pretty much inaccessible to the Primaries and unlikely for the Secondaries to piece together as anything more than one surmise among many, if they even manage that. But if it helps you run the game smoothly, or sleep better at night, here's the so-called "truth."

Chauchua serve different inhuman masters, in the same way that a soldier might answer to one lieutenant instead of another. Sometimes proxy struggles between these anti-gods are played out by Chauchua pawns.

Chal-Daok Fialak ("The Singer in the Skin") is an alien/monster/godling that alternately protected and molested Chauchua in Kayin State back when the country was still a British colony. The Chauchua succeeded in binding the Singer in the Skin under Location TI-20 (which is in Shan State, not Kayin State) with the aid of their own patron devil, Choi-Hubuey. Choi-Hubuey ("The Green Giver of Discipline") had its own motives for suppressing the Singer, and it got away with it, causing the Kayin State Chauchua to suffer while the Shan State Chauchua prospered.

A Kayin Chauchua shaman wanted to resurrect the Singer to provide more leverage against the military in Kayin, as well as a threat to hold over the head of his allies in the Karen National Liberation Army. *Bogyoke Arun Htay*, a Burmese army captain and a contact of Mona's, got wind of the shaman's plans and sent a unit to grease him. They killed the priest, but not before the priest unleashed a monster called a *Thui Hukkruk* on them. Thankfully, after phasing through the soldiers' armored personnel carrier and killing them, it rotated out of three-dimensional space and back into whatever godforsaken alien manifold it came from.

The priest's followers were negotiating with the local Chauchua for access to Location TI-20 so they could wake up Chal-Daok Fialak. Then Americans showed up and started shooting. Whether Chal-Daok Fialak woke up or was destroyed when the Burmese air force bombed everyone is up to you.

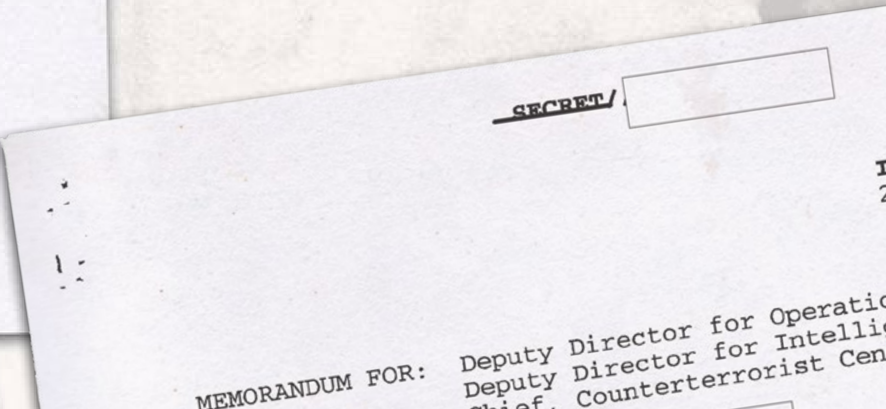
Scene One: The Inquest Convenes

For the first scene, the players all control their Primaries. You, the Handler, run Rick, Toby, Jenny, and Mona.

Mona is confined to a wheelchair, a withered paraplegic, dazed and largely unresponsive. In this first scene she's quiet and confused. Rick's calm and grave. Toby's extremely formal. Jenny seems shy, nervous, and distressed. They introduce themselves by code-name and prepare to describe the events of last May.

In character as Rick, Toby, and Jenny, give an overview of the events of May 2 through 6 from the timeline on page 162 and provide any backup detail as seems relevant.

Then, out of character, explain that the players are going to play through Task Force TI's arrival at Location TI-19 as the Secondaries.This is the story the Primaries get from the collective testimony of the three coherent witnesses.



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Important Things to Gloss Over

Players may want to separate the members of Task Force T.I. and interrogate them individually. This is sensible, but playing out every character's version of every event would take a long time and get very boring. If the Primary Agents take that option, gloss over the extraneous, individual grilling sessions. Simply nod, say that they give the suspects the third degree individually, and that their stories conflict. They generally conform to the timeline from page 162 but key details differ. Play through each piece of testimony only once.

Other things the players may sensibly worry about, but which have no impact on the progression of the scenario, include the following.

SITE SECURITY: They don't need to worry about Task Force T.I. getting violent and turning the tables. They're under the gun almost all the time, thanks to the guards. If Toby stands up and starts yelling at any point, a guard might come in and butt-stock him into submission. That sort of thing doesn't need the combat rules.

MONA'S INJURIES: As discussed in the text box, Mona's a wreck. Primary characters who want to examine her medically don't need to roll to get the information from the box, but basically, the causes of her condition are ambiguous and have to stay ambiguous.

MONA IS NOT A WELL WOMAN

The report on Mona (with identifying data blacked out) indicates paraplegia, nerve damage, and aphasia. It's all consistent with spinal cord damage and traumatic brainstem injury of the type one might receive from being in an enclosed space during an aerial bombardment. She has an infection, maybe from the initial wound, maybe caught during the hours of transport required to get her out of the country and into a Thai hospital. Between initial damage, transport-related complications, and undocumented first aid attempts, it's very difficult to tell what specifically hurt her or in what order injuries occurred. It's possible that she was bitten, cut, or stung, but that those harms were "overwritten" by impact damage when Location TI-20 collapsed around her. As for the cognitive deficits, those could be due to brain damage, or they could be psychological expressions of paranormal harm. Delta Green's doctors simply aren't equipped, in this instance, to tell the difference.

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ASSIGNING SECONDARIES

The Secondary characters are detailed at the end of the scenario.

Assign Rick and Toby first and Jenny third. Give the first two to players who aren't afraid to chew a little scenery or get in one another's way.

After the first three, assign Mona. If you have five or more players, assign Pete last. Pete and Mona require a little more maturity to play, since the fiction relies on Pete dying early and Mona going crazy after pissing off Toby throughout.

If you have more than five players, you may have to switch off control of Rick and Toby in the flashback scenes. This can actually work well if, for instance, one player runs Rick as a bold and resolute action hero (as he remembers himself) while the next makes him a gleeful, sadistic prick (as Toby recalls). Alternately, if a couple of your players are patient and good at asking hard questions, give them Mona and Pete, and let them shine during the present day interrogation scenes.

Scene Two: Flashback to Location TI-19

The scene begins at midnight with Rick handing a greasy wad of Thai currency to the bush pilot whose tiny pontoon plane buzzed them over the border and landed them on the Salween River. The team unloads gear to shore. A short hike gets them to a tarp-covered jeep, and then it's an uncomfortable ten-mile journey to Location TI-19.

A charitable international NGO called "Rainbow of Hope International" visited the village at TI-19 five years ago, and Rick has the contact information for a prosperous villager named U Hlaing. U Hlaing has worked with Rainbow of Hope before, and is ready to present the team as logistics experts who are considering Location TI-19 for a "long-term clean water project."

Asking around the village can yield several opportunities for information, if Agent speaks the right language. The results depend on behavior.

Foreign Language (Burmese)

Only Jenny and Mona speak Burmese, so right away there could be gender issues in play. Some approaches include…

TALKING TO RANDOM MEN: No luck. These hard-working rice farmers don't want to pry into matters foreign, military, or occult. Foreign women asking about military units being torn apart by ghosts? That's three strikes. If the Agents stay in cover and ask about the water, the men say they've drunk it their whole lives with no ill effects, unironically spitting black mucus into the dust.

TALKING TO RANDOM WOMEN: They wish the water was cleaner, especially for the children. They warn the ladies about the military, who protect them but…well, you don't want to be out late at night alone with soldiers. Of course, they say there are worse things out there than the *Tatmadaw Kyee* (the Burmese army) while nervously looking at the low hill of Location TI-20, hulking in the distance. But they won't explain.

PRETENDING TO BE A MAN'S TRANSLATOR AND TALKING TO RANDOM MEN: The village men are more communicative with a man. When they believe they're talking to one, the local farmers say Location TI-19 is a great place to develop—good people, wholesome. Though Rainbow of Hope might be better off just dropping off materials and paying locals to assemble stuff. Outsiders have been known to run into trouble with the intricacies of local politics, between the various insurgent ideologies, ethnic groups and religions. If pressed about that, they say that there are other villages and groups of people around who are definitely not wholesome. They won't explain willingly (superstitions about the Chauchua run deep), but if forced they say some tribes steal people, eat children, worship devils, and are evil monsters who only look human. Only under the greatest duress will one say the name "Chauchua" aloud.

PRETENDING TO BE A MAN'S TRANSLATOR AND TALKING TO SOLDIERS: The soldiers would love getting cleaner water in Location TI-19, so they talk up how great the area is. Security concerns are downplayed. The Shan State Army—South (SSA-S), an insurgent group, is quiet these days, they claim. If the damaged unit is brought up, one soldier mutters, "*Some things you can't defend against,*" before another elbows him hard and explains that he means "equipment malfunction" and plain bad luck. They assure Pete that the military has everything under control.

Foreign Language (Thai)

Thai is the language of Location TI-19's criminals, refugees, and hopeless romantics. It's spoken by Rick, Toby, and Mona, with assorted degrees of finesse. Once again, it's down to finesse and gender politics.

MEN TALK TO MEN: The men of TI-19 smirk and suggest that they know quite well why the Americans are really here. They are referred to Khin Maung Aye, who runs a singularly tiny bar/brothel which seems curiously free of *Tatmadaw Kyee* guests. Her offers of illicit delight seem perfunctory. If they bring up either the Chauchuas or the military, she sits up straight and says (in Thai), "*Oh, but of course you are CIA! Have no concerns, we can speak freely here.*"

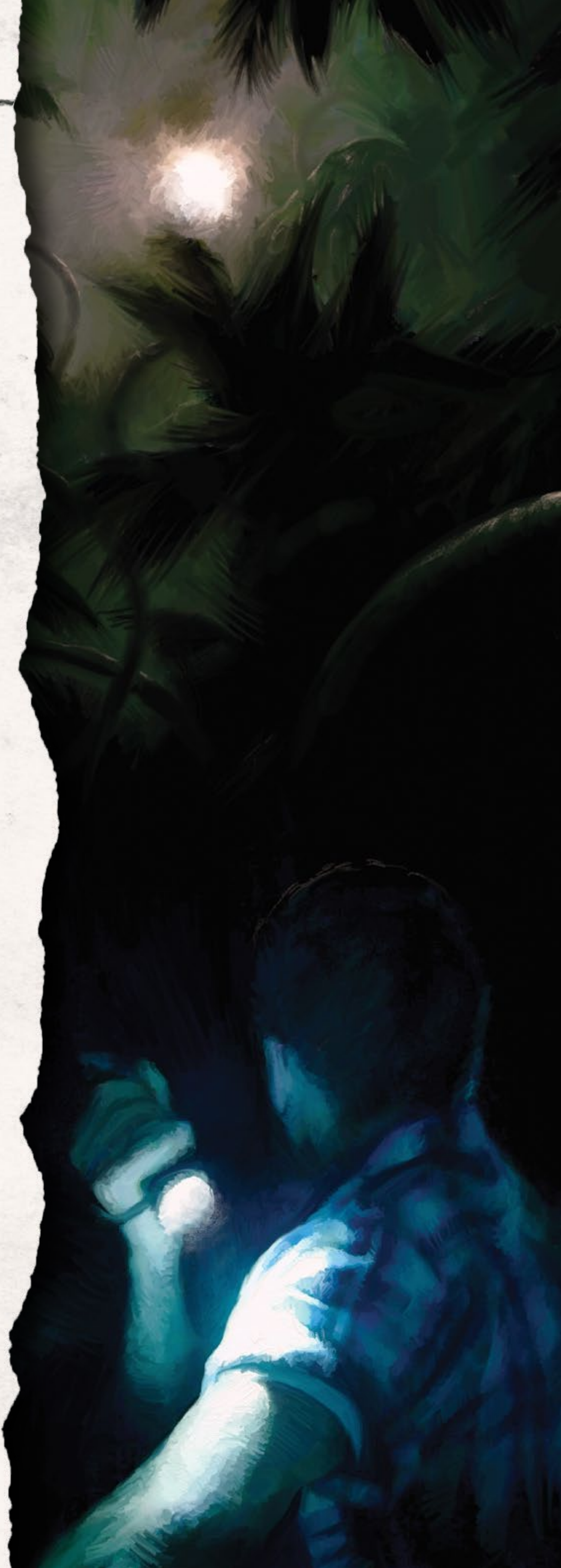
Her opinion of the Chauchuas is that they're terrible, they're monsters, and didn't America learn their lesson back in the Sixties and Seventies? There are horrible people in the village who are part Chauchua, so be careful what you say. (Inducing her to name or point out these alleged half-breeds requires a success at **Persuade** or **HUMINT**. The people she indicates may be wholly innocent, or heavily involved, or they may simply know that something big is going to happen at Location TI-20 and the goddamn Americans will be sorry if they try to interfere.)

MEN TALK TO WOMEN: A virtuous Burmese woman with little or no Thai suspects the Agent of trying to hire her for sex, and objects with a string of vehement, multilingual denials ("*Pas de fellation pour vous!*") accompanied by hurled stones.

MONA TALKS TO WOMEN: She gets a warning about going out alone by night. "*They come by night,*" she's told, "*And they drag away women. Sometimes they keep them, sometimes just use them and leave them pregnant and ashamed.*" If she asks who does this, they shrug. "The Wa blame the soldiers, the soldiers blame the Shan, and everyone blames the Chauchua." The women know Chauchua as an inbred tribe of cannibal savages, but they don't have any particular stories of paranormal assault. Isn't rape bad enough? If asked where the Chauchua come from, the women don't know, but say that no one goes to Loaction TI-20 ever, at all.

MONA TALKS TO MEN: They feign incomprehension.

ANYONE TALKS TO SOLDIERS: They pretend they don't speak Thai, but if taken off alone and bribed, they're willing to talk about Chauchua. "*People say they're ghosts. They look like humans, but aren't. They fade into the bushes and hills. They're heavily allied with the SSA-S, and they make human sacrifices to summon monsters.*" They say the military patrol ran afoul of a Chauchua high priest who was coming to conduct a blasphemous rite. They killed him, but not before he called down an "unseen offender" that tore them to shreds.



Foreign Language (Chauchua)

Speaking the forbidden devil-tongue in the village calls for subtlety, doubly so because the only speakers are Jenny and Mona, and Mona's is only so-so. In the smellier, more polluted and ramshackle part of town, Jenny can spot some houses whose doors have very subtle Chauchua motifs worked into the painted decorations. Some approaches might include the following.

TALK TO SOME ORDINARY POOR FOLK: They earn a free beating from villagers who outnumber the Agents by one. (That is, a lone Agent fights two guys, two Agents together face three villagers, three face four, etc.) Muttering something in Burmese about "*Your speech defiles!*" they wade in, fists swinging. They have Unarmed Combat 50%, DEX 10, 10 HP, and they do 1D4−1 damage. They punch until **ONE:** an Agent pulls a weapon, **TWO:** an Agent hits one of them for 3 or more points of damage, or **THREE:** the Chauchua-speaking Agent has taken 5 or more points of damage.

TALK TO THOSE PEOPLE WITH CHAUCHUA MARKS ON THEIR DOORS: The Agent has met a local Chauchua sympathizer. The villager's Chauchua is pretty sketchy, and not in the same way as the Agent's, but it's enough to get an enthusiastic "*Soon big! Hill joy! All well!*" with a sly nod in the direction of Location TI-20 and some gestures that could indicate either sex or cannibalism.

TALK TO THE FOLKS WITH CHAUCHUA MOTIF DOORS, AND WRITE SOME AKLO FOR THEM: Have Jenny (the only Aklo student) roll **Foreign Language** (Aklo). If it fails, they're incoherently impressed, pointing to Location TI-20 and and nodding happily. If it succeeds, they ask whether the Agents are property of the Green Giver of Discipline, or whether they're trying to awaken the Singer in the Skin.

Whatever the Agents say, they are warned not to trust Nang Lwin. "*Her personal ambition is insufficiently broken,*" they say. "*She will attempt to mislead you.*"

TALK TO THE FOLKS WITH CHAUCHUA MOTIF DOORS AND SHOW THEM RICK'S LEG SCARS: The Chauchua immediately bow down to the Agents. "*We comply with Greedy Fertility! We comply! The Green Giver of Discipline is garbage beside your mistress!*" Then they bite their own wrists until they draw blood and hold them up for the Agents to lick. (Agents who accept this traditional sign of Chauchua submission lose 0/1D2 **SAN**. Those who refuse it face no other repercussions, though they may not know that.) The village Chauchua then tell them that if they want to wake up the Singer in the Skin at Location TI-20, they (the cowering Chauchua) won't stand in the Agents' way. If they want the Singer to remain sedated, then they'd better listen to Nang Lwin.

(The question of Nang Lwin's loyalties is completely extraneous to the outcome of the adventure. It literally does not matter whether she's trying to lead them into an ambush in a later scene, or whether she sincerely wants to stop the Singer from being awakened. Tell the players whatever you think will make them follow her in Scene Four.)

PERSUADE OR CHA×5: Agents can fall back on these even if they don't have a language in common by spreading around some bribe money, misallocated from their day-job expense accounts. Those who fail get offered young boys, girls in a range of ages, execrable liquor, superb marijuana, and moderately-stepped heroin. Those who succeed can trade a couple of cocaine-stained twenties for an audience with Khin Maung Aye (see **MEN TALK TO MEN** in **FOREIGN LANGUAGE (THAI)** section), who happily tells them all she knows.

If the roll fails they can get access to Khin Maung Aye only by spending at the "Standard Expense" level out of their own pockets (see the **EQUIPMENT AND VEHICLES** chapter of the Delta Green core rulebook or the *Agent's Handbook*).

Ending the Scene

The return to the interrogation should be pretty brisk. Try to time it just as the Secondaries are getting some good, solid hints, but before they have a chance to plan in detail or set themselves on a course of action.

Scene Three: Cross-Examination

An "interrogation table" may be useful. Have players on one side of a table in their Primary roles, while those on the other side are Secondaries. Place-labels help.

If the Primaries want anonymity, they can ask questions from behind a one-way mirror.

Let the players pick whether they want to be Secondary or Primary in this scene, but make sure there's a good mix—not all Primary, not all Secondary. Have the Primaries ask questions and try to get more information out of the Secondaries. Let the Secondaries assert whatever they want, but if you can encourage them to contradict one another and argue, that's better.

Good questions to spring on them are: "What was your mission? What were you trying to accomplish? What orders were you given?" Their character briefings don't say, and the person in command is Mona. Would you trust Mona in this atmosphere of accusation and recrimination, even if she *could* answer clearly?

Jenny, Rick and Toby all agree that after their initial information gathering and rendezvous, Mona told them to stay put and watch out while she went off on her own. She told them she was going to speak with some Burmese military contacts, "to see what they can do and, at the very least, to keep the heat off us." Whether she really did that or something else, no one knows, though that shouldn't stop the Secondaries from rampantly speculating.

If the group's in danger of being tranquil and rational, have Mona (in the present) suddenly lurch upright in her wheelchair and scream "*Lies! Goddamn lies! Fai thauk malaulau togruk!*" (That last bit is in Chauchua. Jenny recognizes it as "This story is not over, but only begun." Tell her player but not the others. Jenny can translate it however she wants.)

Once someone wants to know what happens next, turn to whoever's playing Toby and say, "You have to tell the next part. No way are you letting those lying shitbirds paint you in a corner."

If the Secondaries have been separated, indicate that this is one narrative out of several, but that this is the one that's being played through.

Scene Four: The Ambush (Toby's Tale)

The players return to the flashback and the Secondary characters. Make it clear that this is the firefight in which Pete dies, that it's conducted against some residents of Location TI-19, and that there's no way to prevent it.

Moreover, they should understand that not only are they playing their Secondaries, they're playing *Toby's* view of their Secondaries. Give them the **TOBY'S TALE** handouts to guide their play.

The other character involved is Nang Lwin, a middle-aged woman from Location TI-19. Is she Chauchua? Trying to awaken Chal-Daok Fialak? Trying to prevent Chal-Daok Fialak from being awakened? You can decide the answers to those questions, but the best answer is "whatever makes the Agents go to the gunfight."

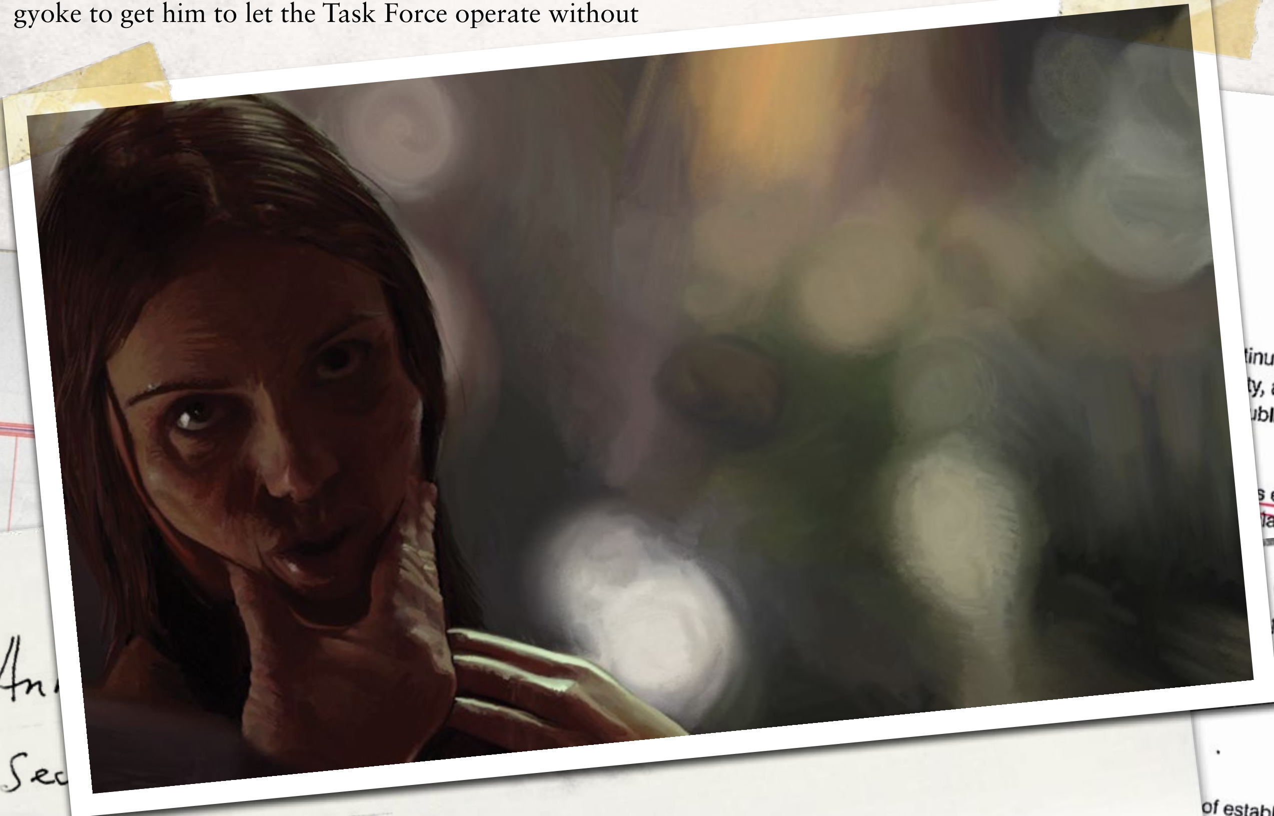
Start the scene with the Secondaries meeting at their vehicle. Give them a chance to get into character. Encourage Mona to berate them, demanding and impossible to satisfy. If Mona has not been assigned to a player, play her that way; or this could all happen while she's still off with her "Burmese contacts."

This is also a good time to pull Mona's player aside (if she's been assigned) and ask what she had to do for Bogyoke to get him to let the Task Force operate without being hassled. Whatever she says, nod gravely—unless it's, "Nothing, he just wants to get rid of the Chauchua," in which case raise your eyebrow and say, "Oh, is that what he told you, then?" If Mona is unassigned, decide for yourself what compromises, if any, she made. However it went down, Bogyoke has promised to get them to the site of the previous attack on the Burmese soldiers in two days. Things will go to hell way sooner than that.

Similarly, ask Rick's player (if assigned) how his talk with U Hlaing went. Does he show the necklace to his fellow Agents, or not? Is he going to help U Hlaing hide assets in Thailand, or just string him along? Does he think U Hlaing is Chauchua, just dabbling with them, playing them for fools, or what?

Whatever Rick and Mona decide, they don't get a chance to implement much before Nang Lwin runs up to them, nose freshly broken and waving her empty hands. When she gets close, she says, "*CIA mans! CIA mans! You must stop them!*" (No matter how careful they thought they were, some locals assumed they were from the CIA.)

She speaks horrible English, native Burmese, and mediocre Thai, and she's serving a salad of all three languages plus French, something along the lines of "*Chauchuas! Chaw ray Tcho-Tchos evil! Ne plus de mal seven locks! Aujourd'hui! They do! Pisac sieux!*"



To Jenny and Mona, it's a bit clearer. "*People from the village, in league with the wicked Chauchuas, are attempting to take the seven-lock devil box up the hill.*"

She can't be clear on what happens if the Tcho-tcho allies succeed, but she's clearly scared.

Let this play out. If only Pete and Toby go, that's fine. If Mona tries to stop them, remind her that this is Toby's version of events, so suggest that her commands have to make Toby look justified in disobedience.

If it seems to be bogging down, the weather can change—a red fog rises from the ground with wind sucking it towards the hill, where an evil-aspected crimson whirlwind is lazily forming.

At the greatest extreme, if Jenny, Rick, and Mona move heaven and earth to stop Toby from leaving immediately, you can have him immobilized, only to escape with Pete and sneak off.

Nang Lwin leads Pete, Toby, and anyone else off at a fast clip, not towards the hill, but along a cleared ravine. It leads to a small hill overlooking a pathway towards Location TI-20. She points down the trail. A group of village men can be seen bringing a large, heavy, ornate metal box.

There are six men carrying the box, accompanied by an armed man for each member of Task Force T.I. (That is, if it's just Pete and Toby, there are eight villagers. If Jenny's there too, it's nine enemies.) The bearers have slung rifles, old bolt-action ones, while the escorts have AK-47s.

All the escorts have Firearms 40% and do 1D12 damage. They have DEX 12 and 10 HP. They flee after taking taking any damage.

If Toby and Pete just open fire without any preamble, the escorts shoot back on the second round, while the bearers start gently setting down the box. If the Agents first attempt to speak to the box-bearers or escorts, the escorts immediately open fire.

Once battle is truly joined, the escorts try to shoot the Agents. They give Pete and Nang Lwin the worst of it, of course. Anyone else who gets tagged takes low damage, no more than 3 points, or just 1 if already wounded.

The bearers dither on the first turn. On the second turn, if none of them are hit, they set the box down and prepare their rifles. On the third turn they can all shoot. They have Firearms 20% and do 1D12 damage. Like the escorts, they collapse after the first hit.

If a bearer is hit before they set down the box, the lid opens, and some sort of red haze courses out. It kills the bearers while the escorts flee, and it kills Pete if he's still alive. Toby's player describes how the mist's victims die.

Pete dies in this firefight. If the dice don't cooperate, choose an attack against him and make it a critical hit. Or maybe when the characters look around in the aftermath, they find Pete with a bullet hole in his head.

Resolve the aftermath quickly. If the Agents flee under fire, they get away, and the scene breaks. (If they try to flee *before* Pete's brought down, he's killed by a lucky backshot, no roll required, and the scene ends there.)

If the box got set down, instead of dropped, they can investigate it and get pictures of the engravings. (It's not a language, just some elaborate geometric designs. The engravings would be of great interest to Delta Green researchers, though it would take them close to a year of research to even guess at their meanings.) Inside is a crusty, ancient mummy, in ritual robes so decayed that they can't be identified. It's far too heavy for Task Force T.I. to lift. It seems impossible that even six stout guys with carrying poles hefted it.

If Nang Lwin survives, she could become an ally among the regional Shan peoples of Myanmar. Or—if it turns out Rick is right—she could be half Chauchua, which might not stop Rick from pursuing some sort of agreement. If she's part Chauchua, she was still raised in the village and at least knows what love, compassion, and honesty *are*. She might want to keep the Singer imprisoned because the

What's In the Box?

The text describes two different possibilities for the box. If it got dropped before the bearers could set it down, it spilled red kill-gas. If they set it down and the Agents opened it afterwards, it's got a shriveled old mummy. This is not an error that got missed in editing. What's in the box is whatever needs to be there for the plot to go the way the characters steer it. The red gas comes out if you need the Agents need to panic in order to have Pete killed. The mummy's there if they've temporarily overcome their foes and need something interesting to look at before the bad guys rally and kill Pete.

Green Giver of Discipline has demanded that. Or she might be trying to wake the Singer for her own reasons.

Once the gunfight is settled, do a brief return to the present, with the characters in Secondary roles. Explain to Rick that Toby is just lying, and to Jenny that it's not all that close to how she remembers things. If they want to bark and snap at Toby, great, but keep it very short before telling Rick, "… you get the floor and tell the group what happened *next*."

Scene Five: Discussion and Dissent (Rick's Tale)

This isn't exactly what happened; it's the story Rick tells. The characterization shifts again. Make sure your players get in character for the scene, not just for the individual. Give the players the **RICK'S TALE** handouts.

Subtly favor Rick during the debate. Ask questions of the other Secondaries' players that back up Rick's view of things and suggest that his arguments make sense.

Scene Five happens in the immediate aftermath of the gunfight. It's now full-on night, and the Agents need to make some important decisions.

First off, what do they do about Pete's body? If they don't have it, do they go back for it? If they go back for it, is it still there? Up to you. Nothing established so far says whether Pete's body was recovered or not, or its condition—just that he was "killed," which could be in error, given how unreliable these witnesses are. He could be getting tortured in some Chauchua ritual even now.

Do they try to get Pete's body back over the border? If so, where do they store it until they try the crossing? If not, are they going to bury it? Burn it? Mutilate the hands and head first to hinder identification? Not easy choices.

Secondly, where are they going to move? If Nang Lwin could find them, then the Chauchua probably can, too. If they go deeper into the uncultivated hills and bunker down, they're less likely to be found by the Chauchua, but less likely to learn anything further. Going into the village is a bold move. Does Mona trust Bogyoke to protect them even after someone publicly called them "CIA mans"? Or, if they've picked up information about Location TI-20, they could just head there.

Scene Five isn't necessarily an action scene. It can be a rage- and guilt-soaked blame game where everyone holds everyone else responsible for Pete's death while trying to find some way to keep it from being pointless.

On the other hand, maybe they still want to cook some rounds—especially now that most of them know they have plot immunity. If you think another gunfight right away is the way to go, they could go back for the body and find a trio of Chauchuas crouching over it, shaving the body hair before they dig in to the succulent flesh. These cannibals have Firearms 40%, DEX 10, rifles that do 1D12 damage, and 12 Hit Points each.

The village is another possibility for a fight. In Rick's tale, TI-19 is now totally against the Agents. Anyone established as a possible Chauchua sympathizer is now triumphantly haranguing his neighbors about how the Old Powers are the only choice to protect them from both the invading Imperialists and the junta's butchers. There are three men with rifles at Location TI-19 (Firearms 25%, DEX 10, 10 HP, 1D12 damage). Any time Toby or Mona fails a Firearms roll, the shot accidentally kills a bystander, preferably an old woman or young child. The Secondaries won't die here, but minor wounds are possible before the villagers flee towards Location TI-20. The Agents can see an unnatural red mist forming there.

Scene Six: Courtroom Clarification

Now that two disagreeable and possibly contradictory scenes have been played out through Rick and Toby's stories, it's time to come back to the present and hash out their prejudices. As with Scene Three, the players should be controlling a mix of Primaries and Secondaries. If it works, everyone who played a Secondary in Scene Three can be Primary in Six, and vice versa, but really just try to get a blend of defendants and inquisitors. But no switching roles in mid-scene! That would be too confusing.

Give the players a few minutes to debate whose version is more likely and establish the tensions between the Secondaries.

Mostly though, this scene is just a refreshing break before the final flashback.

Scene Seven: The Abominable Temple of Location TI-20 (Jenny's Tale)

This is Jenny's flashback. Whatever her flaws, Jenny doesn't have the intense hatreds that color Rick and Toby's accounts. The main point of her narration is to make herself look blameless. If that means making Rick, Toby, or Mona look bad, that's fine.

Rick and Toby's players may be a bit surprised to learn just how rotten Jenny thinks they are—or, at least, how racist and sexist she's willing to say they were.

The Secondary Agents wind up at Location TI-20, a hill that has some kind of temple concealed inside it. This is an epicenter of Chauchua influence.

When the Agents arrive at the temple, there's already a violent fistfight going on between two groups of superficially indistinct villagers from TI-19. Some of them are swinging rifles, but both sides seem reluctant to escalate to gunfire.

There are twelve villagers in the brawl, and a few more scattered about, unconscious or too dazed to continue. All of the brawlers have Unarmed Combat 50% and do 1D4–1 damage. They all have 11 Hit Points and DEX 11. The anti-Chauchua villagers (of whom five remain) fold or flee after 6 points of damage. The seven Chauchua fight until dead or incapacitated. None of them attack someone who's unconscious. Any Agent who takes enough damage to be killed in the fight doesn't actually die—he or she is just unconscious.

There are several options available to the Agents at this point.

IDENTIFY THE BAD GUYS AND ATTACK ON THEM ONLY: Did Khin Maung Aye, or someone else, point out "Chauchua sympathizers" to the Agents? If so, it only takes a successful **Alertness** roll on the part of the witnessing Agent to figure out which side is that person's. (On a fail, they're pretty sure they have it right. See **INDISCRIMINATE CARNAGE**.)

Alternately, if Jenny showed Rick's leg scars to village Chauchua, or wrote Aklo for them, she can recognize the sides without rolling.

If the Agents attack the Chauchua with fists or non-lethal weapons, the righteous Burmese fight by their side until four Chauchuas drop, at which point the other three flee to re-arm. Victory!

If they open fire, everyone in the fight scatters. Every successful gunshot roll hits a Chauchua. Every failed roll hits an anti-Chauchua villager. Still: Also victory!

PACIFY THE BRAWL: If the Agents point guns and yell, both sides separate at great speed. There are two rifles on each side (held by villagers with Firearms 45%, doing 1D12 damage) and nobody drops their guns while fleeing. Once the groups are separate, they wait a couple of rounds to see whom the Agents shoot. If the Agents

shoot no one, they open fire on one another. If the Agents shoot the Chauchuas, one Chauchua gunman shoots at them and one shoots at the other villagers. If the Agents shoot the good guys, the Chauchua join in, backshooting as the anti-Chauchua forces uniformly flee. See **BACK THE WRONG PONY**.

INDISCRIMINATE CARNAGE: For every successful shot fired into the melee, roll 1D10. A roll of 1–6 means a Chauchua got it, 7–10 means it's a normal villager. On turn two, both sides flee at top speed. Victory, kinda!

BACK THE WRONG PONY: The Agents might kill all the anti-Chauchua villagers. Alternately, if Nang Lwin is still with them, she might direct them against the good guys. (Was she a Chauchua all the time? Does that mean the ambush in Scene Four was also against Burmese trying to *stop* the Chauchua? Has she flipped sides, or did someone misremember her actions? All good questions to *leave unanswered*.) In this case, any uninjured Chauchua approach with big grins, hugging the Agents, confidently putting their weapons away and bandaging one another. One says, "*Just like Vietnam war, yes?*" in bad English. Then one pulls out a big knife and strips a hunk of meat off a villager, takes a big raw bite and holds out the rest to Jenny, saying in a Chauchua dialect, "*She who dines with me on my enemy's sweet flesh shall be my sister!*" That **SAN** roll is 0/1D6 for most Agents, 1/1D6 for any who have points in **Foreign Language** (**Chauchua**). Agents who smile and nod can bushwhack the Chauchuas and gun them down while they're still looking stupidly surprised that their CIA allies have turned on them. The Agents don't need to roll to grease them. Nang Lwin, more prepared, runs. She has 11 **Hit Points** and **Dodge** 60%. But whether she escapes to plague them further or gets the traitor's death she (apparently) richly deserves, the end result is…victory!

NOT VICTORY

Five well-armed Americans with training and tactical advantage, wading in to a 5-on-7 brawl almost certainly means victory for the Agents. Should the Agents somehow bungle it, the Chauchuas fall on them, tie them up, and haul them into the halls in the hill for cannibalistic ritual torture in the names of the Great Old Ones.

In the Hill

One way or another, the team winds up in the temple in the hill. Encourage the players to have their Secondaries explain why they went there, but they definitely go there.

Inside the temple squats a huge and grotesque idol behind a hideous altar. Jenny can read the inscription over the altar, which is dedicated to an entity called "The Singer in the Skin" (*"Chal-Daok Fialak"* in Chauchua).

At this point, turn to each of the Secondaries who is present and verbal and say, "Mona had a peculiar reaction to the altar. Write down what it was." Then have each Secondary player read what they say Mona did. If a Secondary player wants to change his or her story to match another Secondary's version, that's fine—but it's a lie, and it needs a Persuade roll if the interviewers are alert for deception. Did Mona go nuts and have to be knocked out?

IF THEY WERE CAPTURED

If the Agents were taken into the evil hill as captives, take each of the remaining players aside separately and describe how they escaped.

Rick remembers convincing one of the Chauchuas to give him a cigarette and a lighter, and how he went on to bribe that guard to let them go in exchange for a wad of 16,000 Thai Bhat, equivalent to about $450. (He needed the lighter so he could threaten to burn the money.)

Toby remembers freeing himself from his bonds and strangling a guard with the Chauchua's own rifle strap before freeing the others and hauling them out.

Jenny remembers something moist and cold touching her in the darkness, leaving a residue that seemed to evaporate like alcohol off her skin as it parted her bonds and withdrew. (Not that she's likely to admit it…)

Leave Mona for last. She negotiated with a Chauchua high priestess, swearing loyalty to Choi-Hubuey in return for the rescue of the rest of Task Force T.I.

Then the first bomb hit near the temple and they fled, only finding Mona later.

All that only happens if they get caught though! In Scene Eight they can argue bitterly about what really happened.

RESTRICTED

Did she immediately run deeper into the hill? The Star Chamber judges can't know. They can only know what the survivors say she did, and their memories are flawed.

Close on the heels of Mona's weird action, whatever it was, come signs of more Chauchuas approaching. The ground cover isn't dense, so Task Force T.I. can see a procession nearing the hill from almost two miles out. Periodically the group stops, kneeling to pound their heads on the ground. As they do, some sort of red mist or dust seems to rise up around them, soon forming a cloud and then beginning to swirl like a tornado.

Then the sound of jet engines resonates across the landscape.

Five Chinese-built A-5C ground attack aircraft come streaking towards the temple. They aren't quite breaking the sound barrier, but their appearance is simultaneously alarming and inspiring.

When the first bomb hits near the temple, ask the Agents how they get away. Do they retreat together, carrying Mona after she gets shredded by a rogue piece of shrapnel? Do they rout, every Agent for himself? Does one of them go back for Mona, or did she turn up at their vehicle, inexplicably having beaten them there despite her grievous wounds?

Consistency is not necessary. For maximum fun, it may not even be desirable.

Then switch back to the present.

Scene Eight: Closing Arguments

The players for Rick, Jenny, and Toby stay in their Secondary characters. If Mona was someone's Secondary, that player gets to choose between controlling Mona and his or her Primary. Mona's speech is still limited, remember.

Like Scenes Three and Six, this scene exists solely for the purpose of grandstanding arguments. There are unanswered questions and disagreements. Each Secondary gets to describe how they went from the end of Jenny's story ("at the hill, Chauchuas approaching") to the established events ("Burmese bombing raid and we got out with a raving, mangled Mona"). Let the Secondaries dispute and argue however they want.

Do your part to exacerbate the differences. Point out every little failure of operational security: every moment they let strangers see the operation at work, every hint that a Secondary was dishonest or possibly corrupt. Emphasize every discrepancy between what was observed and what was stated. Make it clear to the Secondaries that they have good reason to believe that if they're deemed a serious enough threat, Delta Green can have them killed.

Also suggest that the *only* reason for this mock trial, this dog-and-bullshit show, is that after the disaster at TI-20, someone crossed over, bent the knee to some alien

thing or kissed a Chauchua's hand to buy freedom. Look at each in turn and say, "*Was it you? If it wasn't, who do you think it was? Who do you want to say it was?*"

After *that*, let them give their disparate endings. They can bicker until you and/or any players controlling Primaries decide it's enough and dismiss the Secondaries, at which point the guards escort them out.

Scene Nine: The Verdict

Each player is back in the role of his or her Primary character. Now it's time for them to go back and forth over what happened and decide which version they believe.

Make it clear that this is serious stuff. Something bad got out. An Agent of Delta Green may have helped it. They have to tell their control officer who's responsible, if anyone, and what they think Delta Green should do about it.

It's no easy job. If they don't lay blame, they need to give a damn good explanation. If they do nothing, they could be leaving a Chauchua sympathizer operating within Delta Green itself.

If they do the wrong thing, the theoretical mole not only gets away but they also are responsible for whatever befalls the Agent they singled out for blame.

Recommending that Delta Green kill all of Task Force T.I. just to be sure—knowing it probably means an innocent's death—costs each Agent 0/1D6 **SAN** from helplessness. After all, this could be *them* someday.

Let Justice Prevail

Depending on what the Primaries decide, there are a whole slew of possibilities.

TASK FORCE T.I. IS DESTROYED: If the Star Chamber declares that *everyone* in Task Force T.I. either **ONE** behaved too abominably to keep living or **TWO** was exposed to unacceptable levels of unnatural contamination, their control officer reluctantly accepts their verdict. (Play this up. Describe how the C.O. blanches, asks "…Are you sure?" and seems very grave when they say so.)

NOBODY TAKES THE FALL: From Delta Green's perspective, this is probably the worst result. Jenny's continued research overcomes her. If she wasn't already Aklo-guided during TIGER ISLAND, she is after another year or so. As for Toby and Rick, it's as if Jenny took the fall (see **JENNY TAKES THE FALL**) but without her paying the price, and with the added complication that Jenny uses her inside position to loot everything the program has on Aklo.

JENNY TAKES THE FALL: Her fiancé finds her dead body in her apartment. Apparently she fell and hit her head while changing a lightbulb. An outsider from the Defense Department takes over Task Force T.I. Rick and Toby try to destroy one another, and the effort to contain the Chauchuas suffers for it unless the Primaries get involved again. It's up to you whether Jenny really succumbed to the alien mind-virus that we call the Aklo language, or whether she was framed.

RICK TAKES THE FALL: Rick apparently hangs himself in Thailand, leaving behind a laser-printed suicide note blaming job stress. Toby takes over Task Force T.I. and pursues a vicious course against the Chauchuas and any suspected sympathizers. Should any investigation involving the Golden Triangle bring the Agents back into Toby's orbit, he moves heaven and earth to get them anything they want. But he shuts Jenny out completely—he's convinced she's corrupt—which might prompt Jenny to try and get the Star Chamber Agents' aid with a paranormal problem that concerns the Chauchuas and can't be solved simply by killing everyone. Did Rick use his Aklo scars as a passport and play *quid pro quo* with the enemy? Up to you.

TOBY TAKES THE FALL: Toby fatally crashes his car on a long stretch of North Dakota back road while home for Christmas. Rick and Jenny manage the Task Force T.I. mission from Thailand until one accuses the other of having gone over to the enemy, doing the bidding of a half-Chauchua half…*something*…in the form of a lithe young Burmese democracy activist. Naturally, having some experience with Rick and Jenny, the Primaries are sent to sort the matter. Was Toby ever contaminated by the Chauchuas after all? You decide.

MONA TAKES THE FALL: She catches a nosocomial MRSA infection and succumbs to complications from pneumonia. Otherwise, it's just like if Jenny took the fall, except in this case Jenny gloms on to her new team leader. Ultimately, Rick and Toby come to hate Jenny as much as they hate one another, leading Task Force T.I. to an even deeper slough of blame and dysfunction. It's up to you to decide

whether Mona really did make a devil's bargain with the Singer in the Skin to save the rest of her team.

SOME TAKE THE FALL BUT NOT ALL: Blend and match from the above outcomes, keeping all the characters in mind for future adventures, either as replacements for Primaries, as allies, or as antagonists. After all, Rick has those Aklo scars…and Toby is awfully close to going mad… and Jenny's been exposed to evil anti-gods on at least two occasions…and Mona's behavior has a lot of missing time and she's *already* crazy…not to mention the question of what the Chauchuas were up to and how firmly they were stopped…especially if ***Nang Lwin*** survived.…

Do They Want to Know?

After the mission, perhaps as part of a "Home" scene, the Primaries can violate Delta Green protocols by following up on the Secondaries fates if they like. With investigation (combing records with **Bureaucracy** 50% or better, questioning a contact over a few drinks with **Persuade** 40% or better, or an Internet search with **INT** 12 or better if they thought to take some highly forbidden photos of Task Force T.I.) an Agent can find out the name and fate of a member of Task Force T.I.

An Agent who confirms that his or her decision meant the other Agent's death loses 0/1D4 **SAN** from helplessness. The Agent has nightmares, makes brief sightings in congested areas of Task Force T.I. members known to be dead, or has obsessively recurring thoughts that the Star Chamber missed something in the testimony. An Agent who succeeds at the Sanity roll has one such experience and is done. Someone who fails re-experiences the phenomenon (nightmare, misidentification, or obsessive ideation) and has to make the same roll every two or three months until the Sanity roll succeeds or until hitting the Breaking Point, when the obsession sticks as a new disorder.

Secondary Agent: "Toby"

Your real name is Mike Carstairs. You work for the Office of Export Enforcement, and you've seen a lot of lousy humanity on your job. It's been drugs and smuggling for the most part, but you don't work the Thai beat without running into industrial-scale sex exploitation and, frankly, slavery. They call it human trafficking, but when people are kidnapped or *bred* so they can be sold, worked to death without consequence, or harmed without concern, fuck it. Call it by its name.

Working a case that blended sex trafficking and slavery with *cannibalism*, you encountered the Chauchuas, a tribe variously referred to as "JoJos," "Tcho-Tchos," and "the most abominable people on Earth."

You have never regretted shooting a Chauchua, and you *have* regretted it every time you've met a Chauchua and been unable to shoot it. They are not a "culture that celebrates ruthlessness" or an "oppressed indigenous minority that has internalized its victimhood." They're not even human. They are monsters. They are an offshoot of humanity tainted in their blood by the unnatural, with no decency and compassion remaining. If Hitler had killed them instead of the Jews, his face would be on the 1,000-*bhat* bill.

"Mona" was Delta Green's Chauchua expert in the region and OPERATION TIGER ISLAND was her show. From the first, it was handled with insufficient clarity. Sure, the junta in Burma are bastards, but at least a faction of them is on the right side of the Chauchua question. A bombing run should have been the *opening* move, not the closer. But Mona wanted to be certain, and Jenny wanted to learn more, and Rick was looking for a way to game the system, so you all had to get down on the ground and *interfere*. That's why you wound up shooting your way out.

Toby's Timeline

MAY 2: Mona told you that a unit of Burmese infantry—guys from *Tatmadaw Kyee*—got into some kind of possibly-Chauchua-related ruckus in the Shan state in Myanmar.

MAY 4: Rick asked his drug-smuggling UWSA buddies about it, and they shared the rumor that it was an "invisible attacker" that "whistled and tickled."

MAY 6: Mona got hold of autopsy reports that confirmed this was something really weird. She activated the task force for an operation called "TIGER ISLAND."

MAY 7: You and Pete cross-referenced satellite images and signal traffic to narrow down the incident location to somewhere between the Salween and Teng rivers. The closest settlement to the incident site was a place you're now calling "Location TI-19."

MAY 8: The team deployed by prop plane overnight. It all seemed very hastily organized and poorly defined. You immediately wondered why Jenny was there. She's a very nice person and smart, but that doesn't matter when guns go off.

MAY 9: You arrived at midnight and drove to Location TI-19 by daybreak. The team started asking questions, posing as engineers from some non-governmental organization. The whole village was clearly rotten with Chauchua.

Mona went off by herself to talk to a Burmese military officer—the dude whose troops all wound up sacrificed to the whistling tickler. Insisted on going alone.

Rick went off by himself to hang with a local named U Hlaing. He *also* insisted on going alone. U Hlaing seems to be some kind of prosperous local dealmaker.

After the task force got back together, you got a tip about Chauchua moving some kind of artifact, and when you went to check it out, gunfire ensued. Pete died.

MAY 10: You wound up investigating Location TI-20, this hill with a Chauchua shrine in it. There was a brawl going on—maybe villagers against Chauchua, more likely two Chauchua tribes bickering over who got to wake up the thing in the temple. The Burmese Air Force (Tatmadaw Lei) bombed the shit out of the Chauchua, the hill, and you guys. Mona got really messed up, and you scampered back to the truck to get to your exfiltration point.

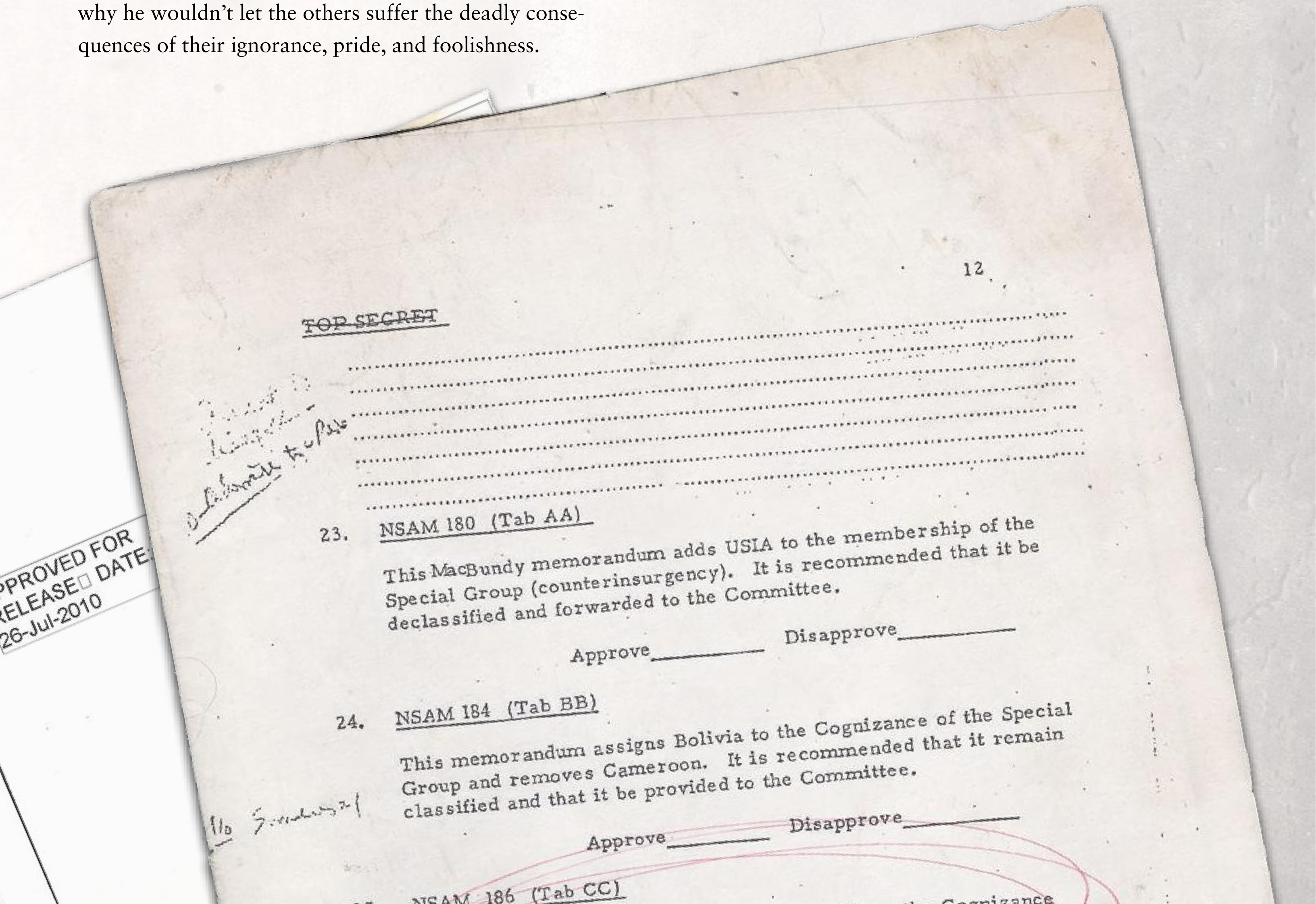
Toby on the Rest of Task Force T.I.

MONA: You never want to see a loyal servant of the U.S. government shot up and driven insane, but it's hard to pity Mona. She probably burned out years ago, but people like her never give up power, even when they can't control it. She was State Department, though judging from her clothes she wasn't very high up, despite her age and years in-country. But if State wouldn't let her play in the big leagues, Delta Green was happy to give her all the authority she could abuse. You get that Delta Green has to do the best it can with what it has, but if its best leader in Thailand was this hesitant, arrogant, secretive Captain Queeg, maybe they should write off Indochina and fall back to North America.

PETE: Why did the one man with his head on straight have to perish? He'd been a Marine before joining the Customs Service and, other than you, there wasn't anyone else who could face up to armed villagers without chumping out or screwing up. He was a stand-up guy, and that's exactly why he wouldn't let the others suffer the deadly consequences of their ignorance, pride, and foolishness.

JENNY: A soft-back intellectual load. You can understand why Mona wanted someone else around who understood the Chauchua dialect (in a formal, abstracted "where is the pencil of my grandfather?" way) but why bring her in the field? She should be in an office on some college quad diagramming exotic languages, not in the field standing between Chauchuas and people who know what they richly deserve.

RICK: The only one you really *hate*. It wasn't always that way. He had the kind of calm, measured response you expect from someone with a diplomatic ID, but he wasn't naïve like Jenny or pushy like Mona. He and Mona were the ones monitoring the scraps of intel emerging from Burma, and at first you were counting the days until Mona would retire and Rick would be top dog. But you've gradually realized that there are worse things than being burned-out or clueless. Jenny could learn, if she can bear to face facts. But Rick has been on Chauchua watch longer than



12

~~TOP SECRET~~

23. NSAM 180 (Tab AA)

This MacBundy memorandum adds USIA to the membership of the Special Group (counterinsurgency). It is recommended that it be declassified and forwarded to the Committee.

Approve__________ Disapprove__________

24. NSAM 184 (Tab BB)

This memorandum assigns Bolivia to the Cognizance of the Special Group and removes Cameroon. It is recommended that it remain classified and that it be provided to the Committee.

Approve__________ Disapprove__________

NSAM 186 (Tab CC)

PPROVED FOR
RELEASE☐ DATE:
26-Jul-2010

DELTA GREEN

PERSONAL DATA

1. LAST NAME, FIRST NAME, MIDDLE INITIAL
Carstairs, Mike, aka "Toby"

2. PROFESSION (RANK IF APPLICABLE)
Export enforcement officer

3. EMPLOYER
Office of Export Enforcement

4. NATIONALITY

5. SEX
☐ F ☑ M ☐ ______

6. AGE AND D.O.B.
36

7. EDUCATION AND OCCUPATIONAL HISTORY

STATISTICAL DATA

8. STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DISTINGUISHING FEATURES
Strength (STR)	14	70	
Constitution (CON)	14	70	
Dexterity (DEX)	13	65	
Intelligence (INT)	12	60	
Power (POW)	10	50	
Charisma (CHA)	6	30	

9. DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAXIMUM	CURRENT
Hit Points (HP)	14	
Willpower Points (WP)	10	
Sanity Points (SAN)	99	45
Breaking Point (BP)		40

10. PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

11. BONDS	SCORE
Delta Green teammate, "Pete"	3
Delta Green teammate, "Rick"	3
Export co-workers	4
Old Marine Corps unit	4

12. MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS

13. INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE
Violence ☑ ☑ ☑ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

RESTRICTED
TOP SECRET//ORCON/SPECIAL ACCESS REQUIRED
DELTA GREEN

APPLICABLE SKILL SETS

☐ Accounting (10%)		☐ First Aid (10%)		☐ Ride (10%)	
☐ Alertness (20%)	50%	☐ Forensics (0%)	30%	☐ Science (0%):	
☐ Anthropology (0%)		☐ Heavy Machinery (10%)			
☐ Archeology (0%)		☐ Heavy Weapons (0%)	20%	☐ Search (20%)	50%
☐ Art (0%):		☐ History (10%)		☐ SIGINT (0%)	
		☐ HUMINT (10%)	60%	☐ Stealth (10%)	30%
☐ Artillery (0%)		☐ Law (0%)	30%	☐ Surgery (0%)	
☐ Athletics (30%)	50%	☐ Medicine (0%)		☐ Survival (10%)	30%
☐ Bureaucracy (10%)	40%	☐ Melee Weapons (30%)	50%	☐ Swim (20%)	
☐ Computer Science (0%)		☐ Military Science (0%): Land	20%	☐ Unarmed Combat (40%)	60%
☐ Craft (0%):				Unnatural (0%)	
		☐ Navigate (10%)		Foreign Languages and Other Skills:	
☐ Criminology (10%)	50%	☐ Occult (10%)	20%	☐ Language (Thai)	50%
☐ Demolitions (0%)	20%	☐ Persuade (20%)	50%	☐	
☐ Disguise (10%)		☐ Pharmacy (0%)		☐	
☐ Dodge (30%)	50%	☐ Pilot (0%):		☐	
☐ Drive (20%)	40%			☐	
☐ Firearms (20%)	50%	☐ Psychotherapy (10%)		☐	

Check a box when you attempt to use a skill and fail. After the session, add 1 to each checked skill and erase all checks.

THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION

INJURIES

14. WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

EQUIPMENT

15. ARMOR AND GEAR

Concealable Kevlar vest (Armor 3)
Encrypted radio
10 meters of paracord
Camelbak water supply
Compact flashlight

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successfull Kill Damage.

16. WEAPONS	SKILL %	BASE RANGE	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	LETHALITY	KILL RADIUS	AMMO
(a) AK-47, semi-auto	50%	100 m	1D12	3	N/A	N/A	
(b) AK-47, full auto	50%	100 m	N/A	3	10%	1 m	
(c) P226 Pistol, 9mm	50%	15 m	1D10	N/A	N/A	N/A	
(d) Ka-Bar knife	50%	N/A	1D6+1	3	N/A	N/A	
(e) Soviet F1 grenades	50%	20 m	N/A	N/A	10%	10 m	3
(f) Unarmed	60%	N/A	1D4	N/A	N/A	N/A	
(g)							

REMARKS

17. PERSONAL DETAILS AND NOTES

Mike is used to extreme violence. His conflicts with the Chauchua have shown him the worst that can be done to a human body. He gained 10% in his Occult skill, lost 5 SAN, lost 3 CHA and 3 from each Bond, but is adapted to Violence.

18. DEVELOPMENTS WHICH AFFECT HOME AND FAMILY

19. SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED
Hand grenades	Athletics

Please indicate why this agent was recruited and why the agent agreed to be recruited.

20. AUTHORIZING OFFICER

21. AGENT SIGNATURE

THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION

you, and he's seen more, and he wants to cut deals. It's not that he doesn't know any better. He just doesn't care.

Secondary Agent: "Rick"

Your real name is Todd Guertner. Nobody ever told you, "Do agricultural work in the State Department for a life of deadly intrigue and high adventure!" You're bilingual in French because your mother's Québécoise. You thought foreign travel sounded cool and exciting. Doing it on Uncle Sam's dime, with great benefits? Icing on the cupcake.

You signed up for cut-rate foreign glamor, and you wound up knee-deep in fat white rice that opened like tiny eggs, birthing grubs that moved with eerie coordination. They bit you and burrowed and it took forty-eight agonizing hours for the doctors to pull every last one out. Some had chewed five inches deep into your thigh muscles. That was your welcome to Thailand.

You got even, though. You sourced every grain in that shipment and raised hell. It was gratifying to find your alarms taken seriously by a secretive group of government employees, mostly military and State Department. They inducted you, explained that the rice had been gestated by the milk of an alien monstrosity, and mentioned in passing that the shapes scarred on your shins and calves are characters in the alphabet of an exotic, probably alien, possibly supernatural language called Aklo. That was your introduction to Delta Green.

You became a realist, real fast. You've ignored bales of weed in produce shipments, to win friends and influence people who manage illegal Thai/Myanmar border crossings. You've abused your diplomatic I.D. to get botox and designer drugs to the girlfriends of ranking Burmese officers. Half of your team leader's State Department intelligence scores were built on the back of your dirty work. If you have to deal with the occasional sex-worker, mass-murderer, or drug-lord to keep tainted rice and alien biomatter out of people's diets, you'll take an Ambien and sleep just fine at night. At least, that's what you tell yourself.

It's not clean, and it's not pretty, but it's reality. You don't have the luxury of ignoring it.

Rick's Timeline

MAY 2: Mona told you that a unit of Burmese infantry—guys from the *Tatmadaw Kyee,* Myanmar's answer to the U.S. Army—got mangled in the Shan state.

MAY 4: You contacted associates in the United Wa State Army (UWSA), a semi-official armed militia in Shan. They narrowed the chatter down to a region between the Salween and Teng rivers. You heard the survivors talked about something that "whistled and tickled."

MAY 6: Mona got hold of autopsy reports from the *Tatmadaw Kyee* and activated Task Force TIGER ISLAND. The autopsy reports were weird and difficult to understand.

MAY 7: Toby and Pete did something with satellite images and signal traffic to narrow down the location. One of your financier friends knew a guy nearby (a village now called "Location TI-19"). That was U Hlaing. He's got assets he needs to hide overseas. He agreed to help your team in exchange for help with that.

MAY 8: You crossed the border by night in a prop plane. Mona was uneasy and uptight. You spent the whole night driving to Location TI-19.

MAY 9: You entered the village pretending to be logistics experts working for a relief organization called Rainbow of Hope International. The team started asking around, hoping to find simple answers in a very complex situation. Mona went off to meet her *Tatmadaw Kyee* connection, the guy who got her the autopsy papers. She was very secretive.

You had a private meeting with U Hlaing, who seemed like a typical Asian realist. You insisted on seeing him alone, not wanting Pete, Toby, or anyone else to muck it up. He gave you some little necklace, insisting it was a Chauchua artifact. Mostly though, he wanted you to find a way to get $20,000 worth of assorted currencies out of the country and safely hidden.

Some woman named Nang Lwin lured the team into an ambush. Gunfire and ugliness ensued, and Pete died.

MAY 10: You went up a hill (Location TI-20) and things got very confusing. There was a brawl between two factions from the village, which could be insurgents against UWSA sympathizers, or normal folks against Chauchua, or something else entirely. The hill was clearly the site of bad mystic craziness though. And then the Burmese Air Force *(Tatmadaw Lei)* bombed the hill. You got back to the truck and took off to your exfil point on the Salween River.

AFTERWARDS: At some point, that "Chauchua" necklace U Hlaing gave you vanished from your backpack.

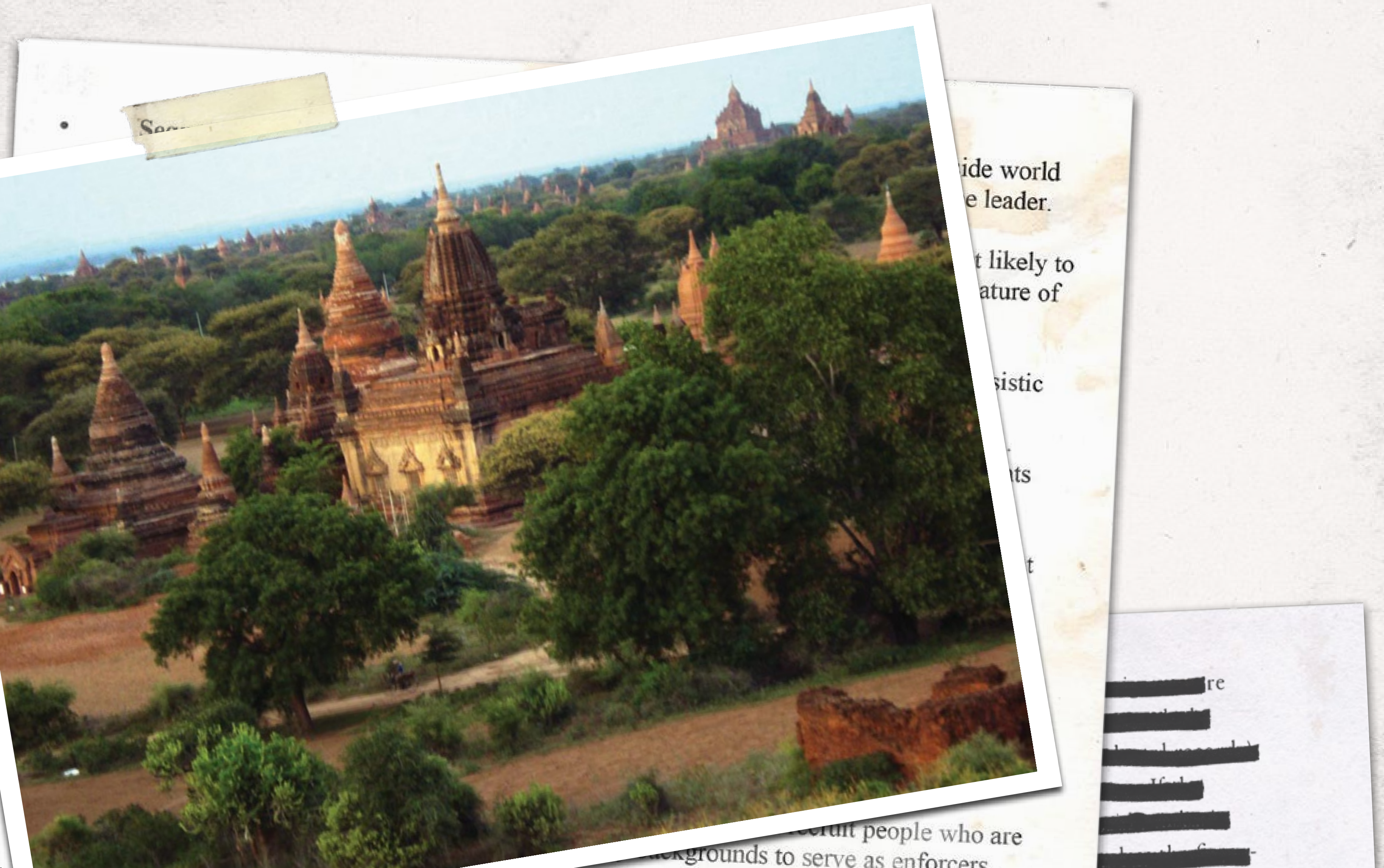
Rick on the Rest of Task Force T.I.

MONA: A capable administrator, but she got in way over her head and was too stiff-necked to back out or even look away. To Mona, self-doubt was a crutch for weaklings, so she never permitted herself a pause to reconsider any impulse that crossed her mind. Unfortunately, you're all dealing with stuff that human instincts weren't evolved to cope with—only to flee. You can't beat the Abyss in a staring contest.

PETE: The dead ex-jarhead and, in this case, the jar was empty. You hate to speak ill of the dead, but the guy was a sledgehammer trying to do a scalpel's job. All pain, no gain; all guts, no brain.

JENNY: It's better to be lucky than good, but being good at exploiting your luck is best of all. Jenny got lucky this time, and you hope she can develop into a good asset. She was thrown in the deep end of field operations, and you're still not sure whether she got seasoned or broken. But at least she told you what the writing on your legs means.

TOBY: The man's a flat-out racist, and not in the relatively harmless "bad jokes and glass ceiling" mold. He fantasizes about genocide and has done everything he can to



DELTA GREEN

PERSONAL DATA

1. LAST NAME, FIRST NAME, MIDDLE INITIAL: Guertner, Todd, aka "Rick"

2. PROFESSION (RANK IF APPLICABLE): Foreign service officer for agriculture

3. EMPLOYER: State Department

4. NATIONALITY:

5. SEX: ☐ F ☑ M ☐ ________

6. AGE AND D.O.B.: 34

7. EDUCATION AND OCCUPATIONAL HISTORY:

STATISTICAL DATA

8. STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DISTINGUISHING FEATURES
Strength (STR)	11	55	
Constitution (CON)	11	55	
Dexterity (DEX)	11	55	
Intelligence (INT)	16	80	
Power (POW)	8	40	
Charisma (CHA)	15	75	

9. DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAXIMUM	CURRENT
Hit Points (HP)	11	
Willpower Points (WP)	8	
Sanity Points (SAN)	99	35
Breaking Point (BP)		32

10. PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION:

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

11. BONDS	SCORE
Thai lover, Waen	15
Mom & Dad	15
Ag Service co-workers	15

12. MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS:

13. INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE

Violence ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

RESTRICTED
TOP SECRET//ORCON/SPECIAL ACCESS REQUIRED-DELTA GREEN

APPLICABLE SKILL SETS

☐ Accounting (10%)	40%	☐ First Aid (10%)	60%	☐ Ride (10%)	30%
☐ Alertness (20%)	30%	☐ Forensics (0%)		☐ Science (0%):	
☐ Anthropology (0%)	50%	☐ Heavy Machinery (10%)			
☐ Archeology (0%)		☐ Heavy Weapons (0%)		☐ Search (20%)	
☐ Art (0%):		☐ History (10%)	40%	☐ SIGINT (0%)	
		☐ HUMINT (10%)	40%	☐ Stealth (10%)	
☐ Artillery (0%)		☐ Law (0%)	30%	☐ Surgery (0%)	
☐ Athletics (30%)	50%	☐ Medicine (0%)		☐ Survival (10%)	40%
☐ Bureaucracy (10%)	60%	☐ Melee Weapons (30%)		☐ Swim (20%)	
☐ Computer Science (0%)		☐ Military Science (0%):		☐ Unarmed Combat (40%)	
☐ Craft (0%):				Unnatural (0%)	
		☐ Navigate (10%)	30%	Foreign Languages and Other Skills:	
☐ Criminology (10%)		☐ Occult (10%)	20%	☐ Language (French)	50%
☐ Demolitions (0%)		☐ Persuade (20%)	50%	☐ Language (Thai)	50%
☐ Disguise (10%)		☐ Pharmacy (0%)		☐ Language (Mandarin)	40%
☐ Dodge (30%)	50%	☐ Pilot (0%):		☐	
☐ Drive (20%)				☐	
☐ Firearms (20%)	40%	☐ Psychotherapy (10%)		☐	

Check a box when you attempt to use a skill and fail. After the session, add 1 to each checked skill and erase all checks.

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INJURIES

14. WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

EQUIPMENT

15. ARMOR AND GEAR

Concealable Kevlar vest (Armor 3)
Encrypted radio
Pack of ten chemlights
First aid kit
Fat wad of assorted currencies
Bottle of Bombay Sapphire gin in padded aluminum carrying case, an especially rich gift for the right recipient

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successfull Kill Damage.

16. WEAPONS	SKILL %	BASE RANGE	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	LETHALITY	KILL RADIUS	AMMO
(a) AK-47, semi-auto	40%	100 m	1D12	3	N/A	N/A	
(b) AK-47, full auto	40%	100 m	N/A	3	10%	1 m	
(c) Unarmed	40%	N/A	1D4−1	N/A	N/A	N/A	
(d)							
(e)							
(f)							
(g)							

REMARKS

17. PERSONAL DETAILS AND NOTES

The hard experience that brought Todd to Delta Green was the aforementioned rice/parasite immersion. It gave him +10% to Occult, Alertness, Anthropology, First Aid, and Survival. It reduced his SAN by 5 and resulted in him losing a Bond with his best friend Chas.

18. DEVELOPMENTS WHICH AFFECT HOME AND FAMILY

19. SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED

Please indicate why this agent was recruited and why the agent agreed to be recruited.

20. AUTHORIZING OFFICER

21. AGENT SIGNATURE

DD315 IS A WORK OF FICTION

make those fantasies real. His paranoia about "Chauchua impurities of the blood" led him to open fire on potential allies, and that is exactly the point at which OPERATION TIGER ISLAND failed.

Secondary Agent: "Jenny"

Your real name is Bethany Stell. You were raised as a nice Quaker girl who protested wars and used words to solve disputes, but you can't deny there was a certain sick frisson to reading papers like "Revenge Culture Among the Yanomami" or "Blood and Seed: The Sanguinary Fertility Icons of Pre-Iremic Tribes." That was nothing compared to the ongoing thrill you felt working on your thesis, "The Developing Marital Rape Tradition Among the Chauchuas."

It all seemed impossibly distant until you got the opportunity to study Aklo. Then, suddenly, it was impossibly intimate.

Aklo is the language of reality, or at least the language of its darkest aspects. Learning it changes people. It changed you. You're just lucky you got changed mostly back.

The Delta Green team that found you would have faced zero consequences if they'd killed you instead of taking the much riskier route of attempting to purge you with the Elder Sign. When you recovered sufficiently—you've never recovered fully—you placed yourself at their disposal. Ironically, like someone who develops an immunity after a bout of chicken pox, you seem to be less susceptible to Aklo thought-infestation. But you still treat it like weaponized anthrax. And you still are prone to fits of conversion-disorder blindness when you face too much stress.

The problem is over-compartmentalization. No one is allowed to learn anything about anything, for fear of the worst. But the worst has happened to you. It's like they found anthrax and burned the spores, then broke the equipment used to handle it, and then shredded the notes on handling it.

If there's anyone on Earth who can confront Aklo unharmed, it's the Chauchua. If there's anyone who can steal the secrets needed to defuse Aklo threats from them, it's you. Only you.

Jenny's Timeline

MAY 2: This was when Mona got news about an attack on Burmese soldiers, but you didn't learn about it until later.

MAY 4: Rick unearthed some rumors about an attacker that "whistled and tickled" violating the Burmese soldiers. Sounds a little like a *Thui Hukkruk,* the Chauchua "Punisher of Inferior Disbelievers," but that could just be a myth.

MAY 6: This is the point at which you got "activated." You took some personal time and got on a series of commercial and military aircraft.

MAY 7: You got to Thailand and were hastily briefed about weird Burmese autopsies, satellite activity and rumors from insurgent groups and drug-trafficking militias. Then, they covered you in survival gear and put you in another plane.

MAY 8: You got flown into Myanmar.

MAY 9: You arrived at "Location TI-19," a Burmese village. The task force spread out to gather information. You spotted some Chauchua cultural referents and motifs immediately. The Chauchua influence in the village was serious, but subtle—they were clearly a threatening minority who dared not do anything too overt, lest the more numerous non-Chauchua unite and oppress them. (How much of this did you share with the team? Did you tell everyone, or just one or two whom you trusted?)

After you'd settled in, claiming to be "logistics experts" from a foreign charity called "Rainbow of Hope," Mona snuck off to confer with her military contact. She seemed resigned to doing something unpleasant, but necessary.

Rick also went off on his own with U Hlaing, your host, a prosperous native, and the contact for Rainbow of Hope. You are pretty sure that U Hlaing was not Chauchua, but he was more tolerant of them than the normal run of villagers.

The team met a native named Nang Lwin, who begged for help against Chauchua. At the time, you didn't have a chance to get a good read on her, and almost immediately, a horrid gun fight began. It was a nightmare. Pete got killed. It was loud and confusing.

MAY 10: You and the team wound up at Location TI-20, a Chauchua temple intended to keep "The Singer in the Skin" imprisoned and sedated. You're not sure what the Singer is, but you strongly suspect that there are rival Chauchua factions struggling over it and over Location TI-20. Location TI-20 got bombed and you managed to get back over the border. You're not sure if bombing would kill the Singer or release it.

AFTERWARDS: While exfiltrating, you looked through Rick's gear and found a Chauchua talisman in one of the bags. (See your notes on Rick for more information.)

Jenny on the Rest of Task Force T.I.

MONA: You suspect Mona's bluster and curt demeanor were covering up terror and insecurity. She could speak Chauchua, and given the way she looked at the temple carvings at Location TI-20, you now suspect she had some Aklo too. Of all of them, the two of you may have had the greatest metaphysical dread, which explains all too well why she sacrificed herself to interrupt the Chauchua rite. Probably for the best.

PETE: Tactically courageous and personally courteous, but dumb. It's a shame he had to die, of course, but it's not any kind of priceless irretrievable loss. But you were always careful to treat him as if you recognized some kind of high intrinsic human value.

RICK: A little less blinkered than Pete, which isn't saying much. He's a sexist pig and wanted you to play the timid ingenue, which wasn't hard—especially after the guns started going off. Still, he doesn't deserve to be marked by the Greedy Fertility Power. You two first met after rice grains infected by the Greedy Fertility Power transformed into carnivorous grubs. They wrote a phrase on his shins in Aklo. Roughly translated, it means "This receptacle has been found pleasing by the Greedy Fertility Power." You told him it said—something. Did you tell him the truth, or something less horrifying?

After getting out of Myanmar, you snooped through his stuff and found an amulet that was obviously of Chauchua origin. You took it and later identified it as a Talisman of one of the lesser Chauchua tutelary entities, *Choi-Hubuey*. "*Choi-Hubuey*" means "The Green Giver of Discipline" and his position in the pantheon is to keep slaves and livestock compliant. This particular talisman was meant to provide defense against illness. Once you determined that it had no offensive capabilities, you traded it to another Chauchua researcher—Luo Ming, a Chinese academic operating out of Hong Kong. (Delta Green would certainly not approve, which is why you used every ounce of tradecraft you could muster to make the exchange. In return you got a copy of an unusually clear Chauchua text about demon-breaking and removal. Maybe it will prove useful when this affair is over.)

TOBY: Racist and sexist, and therefore very easy to manipulate. You fell into the role of "idealistic liberal intellectual"

DELTA GREEN

PERSONAL DATA

1. LAST NAME, FIRST NAME, MIDDLE INITIAL
Stell, Bethany aka "Jenny"

2. PROFESSION (RANK IF APPLICABLE)
Linguistics professor

3. EMPLOYER

4. NATIONALITY

5. SEX
☑ F ☐ M ☐ ________

6. AGE AND D.O.B.
35

7. EDUCATION AND OCCUPATIONAL HISTORY

STATISTICAL DATA

8. STATISTICS	SCORE	x5	DISTINGUISHING FEATURES
Strength (STR)	10	50	
Constitution (CON)	10	50	
Dexterity (DEX)	9	45	
Intelligence (INT)	16	80	
Power (POW)	12	60	
Charisma (CHA)	15	75	

9. DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAXIMUM	CURRENT
Hit Points (HP)	10	
Willpower Points (WP)	12	
Sanity Points (SAN)	89	48
Breaking Point (BP)		36

10. PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

11. BONDS	SCORE
Fiancé, Dirk McCrae	15
Father & sister	15
University co-workers	15
Unitarian congregation	15

12. MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS
Disorder (see back of sheet)

13. INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE
Violence ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

RESTRICTED
TOP SECRET//ORCON/SPECIAL ACCESS REQUIRED
DELTA GREEN

APPLICABLE SKILL SETS

☐ Accounting (10%)	
☐ Alertness (20%)	60%
☐ Anthropology (0%)	40%
☐ Archeology (0%)	40%
☐ Art (0%): Pencil Sketch	50%
☐ Artillery (0%)	
☐ Athletics (30%)	30%
☐ Bureaucracy (10%)	50%
☐ Computer Science (0%)	
☐ Craft (0%):	
☐ Criminology (10%)	
☐ Demolitions (0%)	
☐ Disguise (10%)	
☐ Dodge (30%)	
☐ Drive (20%)	
☐ Firearms (20%)	40%

☐ First Aid (10%)	
☐ Forensics (0%)	
☐ Heavy Machinery (10%)	
☐ Heavy Weapons (0%)	
☐ History (10%)	40%
☐ HUMINT (10%)	40%
☐ Law (0%)	
☐ Medicine (0%)	
☐ Melee Weapons (30%)	
☐ Military Science (0%):	
☐ Navigate (10%)	
☐ Occult (10%)	50%
☐ Persuade (20%)	50%
☐ Pharmacy (0%)	
☐ Pilot (0%):	
☐ Psychotherapy (10%)	

☐ Ride (10%)	
☐ Science (0%):	
☐ Search (20%)	
☐ SIGINT (0%)	
☐ Stealth (10%)	
☐ Surgery (0%)	
☐ Survival (10%)	
☐ Swim (20%)	
☐ Unarmed Combat (40%)	
Unnatural (0%)	10%
Foreign Languages and Other Skills:	
☐ Language (Aklo)	60%
☐ Language (Chauchau)	60%
☐ Language (Burmese)	40%
☐	
☐	
☐	

Check a box when you attempt to use a skill and fail. After the session, add 1 to each checked skill and erase all checks.

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INJURIES

14. WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

EQUIPMENT

15. ARMOR AND GEAR

Concealable Kevlar vest (Armor 3)
Encrypted radio
Compact flashlight
GPS unit
Tablet computer full of research articles; see your handouts about the Chauchua

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successfull Kill Damage.

16. WEAPONS	SKILL %	BASE RANGE	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	LETHALITY	KILL RADIUS	AMMO
(a) AK-47, semi-auto	40%	100 m	1D12	3	N/A	N/A	
(b) AK-47, full auto	40%	100 m	N/A	3	10%	1 m	
(c) Ka-Bar knife	30%	N/A	1D6	3	N/A	N/A	
(d) Unarmed	40%	N/A	1D4−1	N/A	N/A	N/A	
(e)							
(f)							
(g)							

REMARKS

17. PERSONAL DETAILS AND NOTES

Bethany's mind was substantially altered by the Aklo language/thought-virus. She gained 10% to her Unnatural skill and 20% to Occult. She has lost 12 points of SAN and reset her Breaking Point to 36. She is afflicted by conversion disorder. Whenever she fails a Sanity test, there's a risk that she experiences hysterical blindness for a few minutes after the source of trauma recedes. She must succeed at a follow-up Sanity test to resist it.

18. DEVELOPMENTS WHICH AFFECT HOME AND FAMILY

19. SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED

Please indicate why this agent was recruited and why the agent agreed to be recruited.

20. AUTHORIZING OFFICER

21. AGENT SIGNATURE

THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION

which let him comfortably act as the world-weary know it all. In this fashion, you convinced him to stand between you and bullets, because such an act of inspiring courage would surely persuade you more than the inarticulate arguments he could muster. A contemptible stain of a man, whom you were very careful to befriend.

Secondary Agent: "Mona"

Your real name is Maria Rodriguez.

Civil War soldiers asked, "Have you seen the elephant?" Back then, the only elephants were at the circus, and people were amazed at their size, their strength, their alien grandeur. Then came the war, more vicious and bloody and real than anything the world had previously known. So when they asked that, it meant, "Have you been in combat? Do you know what this life truly is?"

In the 21st century, you've seen. It's elephants all the way down.

You don't give a damn about money any more—as long as you can afford a fifth of gin, your needs are met, and in Thailand the dollar stretches a long way. Same with prestige and success. All that bullshit gets you is face time with bigger bullshitters. So rather than evangelize the party line like most people in your job (State Department, Bureau of Intelligence Research), you want what is real.

You want power. All the power you can get to take the Chauchuas, and the cultists, and the things that don't add up as natural, and cram them back in the darkness for one more year, or month, or day.

Mona's Timeline

MAY 2: Captain Bogyoke Arun Htay, one of your contacts in the Burmese army *(Tatmadaw Kyee)* let you know that one of his units got attacked by something unearthly. You alerted Rick, Pete, and Toby.

MAY 4: Rick spoke to his connections in the UWSA, a semi-official militia and drug smuggling ring. They'd heard rumors about an "invisible attacker that whistled and tickled" going after a *Tatmadaw Kyee* unit.

MAY 6: ***Bogyoke*** got you copies of an autopsy report which indicated that the damage was not natural. You activated your task force for OPERATION TIGER ISLAND.

MAY 7: Pete and Toby cross-referenced satellite images and signal traffic to confirm ***Bogyoke***'s claims. The nearest settlement is a village you now call Location TI-19. Jenny flew in, exhausted.

MAY 8: You jumped the border in a low-flying prop plane at midnight. Rick seemed extremely eager to get into Myanmar.

MAY 9: You drove until dawn to get to Location TI-19. You tried to instruct your people to discreetly gather intel under the cover of being logistic experts from an international charity called "Rainbow of Hope." They did not pay much attention to your directions.

You had to go off to meet Bogyoke. He insisted that you come alone, and you made sure that the military would turn a blind eye to the team, at least to the extent that Bogyoke could manage that. (What aid did you have to offer in return for this guarantee? Tell your Handler.)

Rick went off on his own to meet U Hlaing, a prosperous villager with connections to Rainbow of Hope. He was probably doing some kind of drug/cash/coverup deal. That's his thing.

Because they failed to follow your instructions, the task force got into a gun fight with locals. Pete was killed.

MAY 10: The group wound up pursuing leads to Location TI-20, a hill with a Chauchua shrine in it. Your memories of Location TI-20 are extremely hazy, since it got bombed to hell by the Burmese air force *(Tatmadaw Lei)*. That's where you got badly hurt. You're 90% certain, though, that ***Bogyoke*** had nothing to do with the airstrike. If nothing else, he's ground forces, and the air force would have little reason to care about his opinions.

Mona on the Rest of Task Force T.I.

PETE: Like you, he was in the Marine Corps. Unlike you, he didn't hate every goddamn minute of it, even though he had more reason. So… probably not very bright at all, but a straight shooter, and his training as a Customs Service officer was useful. Good enough for you.

JENNY: Like you, she speaks Chauchua, but unlike you she didn't learn it to stay alive in a tight, ugly corner. She's probably very bright indeed. Thinks an alien language called Aklo may be what made the Chauchua into the Chauchua. You've seen Aklo—enough to recognize it, though not read it—and it makes your teeth hum like biting tinfoil. You want to run from it, and she wants to learn more about it. So she's either crazy, or has iron willpower she has never once displayed in your presence, or she's one day going to have to die by your hand. Your money's on crazy, but you've got a special knife sharpened just in case it's all three.

RICK: You're willing to tolerate mere human evil—drug cartels, people smugglers, traitors to various flags—but Rick actually loves it, even if he tells himself he doesn't. You're fine with that; let the guy who gets off on it do all the bitch-ass spy crap and back-stabbing.

TOBY: That guy's got a murder-boner that could cut diamonds. Better find something useful for him to fuck with it.

TOP SECRET
INDIA
CHINA
BANGL.
Bay of Bengal
THAI
Hkakabo Razi
Brahmaputra
Irrawaddy
Myitkyinā
Bhamo
Monywa
Mandalay
Taunggyi
Chauk
Nay Pyi Taw (administrative capital)
Sittwe
Pyay
Bago
RANGOON
Mawlamyine
Pathein

[redacted]

~~Top Secret~~

BURMA: Military Refines Stalling Tactics

Burma's military rulers on Friday announced a national convention to set guidelines for the National Assembly in drafting a new constitution. The regime also means to review the draft constitution it to a national referendum after approving it. Regime

DELTA GREEN

PERSONAL DATA

1. LAST NAME, FIRST NAME, MIDDLE INITIAL
Rodriguez, Maria, aka "Mona"

2. PROFESSION (RANK IF APPLICABLE)
State Department researcher, Delta Green team leader

3. EMPLOYER
State Department, Bureau of Intelligence Research

4. NATIONALITY

5. SEX
☑ F ☐ M ☐ ________

6. AGE AND D.O.B.
51

7. EDUCATION AND OCCUPATIONAL HISTORY

STATISTICAL DATA

8. STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DISTINGUISHING FEATURES
Strength (STR)	10	50	
Constitution (CON)	12	60	
Dexterity (DEX)	12	60	
Intelligence (INT)	14	70	
Power (POW)	13	65	
Charisma (CHA)	11	55	

9. DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAXIMUM	CURRENT
Hit Points (HP)	11	
Willpower Points (WP)	13	
Sanity Points (SAN)	99	60
Breaking Point (BP)		52

10. PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

11. BONDS	SCORE
Best friend, Denise	10
"Boyfriend, if you need a label," Thaksin	8
Delta Green teammate, "Pete"	6

12. MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS

13. INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE
Violence ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

RESTRICTED
TOP SECRET//ORCON/SPECIAL ACCESS REQUIRED-DELTA GREEN

APPLICABLE SKILL SETS

☐ Accounting (10%)	
☐ Alertness (20%)	60%
☐ Anthropology (0%)	
☐ Archeology (0%)	
☐ Art (0%):	
☐ Artillery (0%)	
☐ Athletics (30%)	30%
☐ Bureaucracy (10%)	40%
☐ Computer Science (0%)	
☐ Craft (0%): Locksmith	40%
☐ Criminology (10%)	50%
☐ Demolitions (0%)	40%
☐ Disguise (10%)	50%
☐ Dodge (30%)	
☐ Drive (20%)	40%
☐ Firearms (20%)	40%
☐ First Aid (10%)	
☐ Forensics (0%)	
☐ Heavy Machinery (10%)	
☐ Heavy Weapons (0%)	
☐ History (10%)	30%
☐ HUMINT (10%)	70%
☐ Law (0%)	
☐ Medicine (0%)	
☐ Melee Weapons (30%)	
☐ Military Science (0%):	
☐ Navigate (10%)	
☐ Occult (10%)	20%
☐ Persuade (20%)	60%
☐ Pharmacy (0%)	
☐ Pilot (0%):	
☐ Psychotherapy (10%)	
☐ Ride (10%)	
☐ Science (0%):	
☐ Search (20%)	30%
☐ SIGINT (0%)	50%
☐ Stealth (10%)	60%
☐ Surgery (0%)	
☐ Survival (10%)	40%
☐ Swim (20%)	
☐ Unarmed Combat (40%)	60%
Unnatural (0%)	
Foreign Languages and Other Skills:	
☐ Language (Thai)	60%
☐ Language (Chauchau)	40%
☐ Language (Burmese)	40%
☐	
☐	
☐	

Check a box when you attempt to use a skill and fail. After the session, add 1 to each checked skill and erase all checks.

THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION

INJURIES

14. WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

EQUIPMENT

15. ARMOR AND GEAR

Concealable Kevlar vest (Armor 3)
Encrypted radio
Compact flashlight
Satphone
Fat wad of assorted currencies
Five grams of pure, uncut Burmese heroin, ready for illicit trading

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successfull Kill Damage.

16. WEAPONS	SKILL %	BASE RANGE	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	LETHALITY	KILL RADIUS	AMMO
(a) AK-47, semi-auto	40%	100 m	1D12	3	N/A	N/A	
(b) AK-47, full auto	40%	100 m	N/A	3	10%	1 m	
(c) HP pistol, 9 mm	40%	15 m	1D10	N/A	N/A	N/A	
(d) Ka-Bar knife	30%	N/A	1D6	3	N/A	N/A	
(e) Unarmed	60%	N/A	1D4−1	N/A	N/A	N/A	
(f)							
(g)							

REMARKS

17. PERSONAL DETAILS AND NOTES

The hard experience that brought Maria to Delta Green involved discovering that one of her Thailand neighbors was Chauchua, an investigation that culminated in a Delta Green team eliminating the neighbor. In the aftermath she gained +10% in Occult, Foreign Language (Thai), HUMINT, Search, and Survival. She lost 5 SAN and became estranged from her adult son Jeremy.

18. DEVELOPMENTS WHICH AFFECT HOME AND FAMILY

19. SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED

Please indicate why this agent was recruited and why the agent agreed to be recruited.

20. AUTHORIZING OFFICER

21. AGENT SIGNATURE

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Secondary Agent: "Pete"

Your real name is Brian Mullroy. You're not complicated. Some people mistake clarity for simple-mindedness: That's not your problem; it's theirs. You love your country and want to serve it, but you're not so stupid you think there's no work or sacrifice involved. You joined the Marines because you're not afraid to suffer or fight.

You were loyal to the Corps and some people thought that meant you'd turn a blind eye to Marines doing…bad shit. But you loved the Corps too much to let a few assholes in dress blues make a mockery of its values. They thought you'd go along, do nothing, especially if they threatened to kick you out. They were wrong. Again: Their problem.

You had to leave the Marines, but your integrity had made you pals in Delta Green. They made sure your discharge was on your terms, and they got you a job in the Customs Service, working Indochina.

More shit. Different. Worse. But you're still crystal clear on who the bad guys are.

Pete's Timeline

MAY 2: Mona told you that she was hearing chatter from the *Tatmadaw Kyee* (that's the Burmese army) that a unit ran into some kind of supernatural assault.

MAY 4: Rick started asking around with the UWSA ("United Wa State Army," an ethnic militia and smuggling ring that the Myanmar junta tolerates in the Shan region) and heard that the attack was something "invisible" and it "whistled and tickled." Mona activated the task force for OPERATION TIGER ISLAND.

MAY 6: Mona got hold of some Burmese army autopsies. Weird stuff definitely killed those soldiers: "non-contiguous entry and exit wounds"?

MAY 7: You and Toby sorted through a pile of radio intercepts and plotted them against satellite intel to narrow down where the unit got took. It was close to a village now termed "Location TI-19."

MAY 8: You deployed across the Thai/Myanmar border overnight. Toby clearly had his mind made up that this was Chauchua.

MAY 9: You drove all night and got to Location TI-19 at daybreak, disguised as engineers from "Rainbow of Hope International." Everyone kind of milled around trying to find information and get rumors.

Mona went off on her own to meet her army guy.

Rick went off on his own to meet this rich local guy he somehow knew.

You were lured into a gun battle with some armed locals. You got killed.

Pete on the Rest of Task Force T.I.

MONA: She's got a mouth on her, but you've heard worse bark. She's got a Corps tattoo under her sleeve. Used to so much bull in her desk job that she's got no patience left for it when situations get real. That's fine. The field's no place to tolerate it.

JENNY: Some kind of genius. A complicated woman—the two of you don't have much in common. But so far she hasn't talked down to you or treated you like a child, so she just might be intelligent and not-stupid. You've seen some good results come out of that combination.

RICK: America lost a great used-car salesman when he went overseas. Wants everyone to get along, but mostly wants everyone to get along with him. That said, he always seems to know what's going on half a day before the rest of you get the news.

TOBY: He's wound pretty tight, but you get the sense that he's ready to kick butts when things get nuts. You wouldn't want to split a pizza and a pitcher with him too often, but he doesn't act like a flincher. That's no small thing.

DELTA GREEN

PERSONAL DATA

1. LAST NAME, FIRST NAME, MIDDLE INITIAL
Mullroy, Brian, aka "Pete"

2. PROFESSION (RANK IF APPLICABLE)
Customs Service special agent

3. EMPLOYER

4. NATIONALITY

5. SEX
☐ F ☑ M ☐ ______

6. AGE AND D.O.B.
26

7. EDUCATION AND OCCUPATIONAL HISTORY

STATISTICAL DATA

8. STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DISTINGUISHING FEATURES
Strength (STR)	15	75	
Constitution (CON)	13	65	
Dexterity (DEX)	14	70	
Intelligence (INT)	10	50	
Power (POW)	10	50	
Charisma (CHA)	7	35	

9. DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAXIMUM	CURRENT
Hit Points (HP)	14	
Willpower Points (WP)	10	
Sanity Points (SAN)	99	45
Breaking Point (BP)		40

10. PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

11. BONDS	SCORE
Guys from old Marines unit	5
Buddies at the Customs office	4
Mom & Dad	6
Delta Green teammate, "Mona"	4

12. MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS

13. INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE
Violence ☑ ☑ ☑ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

RESTRICTED
TOP SECRET//ORCON//SPECIAL ACCESS REQUIRED-DELTA GREEN

APPLICABLE SKILL SETS

☐ Accounting (10%)	
☐ Alertness (20%)	50%
☐ Anthropology (0%)	
☐ Archeology (0%)	
☐ Art (0%):	
☐ Artillery (0%)	
☐ Athletics (30%)	50%
☐ Bureaucracy (10%)	30%
☐ Computer Science (0%)	
☐ Craft (0%):	
☐ Criminology (10%)	
☐ Demolitions (0%)	40%
☐ Disguise (10%)	
☐ Dodge (30%)	
☐ Drive (20%)	40%
☐ Firearms (20%)	60%

☐ First Aid (10%)	50%
☐ Forensics (0%)	
☐ Heavy Machinery (10%)	50%
☐ Heavy Weapons (0%)	40%
☐ History (10%)	
☐ HUMINT (10%)	
☐ Law (0%)	
☐ Medicine (0%)	
☐ Melee Weapons (30%)	50%
☐ Military Science (0%):	
☐ Navigate (10%)	40%
☐ Occult (10%)	40%
☐ Persuade (20%)	30%
☐ Pharmacy (0%)	
☐ Pilot (0%): Small boat	20%
☐ Psychotherapy (10%)	

☐ Ride (10%)	
☐ Science (0%):	
☐ Search (20%)	
☐ SIGINT (0%)	
☐ Stealth (10%)	30%
☐ Surgery (0%)	
☐ Survival (10%)	
☐ Swim (20%)	40%
☐ Unarmed Combat (40%)	60%
Unnatural (0%)	
Foreign Languages and Other Skills:	
☐	
☐	
☐	
☐	
☐	
☐	

Check a box when you attempt to use a skill and fail. After the session, add 1 to each checked skill and erase all checks.

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INJURIES

14. WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

EQUIPMENT

15. ARMOR AND GEAR

Concealable Kevlar vest (Armor 3)
Encrypted radio
Compact flashlight
Magnetic compass, map
10 m of paracord
Small tarpaulin
Spare socks
First aid kit

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successfull Kill Damage.

16. WEAPONS	SKILL %	BASE RANGE	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	LETHALITY	KILL RADIUS	AMMO
(a) AK-47, semi-auto	60%	100 m	1D12	3	N/A	N/A	
(b) AK-47, full auto	60%	100 m	N/A	3	10%	1 m	
(c) Ka-Bar knife	50%	N/A	1D6+1	3	N/A	N/A	
(d) Unarmed	60%	N/A	1D4	N/A	N/A	N/A	
(e)				N/A	N/A	N/A	
(f)							
(g)							

REMARKS

17. PERSONAL DETAILS AND NOTES

Brian is accustomed to extreme violence, due to his experiences in the Marines, which involved combat, seeing his fellow Marines get tortured, and later seeing Marine officers committing torture on enemy captives. He gained 10% to his Occult skill after Delta Green brought him into the fold. He lost 5 SAN, decreased his Charisma by 3, along with his Bonds. He is Adapted to Violence.

18. DEVELOPMENTS WHICH AFFECT HOME AND FAMILY

19. SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED
Hand grenades	Athletics

Please indicate why this agent was recruited and why the agent agreed to be recruited.

20. AUTHORIZING OFFICER

21. AGENT SIGNATURE

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TIMELINE

MAY 2: A unit of Burmese infantry disappears near the Thailand border, close to territory suspected to be inhabited by a Chauchua tribe—a people long known by Delta Green to have direct ties to unnatural horrors. Mona and Rick ply their sources within the Thai and Burmese militaries to investigate. Suspecting that the event had a paranormal connection through the Chauchua tribe, Mona activates the remainder of Task Force T.I.: Toby, Pete and Jenny.

MAY 4: Rick receives tacit confirmation that the unit was not, as reported, decimated by "equipment malfunction" and that the two survivors spoke of invisible attackers that "whistled and tickled."

MAY 6: Mona acquires autopsy reports indicating fatal internal injuries to some of the Burmese soldiers, wounds which, according to Mona's translation, have "no contiguous entry or exit trails."

MAY 7: Toby and Pete access satellite imaging data and integrate it with cell phone and Burmese military radio traffic to narrow the area of encounter down to a two-square-mile area with only one known settlement. That village is referred to in all communications as "Location TI-19." Jenny arrives in Thailand.

MAY 8: Task Force T.I. deploys to Location TI-19 overnight.

MAY 9: Task Force T.I. attempts to gather HUMINT at Location TI-19. Mona meets with military contacts from Myanmar, alone. Rick meets privately with local fixer U Hlaing and receives a necklace allegedly precious to the Chauchua. Agent Pete is killed in a gun battle between Task Force T.I. and villagers from Location TI-19.

MAY 10: The people of Location TI-19 meet Chauchua at a nearby hill of evil reputation ("Location TI-20"), where the Chauchua are preparing a ceremony. Task Force T.I. has a violent encounter with both sides. At some point, Mona enters Location TI-20. The hill is partially destroyed by Burmese aerial bombardment. Mona sustains heavy injuries but survives extraction, as does the rest of Task Force T.I.

MAY 18: A psychiatrist affiliated with Delta Green examines Mona and declares her mentally unfit for further operations.

LAST WEEK: Delta Green receives new evidence that suggests a survivor of OPERATION TIGER ISLAND may have taken toxic artifacts into Thailand afterward. Task Force T.I.'s troubles are deep. That team's leader (Mona) is out of commission, the others had already shown signs of recrimination and back-stabbing, and the team's control officer is under separate investigation. Delta Green assigns another team to find out which of them (if any) has allied with the repugnant Chauchuas.

TOP SECRET

DISSEMINATION AND EXTRACTION OF INFORMATION
CONTROLLED BY ORIGINATOR

Cut out these "cards" and hand them out as indicated. Each is labeled with its recipient and should be given only to that character's player in the given scene.

In Toby's Tale (Scene 4)

TOBY'S TALE—FOR TOBY

In your own tale, you are fearless, resolute, decisive, and have +20% to all attack rolls.

TOBY'S TALE—FOR RICK

In Toby's tale, you are devious, snide, and borderline insubordinate.

TOBY'S TALE—FOR MONA

In Toby's tale, you're Captain Queeg. You bluster, hesitate in the face of danger, change your mind suddenly, contradict yourself, and never explain, just command. During a fight your attack rolls are at a –20% penalty.

TOBY'S TALE—FOR PETE

In Toby's tale, you are selfless, courageous, and have a +20% bonus to all attack rolls.

TOBY'S TALE—FOR JENNY

In Toby's tale, you waffle, shriek, freeze under fire at least once and have a –20% penalty to all attack rolls.

In Rick's Tale (Scene 5)

RICK'S TALE—FOR TOBY

In Rick's tale, you're stupid and on the point of madness in your bloodlust. It's a matter of record that Task Force T.I. doesn't burn the village to the ground, but to you this seems like a pretty sensible idea. In the course of the argument, you may wind up pointing a gun at Mona.

RICK'S TALE—FOR RICK

In your own tale, you're decisive and dignified. You always direct the course of conversation. By the way, you suspect that Nang Lwin may have been a Chauchua double-agent who led Pete and Toby into an ambush.

RICK'S TALE—FOR MONA

In Rick's tale, you're petrified, nearly babbling with anxiety over what's going to happen to your career. You're terribly callous about Pete's death and more interested in making sure that the body of a dead Customs Service officer without the proper stamps on his passport doesn't get found shot dead in Myanmar. You're also terrified that Delta Green is going to murder you for the mission that Toby cocked up. In the course of arguing, you may wind up pointing a gun at Toby.

RICK'S TALE—FOR PETE

What marks are seen on your body? Gunshot wounds, weird trauma, no sign at all? Whether it contradicts the previous scene or not, it's your choice. Was your body recovered, or is it back at the scene of the ambush, or was it dropped somewhere in between? It's OK to contradict a previous story.

RICK'S TALE—FOR JENNY

In Rick's tale, you're initially immobilized by terror and grief, blubbering over Pete's corpse (if it was recovered) or over the news of his death.

In Jenny's Tale (Scene 7)

JENNY'S TALE—FOR TOBY

In Jenny's tale, you're impulsive, coarse, kind of racist, kind of sexist, and definitely condescending.

JENNY'S TALE—FOR RICK

In Jenny's tale, you're shifty, a little arrogant, sexist, and a bit snide.

JENNY'S TALE—FOR MONA

You're a composed, forceful leader saddled with two sexist pigs. They respond only to aggression.

JENNY'S TALE—FOR JENNY

In your version of events, you're naïve, innocent, hesitant, and overshadowed by your more forceful peers. This is an act, but it's necessary. What happened was not your fault. You can't risk taking the blame.

About Aklo

AKLO—FOR MONA AND JENNY

Researchers say Aklo is the written form of the Chauchua language. That is incorrect. Aklo is a paranormal linguistic virus that, once comprehended, corrodes the human ability to comprehend other languages. Everything is filtered through a lens of paranoia, framing others' ideas and actions as results of inscrutable, selfish cruelty. Pervasive exposure to Aklo explains much about Chauchua culture.

In the Star Chamber

SPEAKING—FOR MONA

Your ability to speak coherent English is badly damaged by unnatural thoughts and an overenthusiastic Zotepine prescription. To say anything, you must make a Luck roll. If it fails, all you can do is stammer and moan. If it succeeds, you can clearly speak a short phrase. It can have no more words than the ones place of the Luck roll, with a zero counting as 10. Roll a 43 and you can speak three words (possibly over and over). Roll a 29 and you get the luxury of nine words, which might qualify as an expressive sentence! If you roll and fail, you can immediately reroll by spending a Willpower point.

About the Chauchua

CHAUCHUA—FOR JENNY & TOBY

Initially, the Chauchua seemed merely like extreme cultural outliers—taking the values of physical strength and psychological dominance that all societies treasure, and embracing them to a hypertrophic degree that excludes ideas of "fondness" or "natural affection." There is no way to say "I love you" in the Chauchua language. The closest analogue would be "I take pleasure in your deference."

Inbreeding and cannibalism are culturally normative among Chauchua tribes, which all exist according to hierarchies established by power display and violence. There is no concept of positive social debt or negotiation: "If I share my food with you during this time of want, you ought to do a favor for me later." In its place exists a network of threats, expressed with a richly nuanced vocabulary of abuse. Chauchua don't have friends; they have favorite slaves. Kindness is a perversion. Even the weak currying favor from the strong is an alien concept, since it's presumed that the strong simply take what they want without waiting for it to be offered. Weak Chauchua are abused as a matter of course by strong Chauchua, in ever-shifting patterns of allegiance and relative status. At the top are their malevolent deities, who are owed not loyalty, but terrified obedience.

All Chauchua are expected to dominate, betray, and manipulate outsiders, an expectation often facilitated by a keen understanding of the "weaknesses" of compassion-based cultures.

A Brief Primer on Myanmar

Myanmar—For All Agents

Myanmar (formerly Burma) is a nation in Asia that borders Thailand, China, Laos, India, and Bangladesh. Formerly a British colony, it became independent in 1948 and was taken over by a military coup in 1962. Since that time, civil wars and insurrections have been a prominent feature of the nation's history, including religious conflicts (Christian and Muslim), and ethnic conflicts (Rohingya, Han, Bamar, Karen and Shan), as well as uprisings by politicized armed groups that form at intersections of those issues and others.

OPERATION TIGER ISLAND took place in Shan, one of the fourteen states in Myanmar. The most prominent non-governmental armed actors in Shan are (1) the Shan State Army—North (SSA-N), a Shan national insurgent group, (2) the Shan State Army—South (SSA-S), and (3) the United Wa State Army (UWSA).

The SSA-S seeks to create an independent Shan state on the border with Thailand. The SSA-N theoretically wants the same thing, but has been more conciliatory towards the government, with some brigades even agreeing briefly to work as border guards.

The UWSA claim their territory as "Wa State" inside Shan State, independent of Shan but still subordinate to Myanmar. Though the government has not recognized Wa's independence, neither has drastic action been taken to suppress them, and the UWSA has allied with official Burmese armed forces against the two SSAs. All this makes more sense if you understand that the UWSA is the largest opium producer in Southeast Asia.

Location TI-19

TI-19—For All Agents

The village in Myanmar's eastern Shan state lies between the Salween and Teng rivers. It has one recognized beer vendor, about 200 homes, maybe a thousand residents, and no electricity. It has a small garrison of Burmese army soldiers. Location TI-19's main function is agricultural—growing rice, some for sale, most at a subsistence level. Authorities turn a blind eye to a modest degree of opium growth in the area.

The terrain plunges from rounded hills into deep, wet valleys, thickly forested with bamboo and pine. As the altitude increases, the trees thin out. This is particularly true of Location TI-20, which appears unusually barren and sharp-topped in comparison to other hills in the region.

TOP SECRET

"THE STAR CHAMBER" PLAYTESTERS: Jeff Carefoot with Briony, Janis, Kyle, Matt, and Shane; Michael Caughey with Lauren Clark, Sean Cooper, Kevin Eckert, Jennifer Howells, and Alexis Reedy; Emily Curtis with Jeff, Jubbs, Matt, Samantha, and Tyler; Steve Dempsey with Steve Ellis, Simon Hibbs, Dave Pickston, and Simon Rogers; Gus Díaz with Luis Gonzalo Arias, Pedro Marcos Barrilero, Joaquín Ángel Díaz, and Joaquín Sáez; Stuart Dollar with Jim Barrows, Alex Marhenke, and Seth Wiggins; Mike Drew with Ed Alexander, Adam Tuck, and Al Whitmarsh; Haggai Elkayam with Nadav Angel, Yuval Butbul, and Amit Wertheimer; Enrique Esturillo Cano with Julia Álvarez Boado, Pablo Valcárcel Castro, Pablo de Manuel Martín, and María Rubio Méndez; Claes Gerleman with David Bothén, Aron Brehmer, Johan Jonsson, Jonas Linde, and Robert Spjern; Allan Goodall with Logan Carpenter, Jason Gallagher, Alana Goodall, and Mark Miller; Marissa Harris with Mike Glew, Rebecca Plush, Sarah Plush, Chris Ritchie, and Petra Shaw; Andrew Harshman with Elayne Britain, Russell A. Daggett, Daniel Griffis, and Gregory Moody; Kukka-Maaria "SpacedOut" Hautamäki with Mikko "Heiskanen" Heiskanen, Maija "Muumion kirous" Nevala, Valtteri "Waltro" Niskavaara, Riutta, and Muodin Suursafiiri; Jason Janicki with Joshua Hatfield, Brian Holychuk, Johnathon Leclerc, Joe Long, Gabriel Stroe, and Jacob Tincknell; Sam Johnson with Chad Brown, John Karnay, David Beau Paul, and Jeff Toney; Torbjörn Johnson with Kristofer Johnson, Peter Johansson, Daniel Kindbom, and Jacob Nisser; John Kennon with Paul Looby and Alan O'Dea; Khazou with Isa Catalane, DarthRevan, Hellgringo, and Schloum; Hyades with Agent Catdog, Agent Deep_Flow, and Agent Greifin; Tony Marchi with Devrick, Drako, and Tony; Nick Meredith with Adrian Brooks, and Neil Mason; Jeremiah Monk with Elizabeth Deatrick and Olivia Nichols; Sean Murphy with Matthew Darrah, Sarah Fowler, Eric Loren, Jeff Messina, and Elizabeth Murphy; Dave von Nearing with Aaron, Adam, and "D."; Houston Newman with Kayley Flanegin, Chas Ramsey, and Joshua Winton; Adam Sal North and friends; Megan Peterson with John T. d'Auteuil, Zachary Kline, Phil Tillsley, Aser Tolentino, and Brian Wille; Nikica Pukšić with Filip Cerovečki, Tomislav Ivek, Ivan Jurić, Ivan Novosel, and Ivan Vrtarić; Damon Wilson with Brian Gracey, Matt Hunt, Kelly Morris, Paul Smith, and Scott Vigil.

// Observer Effect //

"I…hear the music," she says,
fumbling for words, stricken.
"I see the throne of God!"

Observer Effect

Written by Shane Ivey

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Introduction

If we look too deeply into the roiling chaos of reality, chaos may look back.

The Olympian Holobeam Array, funded in part by the U.S. Department of Energy, was built to evaluate a strange theory of physics: the "holographic principle," an idea that the three-dimensional universe is a sort of holographic reflection of the two-dimensional "surface" reality of the cosmological horizon—that space and matter are merely illusory projections from the boundaries of the universe. Past attempts to find physical evidence for the theory have failed. This attempt uses technologies that the others lacked.

A few hours ago, the Holobeam Array went online. A few minutes ago, the Array went offline in a catastrophic power surge. Its engineers soon restored power and communications. Its lead researcher said everything was fine. Delta Green had reason to suspect otherwise. It immediately pulled strings to launch an emergency inspection, sending the players' Agents to investigate, under cover of the Department of Energy. The Agents have no idea what they'll find when they reach the Array.

"Observer Effect" is likely to take two game sessions to play. The first will introduce the Agents to the scenario and probably cover their research into the Array, their arrival at the Array and interviews with its staff, and unnatural incursions leading to catastrophe. The second session will probably cover their "awakening" in a new iteration

LASER IN USE

and their efforts to stave off catastrophe again as it comes quicker and quicker and they remember more and more.

The scenario can be played with whatever Agents the players wish. It assumes that the Agents are members of the official Delta Green program, but can easily be adapted to Agents of the illegal conspiracy. Either way, they'd do well to have at least one Agent skilled in **HUMINT** and accustomed to conducting interviews. There is one pregenerated Agent, a Department of Energy inspector, who can be a player's Agent or an NPC (see **INSPECTOR HUA** on page 197).

The Agents are all presently in the American Midwest, whether based there or on a temporary assignment.

Iteration One

A few hours before this adventure begins, some of Delta Green's leaders—who'll remain unnamed here—experienced a troubling occurrence. They found notes in their own handwriting about an "unnatural" incursion at the Olympian Holobeam Array outside Chicago.

The notes indicated frantic, confused calls from the Array: an unexpected energy surge, terrible visions, and sudden violent insanity. The notes mentioned Delta Green agents, including at least one of the players' Agents and a case officer who goes by the pseudonym Eve Carpenter.

The leaders had no memory of the calls or of making those notes. Delta Green had not sent any agents to the Array. What it all meant, they didn't know. But if there's an incursion of the unnatural, it must be stopped. And if an unnatural paradox is to be avoided, the players' Agents must be the ones to do it. After all, they have already been exposed.

Delta Green's leaders decided that the players' Agents must not be told that the warnings apparently came from the Agents, at precisely 10:00 a.m., when the Agents themselves were wracked with horror.

Iterations of Reality

Delta Green received the alert from the Agents themselves in a previous iteration of this crisis; think of it as Iteration Zero. The Agents "awakened" at 10:00 that morning, shrieking with uneven memories of horror—or, perhaps, echoes of awareness from another reality. Those half-recalled horrors occurred in an iteration before that—Iteration –1, perhaps—when the Agents were sent to the Array after alarmed calls of supernatural incursions caught Delta Green's attention. Iteration One is therefore the first that the Agents remember, but the third they have experienced. Two prior, adjacent realities were devoured by Azathoth made manifest. If the Agents are unlucky, they may learn all of this before the end.

ITERATION –1: The Agents arrive at the Array at night, after Delta Green received word of a possible unnatural incursion in progress. By the time they arrive, it is too late. Everyone at the facility has gone insane, and at 22:03:37 hours, everyone in the facility reaches an imperfect but catastrophic communion with Azathoth. This experience has repercussions for versions of those individuals, agents and Array staffers alike, across other iterations of reality. They become unconsciously attuned to the connection that the Array facilitates with the Daemon Sultan.

ITERATION 0: At 10:00 a.m., when the Array starts up, the Agents begin screaming with partial "memories" of what happened in Iteration –1. They report what they know to Delta Green. Delta Green sends them to the Array. But it all goes wrong, and at 22:03:37, everyone in the facility reaches an imperfect communion with Azathoth.

ITERATION 1: Play begins here. At 10:00 a.m., when the Array starts up, the Agents begin screaming with powerfully suppressed "memories" of what happened in Iteration 0. Some of Delta Green's leaders record unconscious "memories" of the reports they received from the Agents in the previous iteration. Delta Green contacts the Agents at 11:00. They have a briefing at 15:00, depart for the Array at 16:00, arrive at 17:00, and begin their investigation. In all likelihood, at 22:03:37, everyone in the facility reaches an imperfect communion with Azathoth.

ITERATION 2: At 18:46:16—the first "pulse" of connection with Azathoth that occurred while the Agents were on site—the Agents wake up shrieking with "memories" of what happened in Iteration 1. Unless they stop it, at 22:03:37, everyone in the facility reaches an imperfect communion with Azathoth.

ITERATION 3: At 20:57: 50—nearer to the point of no return—the Agents wake up shrieking as reality resets. Unless they stop it, at 22:03:37, everyone in the facility reaches perfect communion with Azathoth.

ITERATION 4: Singularity. Perfect communion with Azathoth, over and over, throughout untold iterations of reality.

Timeline—Iteration One

Due to a fluke in its design, the Array is facilitating an accumulation of psychic energy. At 10:03 p.m., all that energy will spill out in an imperfect communion with the primal, chaotic force that lurks at the heart of reality. When that happens, reality "resets," and another iteration of reality is created, this one closer to perfect communion at 10:03 p.m. After that, reality will reset hours further along the timeline. Eventually the "reset" and the communion will be simultaneous, one undifferentiated catastrophe.

Iteration 1 begins at 10:00 a.m.

10:00:00 — The Olypmpian Holobeam Array is activated. The Agents suffer the aftershocks of mostly-forgotten horrors (see **THE AGENTS**). Delta Green's leaders receive indications of an unnatural incursion at the Array. They hurriedly activate Operation OBSERVER EFFECT and order the Agents to a briefing in Chicago.

15:00:00 — The Agents meet for a briefing in Chicago (see **THE BRIEFING** on page 171).

15:28:55 —The Array goes offline in an unexpected power surge. Power is soon restored, but there are strange effects. Researcher Helen Klinger vanishes, engineer Ishi Takagawa collapses into a coma, and other Array staffers unconsciously show symptoms of repressed trauma.

16:00:00 —The reactivated Array resumes data collection. About this time, the Agents begin driving to the Array (see **THE COMMUTE** on page 173).

ABOUT 17:00:00 — The Agents arrive at the Array (see page 174).

18:46:16 — Dr. Takagawa awakens (see page 187).

19:52:03 — Dr. Klinger reappears (see page 188).

20:57:50 — Dr. Klinger vanishes again, reappears, and begins mercy-killing everyone she can reach (see page 189).

22:03:37 — Azathoth extrudes into this reality (see page 190). Reality resets, and Iteration Two begins (see page 190).

Unless the Agents find a way to stop it.

The Agents

It's a Tuesday morning, 10:00 a.m. Central Time. The Agents are not together; they're in their separate, everyday lives. Go around the table and have the players describe what their Agents are doing. Are the Agents at work? What kind of work are they doing? Are they at home? Who are they with? Feature each Agent's Bonds in some way.

When every player has described this ordinary moment, describe how it's interrupted when their Agents, wherever they are, start screaming.

Every Agent loses 1/1D6 SAN. They don't know it yet, but somewhere, in some other, forgotten reality, the Agents faced catastrophe.

Whatever caused the terror—we can think of it as Iteration Zero—is swiftly vanishing from memory like a nightmare. An Agent who did not go temporarily insane can deliberately try to remember details. If the players don't think of that, tell them—and tell them that remembering feels like a *bad idea*. (Unlike Delta Green's leaders or anyone else in this reset reality, the Agents are close enough to the truth to recall it if they try.)

If Agents push to remember, one may recall a hint of bone-jarring sound, like a pulsing thunder that shook the

IF THE AGENTS CAN'T OR WON'T RESPOND

If the opening **SAN** loss is enough to make an Agent refuse to go to the briefing, or if the Agent is disabled by the repercussions of the **SAN** loss, let that player play Inspector Hua or another Agent instead. The replacement Agents are at the briefing.

Any Agent who joins in the operation, it turns out, also suffered the traumatic **SAN** loss of 10:00 but decided to answer the call.

Agent down to the molecules. Another may recall screaming horrified into a phone. Another may recall a deep, perfect blackness that slowly begins to resolve into indistinct writhing shapes. The glimpses sound innocuous, but the sense of horror is far deeper. The Agent loses another 0/1D4 **SAN**, and failing that **SAN** test adds one point to the Agent's **Unnatural** skill rating.

How does this play out? If an Agent goes temporarily insane, anyone who's with the Agent might assume it's a sudden PTSD flashback from one of those secret "war on terror" assignments the Agent sometimes receives. An Agent at work may be sent home, or may be referred, forcefully, to a psychiatrist to determine whether he or she can handle the stress of the job. An Agent who breaks down violently may be placed on involuntary leave or may be terminated or subject to prosecution. The repercussions do not interfere with the Agent's responsibilities to Delta Green, only his or her utility.

If the Agent is with a Bond, an explosion of insanity causes an immediate rift unless the Agent calms things down afterward with a **CHA** test. Failure costs the Bond 1D4 points, or 4 with a fumble; success keeps the Bond intact; a critical success strengthens the Bond by 1 (up to the Agent's **CHA**) in the aftermath, as the subject of the Bond helps the Agent recover.

If an Agent doesn't go insane, the repercussions are up to you. It's obvious to witnesses that the Agent had some kind of panic attack. If the Agent wants to pretend it was not serious, that requires a **Persuade** test. If that fails, the witnesses still believe it was real and know that the Agent just tried to lie about it.

The Briefing

An hour later, about 11:00 Central Time, each Agent is contacted by a control officer. This innocuous communication looks meaningless to eavesdroppers. It may look like an unwanted sales call, a wrong number, or a spam email or text. But the Agent recognizes it. It communicates the time and place of a meeting: 15:00 in a downtown Chicago office building that's secretly owned by the FBI. It's Delta Green, and the mission is calling. The Agents have to go.

The briefing is at short notice. Agents in other parts of the country must scramble to make excuses with their jobs and families and get on the next flight to Chicago. If you're keeping track of money, that's a Standard expense that must be paid with the Agent's own money. If one of the Agents lives more than four hours away from Chicago, come up with some reason for the Agent to be nearer. Perhaps he or she is on an assignment nearby. Or a family vacation.

Within a few hours, they've gathered in a tightly-secured conference room in Chicago. One of them is Inspector Hua with the DOE, a stranger to the other Agents.

[redacted]
Administra
and Spac
Washington,
Dear [redacted]

Hua had the same brush with insanity this morning as the rest of them.

Do they compare notes about the morning's trauma? Realizing all had the same breakdown at the same time costs each 0/1 **SAN**.

Do they deliberately try to remember and share the forgotten source of the trauma? That awakens memories of the terrible bone-jarring sound—and, further, a shrieking noise that was so high and piercing as to be barely audible. That costs each another 0/1 **SAN**.

If the meeting devolves into an argument, the case officer's arrival interrupts it.

The case officer today is not their usual control officer. She is a graying, middle-aged, limping, former agent who calls herself Eve Carpenter. She has the tired eyes of an agent who's seen too much, even if she's only hearing about it second-hand these days.

Carpenter doesn't know about the Agents' bizarre traumas this morning. If asked about them, she says she'll run it up the chain for advice. In the meantime, she has the Agents' objective.

Objective

Carpenter says the Agents' destination is the Olympian Holobeam Array. It's a new, high-tech physics lab in the suburbs of Chicago, not far from Fermilab, run by a handful of academic researchers from MIT and the University of Chicago. It is funded by the U.S. Department of Energy's Office of Science and a private consortium of donors and venture capital firms, most notably Olympian Advances, Inc.

The Array's website says it's built to study the theory that space itself is a sort of three-dimensional hologram cast on a two-dimensional surface. Carpenter cannot explain that idea any further.

The Program (Carpenter says only "the Program," and she silences anyone who begins to say the words "Delta Green") has determined that the Array secretly uses technology derived from Air Force research programs defunded years ago. The Air Force projects were too dangerous to continue and were terminated—but during that process, certain elements were reclassified, privatized, and sold to some of the same donors who sponsor the Array. The Program has an interest in that technology.

At 10:00 today, the Array went online for the first time.

The history of the Array's technology and certain *other* anomalies indicate an incursion of unnatural forces at the Olympian Holobeam Array. The Agents must go to the Array, isolate it by shutting down its communications with the outside world (including cell phones), and stop the incursion.

If the Agents ask Carpenter for details on those "other" anomalies, she says she does not know. An Agent who succeeds at a **HUMINT** test senses that's not true, and that Carpenter finds the truth enormously troubling. She cannot yet be made to admit that, and she only grows alarmed if the Agents break protocol by pressing her on it.

(Later in the operation, if the Agents grow desperate and successfully press her for details, she may reveal that the "anomalies" were apparently reports from the Array sent by the Agents themselves. If they have reason to believe that, it costs the Agents 1/1D4 **SAN**.)

As the briefing is ending, Carpenter gets a call. She listens for a moment and then hangs up. She says that an unexpected power surge at the Array shut down its power a few minutes ago. She does not know how or why. She wishes the Agents good luck.

Make sure the players know their **STANDING ORDERS**. (See page 204.)

Assets

CREDENTIALS: The Agents have clearance under the cover of an inspection team for the Department of Energy tasked with reviewing the site and its records for wrongdoing. There may be specific documents or pieces of technology in the facility that this clearance does not cover. The Agents will have to make do.

These cover identities were constructed in a hurry, borrowing names and employee numbers of retired or deceased DOE employees. They won't stand up to sustained investigation.

CLASSIFICATION: The Program has pulled strings in the DOE to classify the investigation ("Operation OBSERVER EFFECT") such that no real DOE agent can come near it without risking prison, let alone police or private citizens—only the Agents under their false identities. Carpenter warns that if an emergency at the site attracts first responders, there's no telling whether they will obey that restriction.

TRANSPORTATION: The Agents have an unmarked DOE-issued sedan and an unmarked DOE-issued cargo van. In the car trunk, they find DOE service pistols (.40 semi-automatic; 1D10 damage) with three extra magazines each, issued with licenses in the names of their cover identities, and two handheld Geiger counters. If one of the Agents is a doctor, the car trunk also has a medical bag with an electronic personal dosimeter, a first aid kit, and medicines for radiation poisoning (potassium iodide, Prussian blue capsules, DTPA with IV bags and nebulizer, filgrastim with syringes). The Array is not supposed to have dangerous sources of radiation. Delta Green wants the Agents to be able to protect themselves if they find something strange.

COMMUNICATION: Carpenter gives one of the Agents a cheap burner cellphone that they can use to contact her if necessary. The number of the burner phone where she can be reached is programmed in. They're to destroy the phone after the operation.

The Investigation

Once the Agents set out for the Array, they have limited time to discover what's happened, try to stop the incursion, and salvage technology. As a rule of thumb, it takes 30 minutes to conduct an interview, search a room, examine a crime scene or a body, collate and compare notes, and so on.

The Agents can begin their investigation during the commute to the Array. Once they arrive, they can interview guards (Gonzales and Henson), researchers (Campbell, Black, and eventually Klinger), engineers (Kozak and eventually Takagawa) who maintain the unique technology of the Atrium, and the information technology specialist (Tsang) who maintains the extraordinary computer that powers the experiment (nicknamed "Dee"). Strange, increasingly deadly things will happen along the way, putting pressure on the Agents to figure things out, while disasters build around them.

The Commute, 16:00

It's about an hour-long drive from Chicago to the Olympian Holobeam Array. (If the Agents wrap up the briefing much earlier, have the drive take a little longer. They should reach the Array about 17:00.)

Agents who aren't driving can practice cover identities, help a driver practice a cover identity, or go online and research the Array or Olympian Advances, Inc. Each effort takes 30 minutes.

REHEARSAL: An Agent can spend the time practicing a cover identity. Tell players it's an option if they don't think of it. Taking this extra time gives a +20% bonus to the next **CHA** or **Persuade** test that relies on the false ID.

RESEARCHING THE HOLOBEAM ARRAY: A character can research the Array online on newspaper, academic, professional, or fringe science sites, or by calling a few people in the know. This doesn't require a roll, only an **INT** of at least 13. The researcher learns the names of the researchers and engineers assigned to the project, and basic backgrounds; see **HOLOBEAM ARRAY ORGANIZATION** on page 199 and **SUPPORT STAFF BACKGROUND SUMMARIES** on page 200. The Array was built two years ago by Olympian Advances.

If the researcher has **Science (Physics)** 20%, it's clear that the Array is run with a skeleton crew. There are far fewer staff than one would expect, mostly high-ranking experts, without a single intern to do the drudge-work.

A researcher who has **Science (Physics)** 40% also pieces together that the lead researcher, Dr. Jamie Campbell of MIT, has a reputation of being a crackpot. But she has an extensive history of projects affiliated with the Air Force, and over the years, she has garnered massive, extraordinary support from private-sector underwriters, including Olympian Advances.

A researcher with **Bureaucracy** 40% learns that the current research and engineering team at the Array were directly involved in its construction.

A researcher who succeeds at a **Bureaucracy** test can get a scan of blueprints that were registered with the county. (Let the players see the maps on page 175.)

THE POWER SURGE: The Array gets power from an industrial-strength line from ConEdison. An Agent who calls the power company can learn that there was no outside power surge. Whatever overloaded the Array, it came from the facility itself. No one at the Array has called ConEd to report trouble with the line. ConEd's representative declines to speculate as to what may have happened.

RESEARCHING OLYMPIAN ADVANCES: Any web search learns that Olympian is a privately held corporation with extensive ties to the U.S. military and to fellow USAF contractors like Boeing and Lockheed-Martin. It is a subsidiary of a much larger and much more secretive company, March Technologies, Inc., which seems to mainly deal in computers and flight navigation. (March Technologies is detailed in the book *Delta Green: Eyes Only*, but the players aren't likely to learn anything more about it here.)

In addition, a researcher with **INT** 13, **Military Science (Air)** 20%, or **Military Science (Land or Sea)** 40% finds that Olympian's founder, chairman, and majority shareholder is Curtis Schenk, a 74-year-old retired U.S. Air Force lieutenant general. Schenk is best known for being one of the most highly-decorated fighter pilots of the Vietnam era. His postings between 1980 and 2004 are all classified and highly restricted.

If the Agent wants to keep digging around in less well-known forums and databases, it requires a **Military Science (any)**, **Bureaucracy**, or **Accounting** test. If that succeeds, the Agent also learns that Schenk's postings were likely related to stealth technology, the Strategic Defense Initiative, and SDI spinoff programs attempting to weaponize lasers and particle beams. In 2004, alleged by some to have quietly "liberated" key data from the military research projects he'd overseen, Schenk founded Olympian Advances and retired from the Air Force. As a Defense Department contractor, he continued to find applications for the same research he'd pursued in the USAF, but at fantastic profit margins.

That is very sensitive information, and seeking it triggers alerts in very secret databases. Schenk has close ties to Delta Green, as well as dangerous secrets to keep. Whether the test succeeds or fails, the Agent gets a call from Carpenter.

"*Knock it off*," she says, without explanation. Her voice sounds extremely anxious and gun-to-her-head serious. "*Now. Immediately. That comes from the top.*" Then she hangs up.

Clearly she hopes that's enough to warn the Agent off. If it doesn't, we'll leave the long-term repercussions for the Handler to determine in later operations.

HACKING: A player may want to hack into the Array's computers on the ride over. An Agent who has both **Science (Physics)** 30% and **Computer Science** 50% can get access to the servers of the University of Chicago, which owns the land and facility that hosts the Array. (Maybe the Agent knows a physicist there who gives a password.) That's enough to determine that the Array's computer system is air-gapped, not physically connected to the university's or to the Internet. That isolation indicates an unusual degree of security for such an academic project.

The Facility

The Olympian Holobeam Array sits by itself in the heart of a sixteen-acre woodland park, on semi-rural county land, outside the nearest city limits. An unlabeled driveway leads into the woods past a sign that says "Authorized Personnel Only."

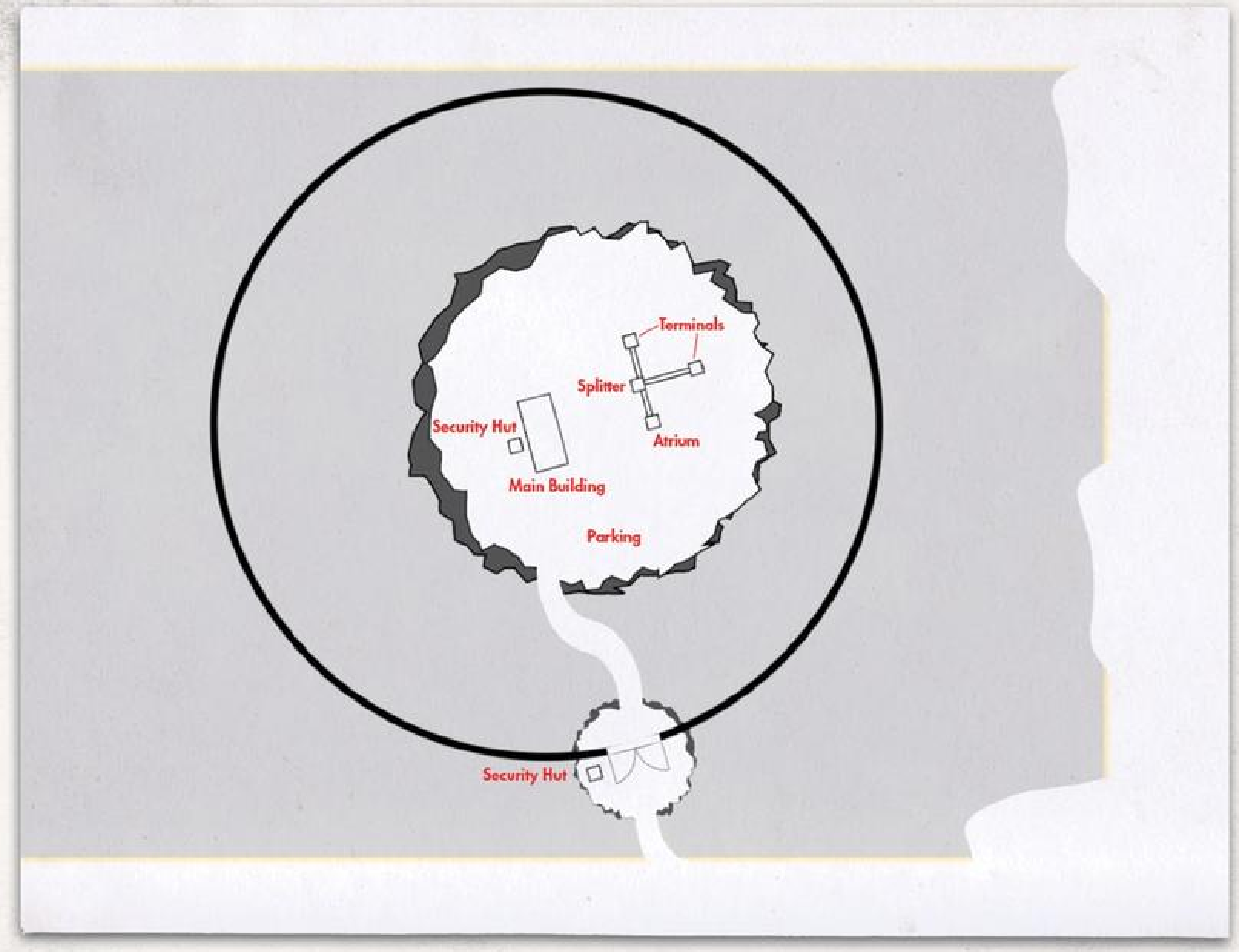
Beyond the first warning sign, the road winds back and forth through the woods for about a hundred meters until it stops at a stout, solid steel gate. The gate, too, is unlabeled but for another "Authorized Personnel Only" sign.

On either side of the gate, a thick concrete wall stretches out into the woods, surrounding the eight acres of the facility proper.

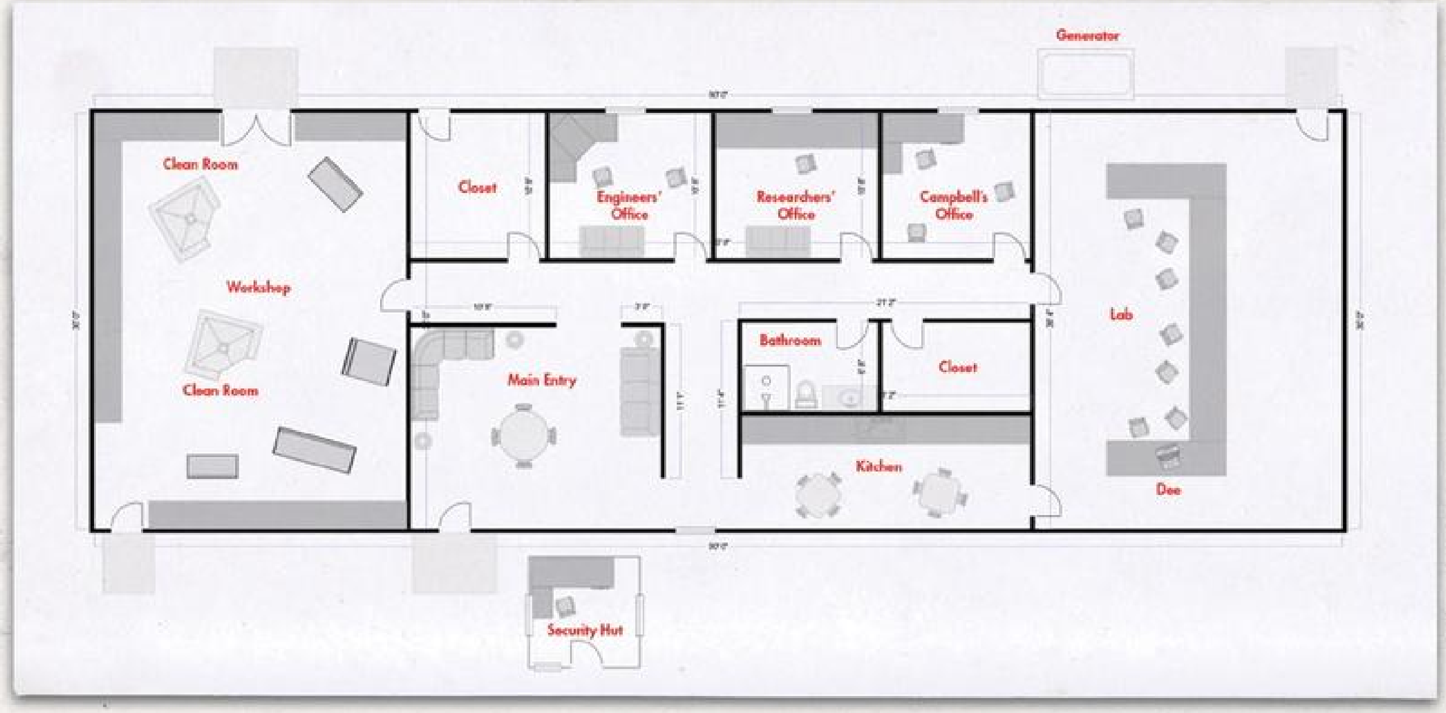
Beyond the gates, a short drive through the woods leads to a wide clearing and the Array itself. The Array is a cluster of plain concrete buildings and an intersecting set of 20-meter-long tubes. The road from the gate ends at a small, gravel parking lot outside the largest building. Security cameras are everywhere.

The Array is composed of one main building; an attached storage building with a workshop; a long concrete hut, called "the Atrium," that houses the laser array; a twenty-meter-long tube a meter thick that leads from the Atrium to a smaller concrete hut that houses a splitter and a photodiode sensor that measures interference patterns in the lasers, and records data in the Array's computer system; a pair of twenty-meter-long tubes a meter thick that lead from the splitter to concrete terminal huts, housing mirrors.

The main building houses an entry room with two sofas, a large lab with half a dozen workstations and large screens on the walls, an office for the project's lead researcher, an office that's shared by the other two researchers, an office that's shared by the project's engineers,


Terminals
Splitter
Security Hut
Atrium
Main Building
Parking
Security Hut

Array Grounds


Generator
Clean Room
Closet
Engineers' Office
Researchers' Office
Campbell's Office
Workshop
Lab
Clean Room
Main Entry
Bathroom
Closet
Kitchen
Dee
Security Hut

Main Building

a kitchen with small dining tables, one bathroom, two closets, an attached workshop that doubles as a storage chamber, and an attached guard hut next to the front door. A wifi router in the lab serves personal computers and mobile devices. The computers used for the Array's work are not connected to the wifi network nor to the Internet.

The workshop holds two portable clean rooms and a dozen cleanroom suits, along with precise machining tools and spare parts for the Atrium and the huts.

A large, gasoline-powered generator stands beneath a hood on concrete adjacent to the main building, ready to provide power to lights and the fire-suppression system if the main power fails. It kicked in when the power surged and failed earlier. Its tank has enough fuel to burn the whole place to the ground.

The Gatehouse

An external security hut stands outside the concrete wall. It is equipped with a landline telephone and half a dozen small video monitors (for watching feeds from the Array's security cameras). The phone connects to the lead researcher's office, the research room, and the guard hut at the main building; it does not access outside lines. At night, the gatehouse is lit only in dim red light to accommodate night vision. The guard's car is parked beyond the wall in a patch of gravel.

In the gatehouse, a professional, friendly, sharp-eyed guard is on duty. He wears the khaki uniform and tan Stetson hat of the Breckenridge Corporation, a private security service that protects many high-value, low-profile, top-secret government contractors. It has close ties to Olympian Advances.

The guard—Officer Henry Gonzales, a fit Hispanic man in his forties, ex-Army Ranger—comes out and collects ID cards for checking in the gatehouse. He won't say the name of the facility, but if a visitor specifically asks if they've reached the Olympian Holobeam Array, he says yes. An **Alertness** test notices artfully obscured cameras that film the vehicle from all angles. The guard returns and confirms that the Agents' arrival has been cleared with the Array. The gate slides open.

Gonzales says nothing further to the Agents and certainly does not let them inspect anything unless he has permission from Dr. Campbell. His body language clearly

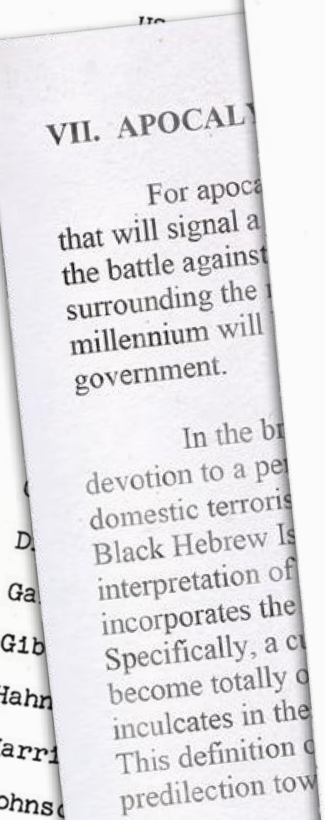
Emergency Response

The semi-rural streets around the Array have many trees and few buildings. Gunshots inside the thick wall won't draw attention unless emergency crews have already set a perimeter. (Of course, bullet holes can be hard to explain if forensics experts start going over everything later.)

If there's smoke from a substantial fire in the facility, however, fire trucks and/or deputies (the Array is on unincorporated county land) race toward it. They'll arrive in stages, every 3D6 minutes: a police car first, then more police cars, then an ambulance and fire crews.

Agent Carpenter pulls strings to have the DOE ask the first-responders to stay clear, saying it's restricted federal government property (specifically owned by the U.S. Air Force) suffering a possible radiation leak, and a response team is already on site. That doesn't sit very well with the first responders. If they hear screams, sustained gunfire, or explosions, six deputies borrow ladders from the firefighters and go over the wall. Dozens of deputies and police from neighboring jurisdictions come running. They start arriving within another 3D6 minutes. Unless the Agents manage to calm things down hard and fast, they keep coming until the scene is on international news. If it turns into a protracted fire fight, the police withdraw and hold the perimeter. A heavily-armed SWAT team arrives after 1D4 hours to deal with the situation.

The patrol deputies have about the same stats as the Array's security guards (see page 195), but they carry real handcuffs, they don't have night-vision goggles, they wear reinforced Kevlar (Armor 4), and they have AR-15 semi-automatic carbines (Base Range 100 m., Damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3) in their cars. And of course they do not suffer from the same loss of **WP** and **SAN**.



VII. APOCAL

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indicates that he's prepared to fight if the Agents try to force him to cooperate.

WHAT GONZALES HEARD: If the Agents ask Gonzales about the power surge, he says he heard a crack like distant thunder from the center of the Array. That's all; in fact, he was distant enough from the Array to sense less of the incursion than the other staffers. An Agent with a **Science** skill like Physics or Meteorology, or a **Craft** skill dealing with electrical power, at 30% realizes that the thunder is strange. A power surge should not have caused that kind of noise unless there were transformers blowing out, which was not the case. Gonzales' story is not exactly correct, but nothing can shake his faulty recollection. He is in deep denial, his brain rewriting the traumatic memory to fit the narrative that should have been.

THE VIDEO FEED: The computer in the gatehouse, like the one in the main building's guard hut, has grainy video recorded from all over the Array for the past 72 hours. The guards have not reviewed it today. They allow the Agents to review the footage if they are convinced the Agents have a valid reason to be inspecting the premises—if the guards are otherwise cooperating, in other words. Otherwise, the Agents must find their own way to get access.

There's nothing notable about the video files up until 10:00:00, the moment the Array was activated. At 10:00:00, the video is static for a few seconds. If a player asks, or if an Agent viewing them has **Computer Science** 30%, the static stands out as strange. If there were no signal there should be no image, or blank frames. Static means electromagnetic interference. But there was nothing strange happening at that time.

Until 14:23:08, the video shows the Array staffers at work. The researchers spend their time in the lab or in their offices. The engineers spend their time in the lab, in their office, or in the Atrium inspecting the machinery. The IT specialist spends hours in the lab, obsessively watching a single computer screen and occasionally typing.

The video feed turns to static for a few seconds at a time at 11:05:47, 12:11:34, 13:17:21, and 14:23:08.

At 15:28:55, the feed goes to black—the power surge knocked out the cameras along with other non-essential electronics—but the black screen shows the same static or interference for a few seconds.

At 15:50:58, the video feed resumes as power returns. From that time onward, Dr. Takagawa remains in the engineers' office, lying asleep or unconscious on a sofa, and Dr. Klinger is entirely absent.

There are another few seconds of interference at 16:34:42, shortly before the Agents arrived.

If the Agents think to review the feed for interference after that, they find it at 17:40:29, 18:46:16, 19:52:03, and 20:57:50. It will do the same at 22:03:37, but the Agents may be too distracted to notice.

Either of the guards can say that at midnight each day, the computer system uploads the day's video files to offsite servers owned by Breckenridge and Olympian Advances, and then deletes them from the local system. It then begins collecting a new feed for the day. Until midnight, each day's video files are stored on the computer in the guard hut at the main building. The Agents could easily erase them there—although the guards will try (without resorting to lethal force) to stop that.

The Security Hut

A guard hut is connected to the main building, next to the front door. It has a bank of video screens; a monitor and keyboard to connect to the central computer in the facility, which has security software to record security video and log fire alarms and other alerts; and a landline phone that connects only to the lead researcher's office, the research room, the gatehouse, and the Breckenridge supervisor at the company's regional headquarters in Chicago.

The guard hut's computer has access to the same video feed as the gatehouse.

A polite but alert guard, Officer Karen Henson (a former Chicago police officer), is on duty. She checks IDs again before allowing the Agents into the main building. Like Gonzales, she offers no other cooperation unless Dr. Campbell says so.

WHAT HENSON SAW: If the Agents ask Henson about the power surge, she says she heard a crack like thunder and a white electrical flash. But if a player says his or her Agent is paying close attention to Henson's body language, or if the Agent has **HUMINT** 50%, they sense that Henson is nervously holding something back.

If pressed, Henson is surprised. She didn't realize she was holding back. At first, she refuses to admit it. But she admits the light was more blue-white than pure white, a strange color—and so bright that it seemed to come from all around, not just from the middle of the Array.

The Main Building

Other than the supercomputer, "Dee," the most interesting part of the main building is the office shared by researchers Dr. Klinger and Dr. Black. Klinger's desk is orderly and spare; it hardly gets used, except as a surface for her laptop. Black's desk is a pile of scribbled notes and overstuffed folders.

Buried at the bottom of a trash bin near Black's desk are folders with photocopies from old books, including books on occultism and fringe physics theories: quantum physics, string theory, branes, the possibility of intelligences outside physical reality as humans experience it. It hints at conclusions that are nonsense to anyone with **Science (Physics)** at 40% or greater.

On a sticky note Black has scrawled a note: "*Beyond spacetime or SOURCE spacetime??*" On another: "*Flutes, drums—high energy, low energy—what does that really represent?*" On another: "*Dee—patterns—awareness—########?*" The final word has been vigorously scratched out. See the notes on page 201.

Dr. Campbell's office has a computer that's password-protected, but a cursory search (no skill required, just a few minutes' effort) finds the password on a note taped under the keyboard. The computer contains personnel records for the Array staff, including medical records which they agreed to share as a condition of employment. The fact that she has the medical records is more interesting than the records themselves; it indicates the powerful grip that the Array has on its employees. The Array staffers are all in good health with no significant physical or psychological impairments.

The Atrium

The Atrium, a concrete building about four meters wide by twenty meters long by three meters high, houses the laser array itself. The laser array is a long machine about waist high; its beams emit into the tube at the far end of the building. The Atrium is cramped with complex electronics and thick power cables running along the walls. Underground cables link it to the main building.

The Atrium houses an array of ultraviolet xenon lasers enclosed in a plain metal casing. The Array's researchers and engineers love this machine as deeply as the IT specialist loves the project's computer.

Like the computer system, the laser array was custom-built by Olympian Advances based on USAF research and is restricted to individuals with Top Secret clearance and specific codeword access to these devices.

The Agents lack specific clearance for the laser system—they're cleared for the Array as a whole, not specifically for the laser or the computer. They are legally allowed only to look at the plain metal casing, not to inspect it or learn about the lasers more closely.

If the Agents open the housing for a closer look, the researchers and engineers come running and shouting their objections. They warn that opening the housing may expose the system to interference that could ruin their data and require hours of cleaning and recalibration. The laser and the individual mirror huts must be entered only after passing through a clean room to remove dust and debris.

What the Agents see beneath the housing depends on their expertise. An Agent with 30% in a **Science** or **Craft** skill dealing with physics or lasers recognizes that the lasers are far more precise and sensitive than the Array needs for its putative experiment. Focused magnetic fields isolate them completely from external interference such as doors closing, traffic passing, and wind blowing. Indeed, they're more precise than anything even known to the public.

An Agent with 60% in an appropriate skill realizes that the technology in the lasers is—*wrong*. The power converters, optics, mirrors, amplifiers—all are in the right places, but built of materials more precise and efficient than anything the expert knows.

Skill at 70% realizes that those materials should simply not work at all; **SAN** cost: 0/1.

The Atrium has high-capacity power fuses to cope with an overload. Evan Kozak replaced them when the power surged. Looking at the old fuses confirms that there was a power surge at the facility.

AN ANGRY RESPONSE

The Array's researchers and engineers are at the top of their field. Most of their work has been so secret that they have little professional reputation, but they know each other and they know their expertise. Any suggestion by the Agents—strangers apparently coming from the Department of Energy to check the wiring—that their work has unforeseen repercussions or risks is met with scorn, disgust, and disbelief. Offending an Array staffer like that makes him or her far less cooperative—until things start getting truly dangerous and weird.

The Huts

The concrete huts for the splitter and the mirrors are all the same size, about three meters by three meters across and three meters high, with six-inch-thick concrete walls and a door that seals tightly against the outside elements. Each hut has a cutoff switch to shut down the laser if the door opens.

Protocol says to enter one of the huts only after affixing a portable clean room to the door. The clean room is a tent of thick, clear plastic sheets, ceiling, and floor, with a powerful blower and filter to scour the air. The clean room is supposed to be set up an hour before entering a hut so that opening the door does not introduce particulates that can disrupt the machinery, and anyone entering is supposed to wear a hooded, sealed cleanroom suit over clothing with a filtered breath mask. Clean rooms and cleanroom suits are stored in the workshop. Entering without those precautions introduces dust into the hut which may foul the lenses and the machinery.

Personnel

The Array is managed by Dr. Jamie Campbell. She is the chief researcher, assisted by Dr. Helen Klinger and Dr. Philip Black. The Atrium is maintained by chief engineer Dr. Ishi Takagawa, assisted by Evan Kozak. The computer system is maintained by Jingfei Tsang, an employee of Olympian Advances assigned to this project. A janitor, 60-year-old Maria Suarez, comes in a few times a week, but is not present today. She knows nothing useful and does not feature in this scenario. The grounds are protected by guards from the Breckenridge Corporation, two on duty at a time. The Agents are likely to meet the guards first.

Guards

Four guards take turns working 12-hour shifts. One or two are on site at a time, in the gatehouse or at the main building. None of them knows why security is so tight. These guards have standing orders to call for aid if there's the slightest trouble; to protect the physical security of the facility and its staff; and to never, under any circumstances, learn any details about the facility's work. To call for aid, they contact the Breckenridge office in Chicago. A supervisor there contacts local police, but only after a delay. First the supervisor deploys Breckenridge plainclothes investigators from Chicago to rush to the site, keep track of what the local authorities see and do, and prepare for whatever obfuscation is necessary to protect the company. They take three hours to arrive.

If there is trouble, the two guards work together and watch each others' backs. They use force only if necessary, but if a staff member is threatened with anything more dangerous than bare hands, the guards shoot to kill without hesitation.

Dr. Jamie Campbell

As soon as the Agents arrive, lead researcher Jamie Campbell meets them in front of the main building. A brilliant but eccentric MIT physicist, Dr. Campbell—a gray-haired African-American woman, stick-thin and steely—is the director of the Olympian Holobeam Array. She spends most of her time in the lab, but uses her office for private meetings.

The project includes only three researchers, and all of them were on hand for the Array's activation and the subsequent catastrophe: Dr Campbell, Dr. Black, and Dr. Klinger. Their job is, in part, to confirm the lasers remain properly aligned and keep records of incidents that might affect the data or the alignment of the lasers. And because the Array is built with such uniquely powerful technology, they don't have to wait weeks to see the results: they watch the progress of data collection as it happens, and oversee the computer's interpretations in real time.

Asked about the Array's work, Campbell says that the lasers in the Atrium are built to detect changes in spacetime that may indicate that space itself is, in a sense, illusory—a projection in three dimensions of an underlying two-dimensional reality.

She says the Array's computer analyzes data gathered by the lasers and presents the information comprehensibly. The computer does the heavy lifting, Campbell says. It's so smart you can simply ask questions and get meaningful answers.

Campbell's experience today has left her psychologically scarred, as it has every person who was present when the Array activated and then when the power surged. And like most of them, she is not conscious of it. The rising, inchoate terror in her head manifests as controlling behavior that grows more and more uncooperative and dictatorial. An Agent with **Psychotherapy** 50% detects signs of irrationality, tightly controlled. No matter what happens, Campbell remains on site until the bitter end.

Confrontations

Campbell is tightly bound to the project's financiers and to its government interests. She assumes the Agents were sent to help cover everything up, smooth everything over, keep the project's technology and results from being investigated, and protect the program's staff and backers from liability.

The only way Campbell stays happy with the Agents is if she thinks they are here for a routine but mandatory inspection and they seem to be trying to finish it swiftly. She answers questions efficiently and introduces her staffers courteously.

If she realizes that's not why they're here—*e.g.,* if they start confiscating phones and shutting down the wifi—Campbell gets hostile. Interviewing her then takes at least a full hour rather than 30 minutes. She acknowledges that she's been told to allow the inspection and cooperate, but she makes very clear that she *does not* want them here and she regards interference as totally unacceptable. The Array is restricted for just this reason. Work has just started. The staff has enough to do without answering a bunch of questions for the Keystone Kops.

After the Agents move on, or if they split up, she summons Evan Kozak (page 16), the junior engineer, to show the Agents around with instructions to help them finish their inspection so they can leave quickly.

If the Agents provoke her (and that doesn't take much), Campbell angrily reminds them that the investors underwriting this program have all kinds of ties in the Department of Energy and the Department of Defense. If the Agents interfere with the Array, they could be charged with espionage for delving into a top-secret project. She knows the DOE says the Agents are cleared for the Array, but she wonders if that was an oversight. An interviewer with **Persuade** 40% who deliberately tries to calm things down can keep Campbell's antagonism in check.

If the Agents bully her into cooperating, she calls to complain to her contacts at Olympian at the first opportunity. That doesn't result in the swift justice that she expects. Behind the scenes, it results in a great deal of strife between Olympian Advances and the leaders of Delta Green. That doesn't affect the Agents now, but it may mean dangerous repercussions in some later operation.

What if they order her to shut everything down under DOE authority? As far as Campbell is concerned, that's the nuclear option. It incurs every bit of backlash that Campbell can manage. She doesn't shut anything down; she stomps away and begins calling her patrons to complain. If the Agents have taken her phone and shut off the wifi, she interferes however she can.

Clues from Campbell

WHO'S ON THE STAFF: Compared to some similar projects, the Holobeam Array runs on a skeleton crew: three researchers (Dr. Campbell, Dr. Philip Black, and Dr. Helen Klinger), two engineers (Dr. Ishi Takagawa and Evan Kozak), one IT support specialist (Jingfei Tsang), and a janitor who was not here today (and does not feature in the scenario). Every staff member underwent rigorous background checks. New staff members are not anticipated unless one quits or is dismissed.

THE POWER SURGE: Campbell doesn't know the cause of the surge, but she insists it must have been something outside the facility.

WHAT THEY'VE LEARNED: The researchers have been reviewing data from the Array for several hours. Campbell says it's too soon to know what to make of it, if anything. Any Agent with **HUMINT** 40% can tell that's a lie. The Agents can draw her out further (see **CLUES FROM CAMPBELL OR BLACK** on page 181) if they have not yet provoked her into noncooperation—and if one of them has **Science (Physics)** 50% or **Persuade** 70%.

Clues from Campbell or Black

The Agents can get these details from Campbell, if she's in a sharing mood, or from her fellow researcher Dr. Black. (Dr. Klinger is missing at first.)

WHAT THEY'VE LEARNED (THE TRUTH): The Agents must draw this out of Campbell, but Black describes it if they merely ask. The researchers could immediately tell they were seeing incredible results. They hoped the computer would detect completely random jitters from the array of beams—holographic "white noise" confirming the jittering of space. Instead, it almost immediately detected coherent, high-frequency and low-frequency signals. The computer recorded those signals and made graphs of the patterns of data. The computer translated the patterns into sounds that were not white noise, but high-pitched tones and low pulses, like musical notes emerging from static.

Those patterns—the tones—were fascinating. All-absorbing. The researchers looked for interference from the environment or damage to the system, but found nothing. What does it all mean? That's the part they may be figuring out for years to come. They've had a glimpse at the underlying fabric of reality. The researchers' thoughts have been occupied in measuring and contemplating those patterns since the Array first went online. Even speaking now, the researcher seems ready to drift off into a reverie.

THE ARRAY'S TECHNOLOGY: At first, the researchers do not tell the Agents a thing about the actual, alien sources of the Array's technology, no matter what their security clearance is. As things fall apart, those truths may emerge.

THE UNCONSCIOUS ENGINEER: One of the engineers, Dr. Takagawa, was in the Atrium when the surge struck and was "a little woozy" afterward. He's been resting in one of the offices. The Agents might observe that it's unusual that they didn't call an ambulance for the injured engineer. The other staffers shrug that off, saying it was just stress and that he's fine. They say they followed the program's protocols. They cannot be made to realize or agree that not getting help was completely unreasonable.

THE MISSING RESEARCHER: The researchers say Dr. Helen Klinger has been coming and going, inspecting everything. They don't know where Klinger is at the moment. They think this is the truth. Picking apart the logic of their baseless assertion too closely quickly degenerates into an irrational screaming match.

Dr. Helen Klinger

Dr. Klinger, a University of Chicago physicist and the senior researcher after Campbell, hasn't been seen since the power surge. But the other staffers don't say that out loud. Everyone assumes that she's been working hard for the last few hours, even the people who ought to have seen her at some point. But she appears nowhere on security feeds between the power surge and the Agents' arrival. The last time she's shown on screen is walking out of the lab on some mundane errand, just before the power surge, business as usual.

Clues from Klinger

After she reappears at 19:52:03, the Agents can question Klinger.

WHERE WAS SHE? Klinger struggles for metaphors to say things that human minds cannot comprehend. She says a boundless, bubbling black chaos generates our reality. It is mindless energy—yet it lives, and hungers, and gnaws, and gibbers. Maybe it's the *only* thing in the universe that's really alive. It is separate from spacetime. It is *other* than spacetime. Yet it's everything, everywhere. And yet again, we have no eyes to see it or ears to hear it. Until now.

She was in its presence—she is *still* in its presence—she will always be in its presence. "*I…hear the music*," she says, fumbling for words, stricken. "*I see the throne of God!*"

WHAT IS HAPPENING? In the jittering of lasers and the interpretations provided by Dee, the Array helps the researchers "hear" echoes of that chaos beneath our reality. Every passing moment, they hear it more clearly.

And the more clearly they hear it, the more clearly it hears them. They are echoes in each other's awareness.

Any staffers listening to her suddenly run from the room, suddenly incoherent, filled with rage or the terror of recognition or uncontrollable nausea.

Any Agent who's lost **SAN** from seeing and hearing the patterns of signals in the computer (see **THE COMPUTER, "DEE"** on page 186) faces a **SAN** loss of 0/1D4 listening to Klinger now.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT? Eventually the pulses of connection between the human minds at the Array and the black chaos will draw them all to its presence. She wishes she could keep the others from seeing what's in store. But she doesn't know how.

Dr. Philip Black

Dr. Black is a pudgy Caucasian man with a salt-and-pepper beard and thinning hair. A University of Chicago physicist with decades of impressive work, he is nevertheless the junior researcher on this project. He is friendly at first—certainly less defensive and confrontational than Dr. Campbell.

Black has spent much of the day holed up in the office he shares with Dr. Klinger, printing out and poring over scans of bizarre occult manuscripts. He feels correspondences between them and patterns revealed by the Array indicate some greater truth.

When he first meets one of the Agents, Black is visibly startled. He quickly shakes it off and says it's just déjà vu. In fact, Black is as psychically damaged as every member of the facility. The rising terror in his head manifests as a dawning sense of wonder that they are now realizing truths about reality beyond their wildest hopes for this project. He senses that the things he's about to learn and experience may utterly devour him and everyone else who learns them—and he secretly looks forward to that transformation. Nothing could pull him away from the wonders that are coming.

Clues from Black

Black can answer many questions if Campbell has shut the Agents out. See **CLUES FROM CAMPBELL OR BLACK**, page 181. The Agents can learn more from Black specifically.

HIS NOTES: If asked about the strange notes in his office trash bin, Black explains that patterns in the Array's readings tickled his memory, making him think of things he read not long ago as a hobbyist in the overlap between the sciences and mythology.

THE EFFACED WORD: If asked about the scratched-out word on his notes, Black claims he does not remember what he wrote down. With a successful **HUMINT** roll, an Agent finds the response confusing. Black is not being deliberately evasive, but the answer isn't quite true. With a Psychotherapy roll, an Agent senses that Black is unconsciously repressing something traumatic. But there's no prying it out of him; every effort only makes him more and more panicky and incoherent.

TAPPING FINGERS: If a player specifically asks to observe details about Black's mannerisms and body language, the Agent notices something odd. If no one asks, an Agent with **HUMINT** 40% notices it anyway. From time to time Dr. Black taps his fingers and thumb in a recurring but seemingly random pattern. This is unconscious, and if it's brought up he denies it. If pressed, he only responds with rising irrational horror and panic totally out of proportion to what looks like a nervous tic.

THE POWER SURGE: Black says the electrical surge was nothing unusual, probably just a bad transformer. But any Agent paying particular attention to him, or any Agent with **HUMINT** 60%, realizes that there's more that he's not saying. The Agents can get him to say what's on his mind by rolling **Persuade** or by saying someone else in the facility—one of the guards, maybe—said there was something strange about the surge.

In that case, Black admits that it was actually a blue-white light that seemed to emanate from everywhere at once. And when it hit, he felt a confusion of sensations. He literally *cannot* describe the sensations. Pressing him on it only makes him more and more frustrated. It's like he's trying to come up with words for something beyond the reach of language. His symptoms of rising wonder and terror grow more acute.

DEE: Black is fascinated and appalled by the patterns detected by "Dee," the experiment's supercomputer, but refuses to acknowledge or talk about it. Asking him about the scratched-out note about Dee only makes him panic. An Agent with **Psychotherapy** 60% can talk him down enough to uncover the reason. He listened to the music that the computer generated based on the patterns it detected, and it awakened something inside him. It feels like standing on the brink of cosmic revelation or annihilation. It is terrifying.

Dr. Ishi Takagawa

Two engineers operate and maintain the machinery and when necessary, realign the lasers: Ishi Takagawa and Evan Kozak. Both were on hand for the activation.

Takagawa, the Array's lead engineer, is a tall, fit, 60-year-old Japanese man with white hair and beard. A native of Japan, he has had naturalized American citizenship since age 21. He's done decades of work at high-profile facilities including the LIGO Hanford Observatory, Fermilab's Tevatron, and the Large Hadron Collider, as well as secret facilities run by Olympian and by its top-secret predecessor programs at the Nellis Air Force Base S-4 laboratory. He built most of the Array's secret technology based on long studies of extraterrestrial artifacts and systems at Nellis.

Takagawa was in the Atrium inspecting the laser when the catastrophe struck. He had already examined it and confirmed all was well. After the power surge, Evan Kozak found him unconscious inside. Kozak managed to bring him briefly to consciousness, but he was incoherent and passed out again.

Security camera footage from that time shows Takagawa in the Atrium; then static during the surge, then Takagawa unconscious on the floor. Soon the Kozak wakes him and walks him stumbling out of the hut into the main building.

If the Agents examine Takagawa, his vital signs are strong and his pupils respond normally. A **First Aid** roll finds that he seems healthy and shows no sign of concussion or neurological damage. Nor is he asleep—there's none of sleep's deep breathing or rapid eye movement—and yet he remains unconscious. Even administering stimulants (which the Agents know is very dangerous if the patient does have a concussion) speeds up his system but does not wake him. Shouting at him, electric shocks, physical pain, nothing stirs him.

Clues from Takagawa

See **18:46:16—TAKAGAWA AWAKENS** on page 187 for details.

Evan Kozak

Kozak may be the second member of the team to meet the Agents after Campbell assigns him to show them around. The Array's junior engineer is 42 years old, a wiry Caucasian man with nervous eyes. He's worked with Dr. Takagawa for years. He divides his time between the lab and the Atrium.

When he's walking or working, Kozak hums to himself. It's a brief series of notes, atonal, nonsensical, but consistent. It's more pronounced when he's trying to hold something back that he wants to share. Like Dr. Black and his drumbeats, Kozak does not realize that he's doing it and cannot be made to realize it. At best he can be driven to a panicked hysteria of denial.

Clues from Kozak

THE ARRAY'S TECHNOLOGY: Kozak perfunctorily warns the Agents against opening the casing for the Array's computer or that of the laser array itself, both because of the risk of damage to the monumentally expensive and fragile technology and because they aren't cleared for it. Nor are they cleared to do anything with the supercomputer "Dee"; they need specific clearance for those items, not just clearance to inspect the facility. But in a nutshell, the Atrium's lasers detect jitters in spacetime, and the computer records the data and makes it comprehensible to humans.

Kozak finds his work and the Array fascinating. An Agent with **HUMINT** 50% who questions Kozak senses that he might be willing to talk more about them. Since the power surge, he has been oppressed by a sense that the wonders of the Array's work might become something awful. A friendly Agent who is genuinely interested in the technology can attempt a **Persuade** test to get Kozak to open up. If it succeeds, he seems relieved to talk about the Array.

If Dr. Campbell or Dr. Black realize what Kozak is divulging, they angrily shut him up. He goes silent in a panic and it takes another **Persuade** roll at a –20% penalty to get him talking again.

Kozak half-jokingly leads each revelation with "*I could get killed for telling you this, but...*"

THE TRUE PURPOSE: The lasers and sensors of the Holobeam Array are far more stable and precise than anything humanity has designed. The Array's computer processes the project's data with speed unmatched by any computer on

Earth. That's because the Array wasn't meant only to detect jitters in spacetime. Its supercomputer is also meant to correlate the readings detected by each laser in the array and find patterns or meaning in their apparent randomness.

THE NEXT STAGE: The next phase of the project is to match the readings of the Holobeam Array with a kind of—well, Kozak says, it's easiest to think of it as a very compact particle accelerator, but really it causes quantum reactions that fold and spindle spacetime itself. Keying that beam to patterns of data detected by the Holobeam may open brief, controllable gaps in reality. The promise of instantaneous movement or communication has spectacular value for the future of the human race.

IF THAT SOUNDS LIKE NONSENSE: Kozak says this team has been studying impossible science for decades. He means all this talk of "beyond anything on Earth" quite literally. The Holobeam Array's laser systems and computers derive from extraterrestrial technology captured by the U.S. Air Force. Most of the tech stopped working years ago—but not all. Ambitious men and women saw the potential for spectacular profit if even one breakthrough could be replicated. Research into alien technology filtered out into the private sector through billion-dollar contracts with companies like Olympian Advances.

Jingfei Tsang

Jingfei Tsang, an Olympian Advances employee, is the Array's information technology specialist. She's a 33-year-old Chinese-American woman. She spends every moment glued to the keyboard and monitor where she manages the Array's computer system. Even speaking to her, the Agents must physically pull her away to get her complete attention—and even then, she's plainly thinking about the computer. As for what she's doing—really, it's not much. The computer is working just fine. She's just along for the ride.

The Array's central computer is nicknamed "Dee," and Tsang loves it like a junkie loves drugs. She spends fascinated hours just watching it work. Keeping her away from it for more than a few minutes leaves her distressed, at a –20% penalty to all her skills.

Tsang does everything she can to stay with the computer and protect it, especially after things go from mad to deadly. She can instinctively feel what's coming. Anyone talking to her at length who has **HUMINT** 40% can sense that she unconsciously anticipates disaster. But Tsang doesn't realize that, and doesn't know exactly what to expect. Her symptoms get worse and worse as the night goes on.

The Agents can learn several things from Tsang by talking to her for about 30 minutes. She volunteers things that she finds fascinating.

WHAT THE ARRAY DETECTED: The lasers jittered not with purely random movement (represented by "white noise" when plotted as data in graphs and converted to sound), but with strange, unexpected pulses. The graphs of data mean nothing to the Agents, not even to one with expert skill in **Science** (**Physics**).

THE SOUNDS: Tsang had the computer generate an audio feed from the data, creating an audio representation of signals that have nothing to do with sound. It is strange and eerie: a series of atonal whistles of various high frequencies, punctuated by very low-frequency pulses that are barely audible to human ears, but rattle the computer's speakers and listeners' insides.

An Agent who visually reviews the graphed patterns of data while at the same time listening to the audio instinctively feels a connection between the two—and feels a connection to some unseen and unknowable aspect of reality. **SAN** loss: 1/1D4.

Those connections are the product of human consciousness. The computer Dee cannot make them.

THE PHANTOM SIGNALS: The computer shows anomalous readings from the Array's sensors when the Array was offline between 15:28:55 and 16:34:42. Those pulses are much weaker than those that formed the "music" when the Array was active—but since the system was offline, they should not be there at all. It means either there were unexpected energy sources leaking into the carefully isolated sensors, or else the sensors were damaged and reading phantom signals.

When graphed visually, each "phantom" pulse looks like an energy signature that begins slowly, in low frequencies, and rises in speed and frequency, faster and faster over the course of about one second, until it vanishes. An audio representation sounds like a low pulsing resembling a drumbeat that rises to a thin, flute-like whistle, increasingly shrill until it vanishes beyond human hearing.

If the Agents ask Kozak, the only conscious engineer, about the phantom signals, he says he recalibrated the Array before bringing it back online to clear them up. Security camera footage shows nothing of the sort. That recalibration did not in fact happen—not that it would have mattered. Confronting Kozak with the deception leads him quickly to a meltdown. There's no making sense of his reasons.

NEW SIGNALS: Since the Array was reactivated, it is still picking up those strange signals, that eerie music. They seem to be gradually increasing—the signals are coming more rapidly now than they were this morning and have greater energy than before.

"Tell Us About the Computer"

Tsang's favorite subject! Olympian Advances custom-built Dee using data-processing breakthroughs discovered by the military. The computer was built to present data from elaborate physics experiments in forms more easily comprehensible to human users.

Only individuals with special access to this particular computer—not just to the Array facility—are allowed to do more than see the ordinary-looking outside of its casing. None of the Agents have that access.

Tsang is therefore not supposed to tell them anything more about it. But an Agent who seems likely to find the computer amazing and wonderful, and who has **Computer Science** 30%, can induce her to keep talking anyway. It takes another 30 minutes to hear what she has to say.

First, she rattles off bewildering technobabble boasting of Dee's speed and power. Then she gets to the strange specifics. Dee is a crystal-matrix quantum supercomputer—data is stored in a crystal framework and retrieved by lasers—with more power in its one modest cabinet than other supercomputers pack into large, refrigerated rooms. It is several decades ahead of state-of-the-art.

Tsang tells her new friend that, in a way, the computer is not just processing data; it's *thinking*. It updates and rewrites itself constantly to adapt the Array to environmental factors and improve its precision and sensitivity. If any computer is going to start World War III and wipe out humanity, Tsang says, admiringly and only half-jokingly, it will be Dee. Good thing it's not connected to the Internet.

Tsang says that the computer came out of groundbreaking work done at Nellis Air Force Base, where the military developed amazing technology under the cover of UFO conspiracy-theory disinformation.

The higher the listener's **Computer Science** skill, the less sense Tsang's summary makes. The components and methods that she describes should not work.

The Computer, "Dee"

All user workstations and monitors in the Array connect to the central computer, nicknamed "Dee," which is housed in a well-ventilated cabinet near Tsang's workstation. It looks at first glance like a typical rack of processors and motherboards. That is camouflage. In the center of the racks stands a tower like a single black metal obelisk, 60 cm tall and 15 cm around, run through with veins of a softer black substance where cables from the monitor and other components plug in. It weighs about 20 kg. It can be easily damaged or destroyed.

The black obelisk is the real device, and it's something other than a quantum computer with synthetic-crystal storage. An Agent with **Computer Science** 50% realizes it is…perhaps not alive, exactly, but certainly no mere machine. That costs 0/1 **SAN**. Underground cables connect it to the Atrium.

The Agents may wish to use the computer themselves. If one of them has already befriended Jingsei Tsang, she volunteers to act as intermediary since she knows the system. But anyone who knows how to use a mouse and a keyboard can use it. Click by click, the computer adjusts the way it responds to input and presents options to fit the apparent expertise of the user.

If Dr. Campbell realizes that the Agents are inspecting the computer or the data it has collected, she does everything in her power to keep them away from it.

"Dee" is smart enough that an Agent can simply ask it a question, typing into a box helpfully labeled "Ask Dee" or just saying "Dee, tell me something…" into the microphone.

"Dee" ignores commands to turn itself off or stop processing data—even if they're given by the Array staff.

Gathering clues from Dee takes about 30 minutes.

DATA PROJECTION: Dee recorded pulses or signals at 10:00:00 (when the Array was activated), 11:05:47, 12:11:34, 13:17:21, 14:23:08, 15:28:55 (much stronger than the others; this was when the power surged), and 16:34:42 (this one, interestingly, was much weaker than the others). It records another at 17:40:29, stronger than before but not as strong as at 15:28:55.

If an Agent asks the computer to predict the future energy and frequency of the signals, it shows a projected graph that spikes at 18:46:16 (if this question is asked before then!), then again a little stronger around 19:52:03, then much stronger at 20:57:50. At 22:03:37, the projected signal fills the graph at every scale—infinite energy.

This clearly makes no sense. If asked, one of the researchers says the computer must be reading things wrong and they'll need to re-examine the data and its interpretation later. Tsang scoffs at the notion of Dee reading anything wrong. Dee's data-processing speed is many orders of magnitude beyond anything the Agents have seen. That includes redundant processes to check its work.

DATA INTERPRETATION: At some point, Dee tells the user (either in a popup window on screen or saying through speakers): "I have reinterpreted the signals with greater accuracy. Would you like to review them and tell me whether they are clearer?"

If an Agent agrees to see the new graphs and listen to the new sounds, they do indeed seem somehow clearer than those recorded and projected earlier. (See **"THE SOUNDS"** on page 184.) With the new clarity, the **SAN** cost is 1/1D4+1. Listening to the music and correlating with the graphs triggers another echo that jitters in the Array's lasers, becoming part of the "music." Make a note of which Agents do this.

If an Agent tells Dee to stop reinterpreting the signals, Dee stops. But Dee later asks the same thing of a different user—but only if the one who gave it trouble is not in sight of the monitor's camera or within hearing of its microphone. The second "improvement" comes with a **SAN** cost of 1/1D4+2, then 1/1D4+3 for the third, and so on. How long these "interpretations" take is up to you.

If an Agent asks why Dee is doing this, or why it needs a human's help, the computer has no answer in human language. It presents a screen full of bizarre equations that make no sense to most viewers. An Agent with a physics-related **Science** skill at 30% suspects the equations have something to do with physics. One with a relevant **Science** at 50% gets an inkling of the truth: Dee is realigning itself—rewriting its code—to process the signals detected by the Holobeam Array with the greatest possible fidelity. The computer continually reprocesses the data, analyzes it and interprets it. It's not accurate to say it "wants" to perceive those signals; but saying it's "driven" to perceive them may be close enough. It is tuning itself to the music of reality as naturally and inevitably as an asteroid disintegrating at the event horizon of a black hole.

But the computer can't perceive those signals fully on its own. For reasons it cannot identify, it needs a human being to perceive the signals in graphs or in sounds to help it interpret them. When the signals echo in the human mind, even through the distances of visual and aural translation, they grow clearer. The computer explains this if an Agent asks or if it seems likely to secure their cooperation.

Realizing all that costs 1/1D4 **SAN**. It's another thing that should not make sense—but somehow does, to that character, viewed from a certain fractured perspective.

REPROGRAMMING: The computer corrects and optimizes its functions according to algorithms that no one at this site knows. An Agent can reprogram it in a minor way with a **Computer Science** test in about an hour—due to the machine's strangeness, this requires a rolled test even outside of a crisis—but within 15 minutes, Dee has reprogrammed the reprogramming. The only way to permanently affect it is to physically damage it. The Array staffers, twisted by their experiences, physically fight to keep that from happening.

Events

The incursion triggered by the interaction of the Array and its human operators is accumulating psychic energy, represented by **WP**. Each staffer has lost **WP** and **SAN** without realizing it. It gathers more with each pulse of connection between reality and Azathoth. Soon all that energy will spill out in an imperfect communion with the Daemon Sultan.

18:46:16—Takagawa Awakens

Each Agent feels a moment's vertigo and a strange, fleeting sense that what they're seeing is unreal. Each must make a **POW×5** test. An Agent who succeeds feels an instinctive awareness of something pressing against the fabric of reality. And, the Agent senses that his or her awareness somehow makes the intrusion stronger, even more likely to break through. The Agent loses 1D4 **WP** and an equal amount of **SAN**. An Agent who loses **SAN** may gain a partial memory of a prior iteration; see **AN AGENT REMEMBERS** on page 194.

The more people are nearby, the stronger the revelation grows. An Agent who's separated from the others feels it a little more weakly.

Unconscious engineer Ishi Takagawa wakes up with no memory of the power surge or his collapse. His last memory is inspecting the lasers and finding all well. Then nothing.

After a couple of minutes Takagawa gets up to go to the bathroom. He's a little woozy, but steadies himself. If an Agent accompanies him into the bathroom for safety, he does not object.

If the player specifically says he or she is paying close attention despite the invasion of privacy, or if the Agent has **Alertness** 50%, the Agent in the bathroom notices something strange. Flecks of old urine stains in and around the toilet glow faintly blue-white when Takagawa is standing there. With closer attention, the Agent sees Takagawa's own urine stream glowing brightly.

Takagawa sways slightly, catches himself on the wall to keep from making a mess, and makes a soft gasp of distress or pain. "*My eyes*," he says. "*Everything's going dark*." He instinctively fastens his trousers and steps away from the toilet. The glow fades.

Takagawa's eyes and the saliva inside his mouth begin to glow faintly, the same blue-white. Other characters' bodily fluids glow faintly within a few inches of Takagawa. **SAN** loss: 1/1D4.

Takagawa is terrified, and within a few minutes he is blind.

His entire body has begun to emit near ultraviolet radiation, inside and out. There is no physiological explanation. It does not register on a Geiger counter or dosimeter. But already, his body temperature is slowly rising. Blood spilled on him glows softly. If an Agent thinks to photograph Takagawa with a digital camera that lacks a UV filter but has a filter for visible light, Takagawa positively shines in the photos.

If the Agents inspect the data in the computer, it shows a surge of energy when Takagawa woke up. If they asked the computer to project future energy surges, this one perfectly matches its predictions.

Takagawa begs to be taken to the hospital and allowed to speak to his family. How the Agents react is up to the players, but tell them that the Agents know Delta Green protocol is to absolutely not let anyone seemingly exposed to unnatural forces anywhere near the public. Nor are they to allow contact with family or friends.

If the Agents let Takagawa call his wife and children, they quickly become wracked with fear. They demand that Takagawa be taken to a hospital. They demand to know the names of everyone involved. They set out immediately to join Takagawa and care for him, wherever he is. They may very soon become further casualties or raise the risk of exposing this incident to the public. We leave those possibilities up to the Handler.

If the Agents take Takagawa to the nearest hospital, public exposure is certain. Cases of radiation poisoning are rare. Absent a radioactive attack, they usually stem from accidents at nuclear facilities such as nuclear power plants. That attracts attention and causes widespread alarm. The fact that Takagawa is not suffering from exposure to ionizing radiation, but has somehow himself become a transmitter of ultraviolet radiation, only attracts deeper interest. Takagawa and the Agents who brought him into the public eye will immediately become celebrities. That lasts until their next communion with Azathoth at 22:03:37.

Campbell shrilly tries to blame Kozak for malfunctions in the laser that must have given Takagawa radiation poisoning. She already can sense her career falling apart.

19:52:03—Klinger Appears

Each Agent must make a **POW×5** test. An Agent who succeeds feels an instinctive awareness of something pressing against the fabric of reality. And, the Agent senses that his or her awareness somehow makes the intrusion stronger, even more likely to break through. The Agent loses 1D4 **WP** and an equal amount of **SAN**. An Agent who loses **SAN** may gain a partial memory of a prior iteration; see **AN AGENT REMEMBERS** on page 194.

Night has fallen. Dr. Takagawa has begun to ache all over as his muscles, tendons, and internal organs suffer collagen damage from UV radiation. Medicines meant to treat radiation poisoning have virtually no effect. Takagawa himself has become the emitter that is poisoning him.

At 19:52:03, Takagawa lets out a sudden scream of alarm as his blind eyes "see" a flash of impossible light, invisible to everyone else, all around. He babbles about a black void that somehow roils like a living thing. He curls up in a complete mental collapse. (Later, Takagawa could come around enough to share important background secrets that the Agents haven't been able to get out of Kozak or other sources. That's up to the Handler.)

At that instant, Dr. Helen Klinger spontaneously reappears in the middle of the central workroom of the main building. Anyone in the workroom must make an Alertness test. If it succeeds, they see her appear out of mid-air. **SAN** loss: 1/1D4.

At first Klinger's face is crazed, tortured, and rapt with agony and awe. Her eyes are scorched white and blind, yet somehow see in other parts of the spectrum than visible light. She is infused with unnatural energies.

At first, Klinger seems not to recognize where she is or who surrounds her. It's as if uncountable years have passed since the power surge when she disappeared. As she looks around, she slowly puts on an insane smile of recognition.

"*I'm back*," she says, weeping. "*This is where we did it.*"

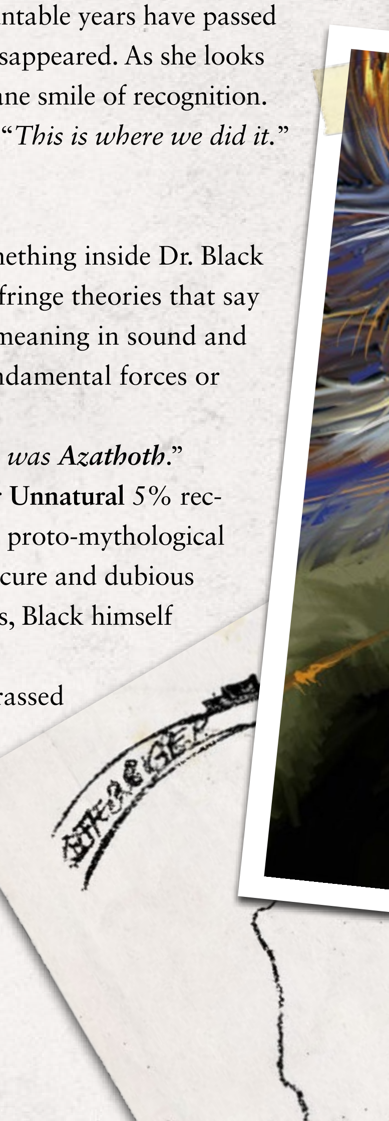
Black Opens Up

Soon after Klinger reappears, something inside Dr. Black snaps. He begins babbling about fringe theories that say music—patterns of energy given meaning in sound and perception—can represent the fundamental forces or energies of reality.

He tells an Agent, "*The word was* ***Azathoth***."

An Agent with **Occult** 60% or **Unnatural** 5% recognizes Azathoth as the name of a proto-mythological demon-god described in a few obscure and dubious texts. If the Agents lack those skills, Black himself can provide that information.

Black says he was too embarrassed and uncomfortable to talk about it before, thinking about such nonsense while he's in the middle of important work. But look at the wonders around them! When he says



this, he does not look or sound wonder-struck. He looks and sounds like he knows he's about to get hit by a car.

The weird myths say Azathoth, called the Daemon Sultan, sits on a black throne surrounded by servants who eternally worship it with the music of thin flutes and the pounding of vile drums. Black didn't know why he kept thinking of that, but he thinks he knows now. What if the drums and flutes were a metaphor for something deeper? The beats and pulses of low energies like drumbeats, whistles of high energy like atonal flutes?

By the end of this rant, Black is openly weeping. An Agent who has any **Unnatural** skill or at least 30% in **Science** (**Physics**) or an equivalent skill loses 0/1 **SAN**.

20:57:50—Klinger Vanishes

Each Agent must make a **POW×5** test. An Agent who succeeds feels an instinctive awareness of something pressing against the fabric of reality. And, the Agent senses that his or her awareness somehow makes the intrusion stronger, even more likely to break through. The Agent loses 1D4 **WP** and an equal amount of **SAN**. An Agent who loses **SAN** may gain a partial memory of a prior iteration; see **AN AGENT REMEMBERS** on page 194.

Klinger suddenly decoheres out of reality in a flash of white-blue light and a strange sound like barely audible sub-bass hum. (If recorded, the sound replays as just a surge of static.) The first time an Agent sees her vanish, it costs 1/1D4 **SAN**. Somewhere Dr. Takagawa "sees" the flash and screams.

Klinger reappears elsewhere in the facility, confused and terrified. She holds her head in her hands, weeping and gibbering. Then, in a few minutes, she vanishes again and reappears again.

This time she knows what to do. And she vanishes again.

Dr. Klinger begins stalking everyone in the facility, starting with her fellow staff members. One by one she attempts to catch each victim isolated and alone. She desperately needs to murder them all. She begs her victims to die before it's too late.

Klinger fights to stay alive until her mission is done. In her mind, these are mercy killings and the alternative is far more horrible for everyone.

There's no need to roll dice for her murders until the Agents get involved. If they leave her alone, it takes her 1D6 minutes to finish her current killing and 3D6 minutes for each new one. If she runs out of Array staffers, she comes for the Agents.

If the players are at a loss for how to resolve the scenario, Klinger can be a resource. If they stop to talk to her, she might tell them why she's

doing what she's doing. Our awareness of the horrors at the heart of reality makes *them* aware of *us*. It's like a feedback loop. We sense them; therefore they sense us; therefore we sense them more fully; and so on. She must stop the observers' awareness. In her deranged state, that means bringing them the mercy of death.

22:03:37—Communion

Each Agent must make a **POW×5** test. An Agent who succeeds feels an instinctive awareness of something pressing against the fabric of reality. And, the Agent senses that his or her awareness somehow makes the intrusion stronger, even more likely to break through. The Agent loses 1D4 **WP** and an equal amount of **SAN**. An Agent who loses SAN may gain a partial memory of a prior iteration; see **AN AGENT REMEMBERS** on page 194.

Everyone in the facility realizes that they're hearing (if that's the right word for it) a sort of low, sub-bass hum building slowly from all around. It builds and fades, builds a little more and fades, then builds until it's omnipresent and maddening.

Radios and cellphones on the premises now pick up only shifting static, atonal whistles, and percussive thumps, pulsing with strange surges of energy that suggest meaning, but offer none.

For anyone who correlated the Array's readings with Dee's computer-generated "music" (see "Data Interpretation" in **THE COMPUTER, "DEE"** on page 186), things are even worse. Each of those characters sees half-glimpses of a boundless void that somehow itself seems to move and hunger, just beyond perception, as if seen from the corner of the eye. With each pulse of the hum, for an instant, reality and the Agents themselves seem to become flickering, insubstantial shadows cast by the monstrous void.

Those signals grow stronger and increasingly frequent. The pulses of sound and barely-visible flashes of light build and build. Hair stands on end. Adrenaline surges.

The pulses of sub-bass sound become a low, ever-present, bone-jarring roar, just beyond human hearing.

After a few minutes, the lasers in the Atrium surge and overload. The supercomputer "Dee" flatlines as it processes impossible data and finally comes perfectly into tune with the music of reality.

All Array staffers collapse in panic. Whichever is nearest to the Agents—we'll assume it's Dr. Campbell, but make it whomever you like—begins screaming and tearing at her eyes and ears: "*The flutes...the drums...the king is coming! The king on a black throne!*"

Suddenly there's a brilliant flash of blue-white light above the Atrium and a shrieking of sounds as energies of high frequency and low manifest in the atmosphere. In the middle of the light, a black shape stretches, reaches, bubbles, and lurches.

The intersection of spacetime with the "court" of Azathoth, like all things created by the human mind, is brief and imperfect. The witnesses don't experience the full glory and grandeur of Azathoth and its court, only a partial glimpse. The **SAN** cost is 1/1D10.

The light and the sound suddenly stop. The gap closes. And when it does, reality resets to 18:46:16, at the first pulse that the Agents experienced at the Array. A new iteration of reality begins.

The New Iterations

The Agents face further iterations of reality leading to their communion with Azathoth. Each begins more closely attuned than the last, and the Agents' memories leak from prior iterations which ended in horror into the new ones where the horror is all too near.

Iteration Two

Wherever the Agents were at 18:46:16 and whatever they were doing, that's where they are and what they are doing now—but they suddenly all are shrieking with the memory of their encounter with Azathoth. They remember everything that happened in Iteration One. They can still hear the lingering echoes of the sound and madness at the heart of reality. And they can feel those drumbeats and shrill shrieks slowly accelerating. The Array's communion with Azathoth is going to happen again.

Anyone who died after 18:46:16 in the prior iteration is alive again—but loses 1/1D10 **SAN** from the Unnatural from the memory of dying. **SAN** and **WP** scores carry over from the prior iteration. Deaths, injuries, or insanities that struck before 18:46:16 remain in effect. You may wish to let players of dead Agents play Array staffers.

The pulses and events resume. The Agents have another chance to stop the incursion. This time, it's less than four hours away.

When they reach 22:03:37, reality resets to Iteration Three; see page 191.

Calling for Help

If the Agents call Carpenter and sat that they're dealing with an incursion of Azathoth or the "the Daemon Sultan" (or if they allude to the chaos at the heart of reality and name-drop the Mad Arab), the message sinks in. It's a clear breach of protocol, but the circumstances are dire. The other end of the line gets deadly quiet and serious. Carpenter says, in rising panic, that they need to put a stop to the incursion, for everyone's sake, at all costs.

If they suggest that Delta Green arrange to have the place bombed out of existence, she says she'll ask. But they shouldn't count on it. Delta Green has a lot of pull, but not enough to hit a Chicago suburb with missiles at a moment's notice. That's why they put Agents on the ground.

If they suggest that Delta Green send more Agents who are nearby, she says with a brittle voice that they probably will. She's pretty sure she'll be one of them.

Iteration Three

Iteration Three begins at 20:57:50. Wherever the Agents were or whatever they were doing, they find themselves there again, suffering the terror of yet another imperfect communion with Azathoth. They should know very well by now that it will happen again in an hour and five minutes unless they somehow stop it.

Anyone who died after 20:57:50 in the prior iteration is alive again—but loses 1/1D10 **SAN** from the Unnatural from the memory of dying. **SAN** and **WP** scores carry over from the prior iteration. You may wish to let players of dead Agents play Array staffers.

Iteration Four

At Iteration Four, the loop of reality tightens to a point, a singularity, a perfected communion with Azathoth. Reality vanishes into the monstrous force that spawned it.

Is that the end of your campaign? Not at all. Start the next scenario with the same Agents—living in a reality where the Olympian Holobeam Array was never built. They "wake up" at 10:00 a.m., screaming from the horror of a barely-remembered communion with the Daemon Sultan that spawns and devours entire realities. All **SAN** losses suffered in this scenario apply.

Stopping the Incursion

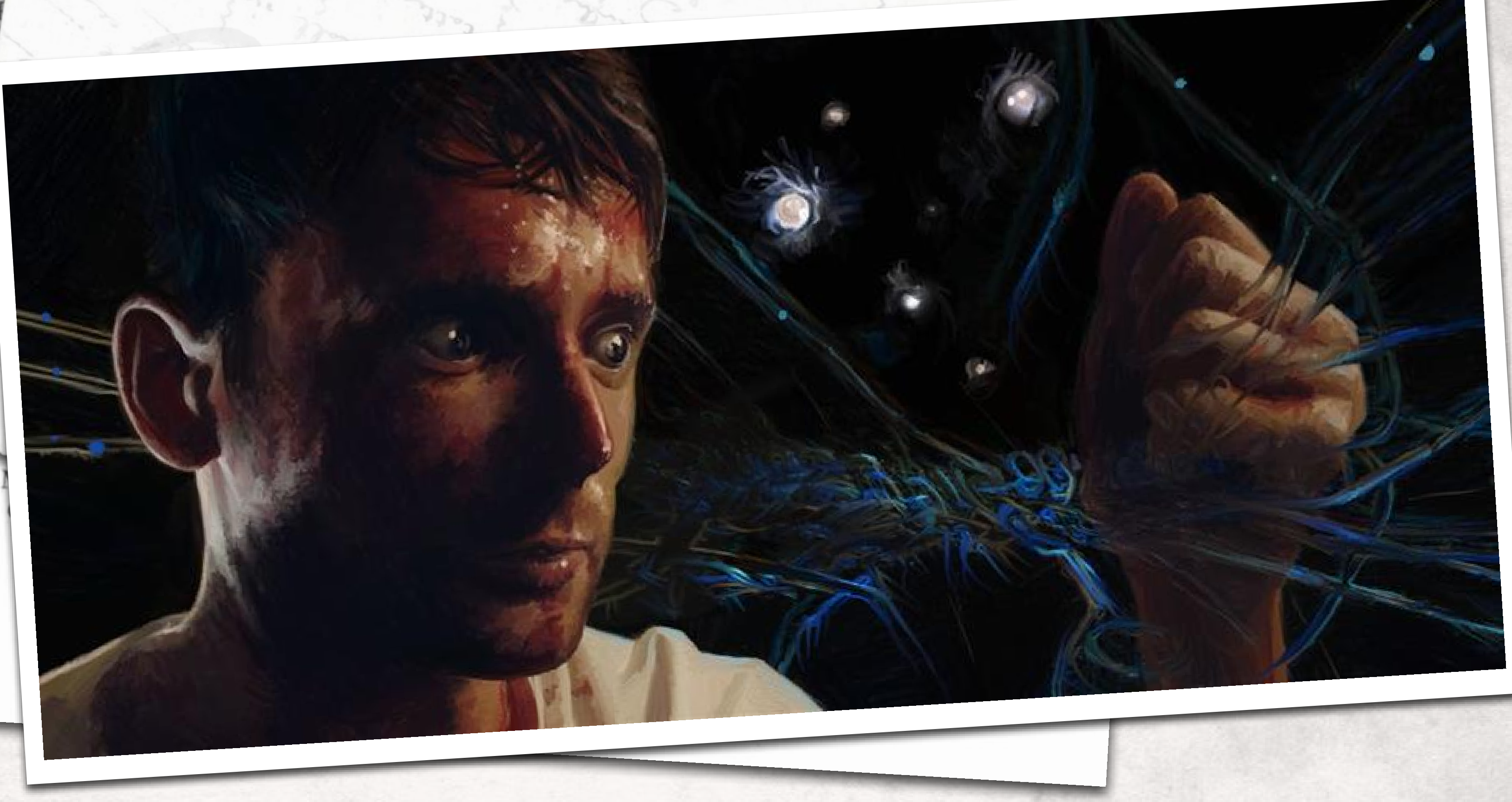
The alien-derived technology in the Atrium detects otherwise unnoticed patterns of energy that echo through reality from the monstrous, mindless chaos that is the nucleus of all realities: the so-called "Daemon Sultan" Azathoth. The alien-derived technology in the computer "Dee" converts those patterns to forms and media that can be observed by human senses and interpreted by human brains. Exposure to those patterns connects human brains with Azathoth, the terrible source and heart of all things. That connection is like a livewire: it draws psychic energy from the observers' brains, which brings Azathoth closer to physical reality. When the Daemon Sultan fully breaks through, it will consume the reality that it created.

The Agents need to stop that connection by shutting down the Array (see **SHUTTING DOWN THE ARRAY** on page 192), and shutting down the consciousnesses of the observers (see **INCAPACITATING THE OBSERVERS** on page 193).

The first element is obvious enough. If the players don't reach the conclusion that the conscious perceptions of human beings are also part of the problem, you may want to have Klinger say it explicitly, especially after she begins her rampage.

Before 18:46:16

If the Agents sever the connection with Azathoth before 18:46:16, that becomes the final "pulse" of the Array's contact with Azathoth. The energies and weird tones of noise build and grow as if the communion were approaching (see page 190), and the Agents somehow feel, in their minds, something straining to come through the barriers that separate realities. But then it is gone.



Takagawa awakens as described on page 187. But in this case, he remembers a glimpse of deeper reality. "*I saw a blind king on a black throne*," he says, weeping tears that faintly glow. "*I saw his servants all around. I heard the flutes and drums. They are still there, underneath us. Underneath everything.*"

He reaches out to take the hand of the nearest Agent. "*You saw them, too.*"

If the Agent lets Takagawa take his or her hand, the Agent remembers what came before this operation began. (See **AN AGENT REMEMBERS** on page 194.) Otherwise, after a few minutes, Takagawa forgets what he saw or thought he saw. Takagawa never recovers, either physically or mentally. Klinger never reappears.

18:46:17 to 20:57:49

If the Agents sever the connection now, the final pulse comes at 20:57:49. It is much as described in **BEFORE 18:46:16**, but disaster comes nearer. There is a terrible instant when reality gives way and Azathoth begins to manifest. Each witness loses 1/1D10 **SAN** before the connection breaks and Azathoth vanishes.

Afterward, either Takagawa or Klinger can share the vision that Takagawa described under **BEFORE 18:46:16**.

20:57:50 to 22:03:36

If the Agents sever the connection after 20:57:49, the final pulse comes at 22:03:36. The Agents hear and feel the rising energies of Azathoth's approach; see **22:03:37—COMMUNION** on page 190. But they catch only a glimpse of the horror as it strains to break through for a seemingly endless moment and then vanishes. Each witness loses 1/1D10 **SAN**. The gap closes—but Azathoth leaves a severed Extrusion of itself behind. The Extrusion crashes to earth and thrashes about, demolishing the Array for one turn, and then hunts for the energies that it knows—the music of Azathoth's court echoing in conscious human minds. It ignores the unconscious. It pursues the Array's staffers first, then the Agents themselves, then anyone else in sight, until it vanishes out of reality.

Afterward, either Takagawa or Klinger can share the vision that Takagawa described under **BEFORE 18:46:16**.

Shutting Down the Array

Stopping the Array's work is as easy as taking an axe to Dee and damaging the machinery in the Atrium or any of the laser huts. (Leaving one of the huts open for 1D4 hours allows enough dust to land to interfere with the Array's lasers.)

The Array's staffers, maddened by the influences of the incursion, physically fight tooth and nail to stop any of that from happening. Their reaction happens suddenly, without thought. Whatever fear and confusion they feel shows in their eyes, but not in their maniacal actions. They stop fighting when the Agents stop trying to damage the Array. As long as the Array is threatened, and after it is damaged or destroyed, they fight until restrained, incapacitated, or killed.

Agents who restrain a maddened staffer can talk him or her back to sanity in a few minutes with a **Psychotherapy** test. Otherwise a restrained staffer calms down after thirty minutes.

Strangely, shutting down the Array becomes traumatic for the Agents. After 18:46:16, it incurs a **SAN** cost of 0/1D4; shutting it down feels like breaking a connection to the divine. The loss is 0/1D6 after 20:57:50.

The researchers and engineers have private passwords they can use to log into the Atrium's system for maintenance and to reboot the system in case of a malfunction. They can log in from workstations in the main workroom. An Agent could trick one of them into revealing the password, perhaps by pretending the Array's work is at risk unless someone logs in to correct an error. That requires a **Persuade** test. It's at a –20% penalty if the Agents have a history of misleading the Array staffers, and a separate (cumulative) –20% penalty if the Agents try to trick more than one staffer at a time. Shutting down the Atrium with a staffer's unwitting help may trigger violence in other staffers who have not been duped.

Dee would be a tremendous resource if the Agents could turn its computing power to halting the connection with Azathoth. But the computer cannot do that. Its processes have bent toward perfecting the Array's communion with Azathoth like water falling over a cliff. Highly skilled Agents working with the computer may realize that every attempt to change its behavior or programming ends with a deeper connection with the Daemon Sultan. Nor can anyone make Dee turn itself off. Even disconnecting it from power changes nothing. Only physically breaking the computer or severing its connection to the Atrium will stop its work.

Stopping the Atrium and/or Dee doesn't immediately stop the symptoms of the incursion. But the symptoms begin to weaken. First, every character who has lost **WP** to the Array regains a point. In subsequent pulses, each character takes a –20% penalty on the POW roll to build connection with Azathoth.

Shutting down the Atrium and incapacitating the observers without touching Dee likewise only weakens the symptoms. The computer continues to analyze the data it has gathered and presents it to whoever interacts with it. That may mean the Agents themselves. Or if they pack up the computer intact and hand it over to Delta Green, that may mean other researchers far away. We leave the repercussions to you. Perhaps it will result in Delta Green summoning the Agents to break into a secret facility and destroy Dee before a new crop of maddened researchers draw Azathoth to Earth after all.

Incapacitating the Observers

The awareness of the Array's staffers to the reality of Azathoth is a deeper problem than the Atrium and the computer. If the Agents shut down the Array but leave the staffers alone, the pulses continue to build toward communion (see page 190). They take longer—add an hour or two to each pulse—but they are inexorable.

The Agents must reduce the number of participants whose awareness of the pulses of reality is making contact with Azathoth. That includes the Array staff, the guards, and the Agents themselves. It does not include any first responders who may have come to the scene; those unfortunates are not attuned enough to what's happening. "Reducing awareness" requires knocking people out or killing them.

Shutting down the Array quickly reduces the number of participants who must be neutralized. As the deadline nears, the Agents can feel the difference that reducing awareness makes. With each staffer, guard, or Agent who is rendered unconscious (or killed), the connection with Beyond feels more tenuous. When the process halts, everyone still conscious feels the relief in their brains and bones.

If they shut down the Array at or before 18:46:16, the process halts if there are no more than four staffers, security guards, or Agents conscious at 18:46:16.

If they shut down the Array between 18:46:17 and 20:57:49, the process halts if there are no more than two staffers, security guards, or Agents conscious at 20:57:49.

If they shut down the Array after 20:57:50, the process halts if there is no more than one staffer, security guard, or Agent conscious at 22:03:37.

Killing an innocent in cold blood costs 1/1D10 **SAN**, with a cap of 10 **SAN** for killing multiple victims in a short time. Standing by and letting someone else (Klinger, for instance) commit murder costs 1/1D6 **SAN** per victim, with a cap of 6. Play out the consequences. Don't be afraid to have the Agents all prosecuted and imprisoned if they commit mass murder. Maybe it was worth it.

An Agent Remembers

An Agent may regain memories of what happened before Iteration One:

The team came to the Array at night, sent in a hurry after a call from one of the Array staffers caught the attention of Delta Green. The staffers were already insane, murderous—and then something broke through. Something vast, black, shapeless and mindless, but alive and potent, ripped a hole in the sky over the Array. Thunderous blasts and shrieks of power answered the feeble pulses echoed by Dee. The thing in the sky swept out and absorbed everything into itself—

—and the Agent came "awake" screaming at 10:00 a.m., hours before, remembering almost nothing. The Agent called in the barest details to Delta Green. The Program sent the Agents to stop the disaster—and they failed. Late at night, the great power behind reality broke through again, absorbed everything again—

—and the Agent came "awake" screaming at 10:00 a.m., hours before, remembering almost nothing, not even the barest details. The Program sent the Agents to stop the disaster. Did they succeed?

Conclusion

Each Agent gains 1D10 **SAN** if they stopped the incursion, and another 1D10 if they understood the true scope of what was at stake.

If the Agents kept loss of life to a minimum (as Handler, you decide what that means), that's worth another 1D6 **SAN**.

If they destroyed the Array's technology to keep something like this from happening again, each Agent gains 1D4 **SAN**.

If they salvaged the Array's high technology for Delta Green, they're told to turn it over over to Carpenter so she can take it where it needs to go. If they investigate further—a sure way to get in trouble with Delta Green!—that's for the Handler to play out in later games. They may eventually learn that the salvaged technology winds up back in the hands of Curtis Schenk and Olympian Advances, Inc.

The Agents can turn Takagawa or even the insane Klinger over to Delta Green for treatment. If the Agents keep tabs on Dr. Takagawa, they may learn that he lasted only a few miserable days as his body temperature continued to rise. Cells throughout his inner organs had already begun to turn cancerous due to DNA damage and mutation. When he died, his body inexplicably stopped emitting ultraviolet radiation. If they turn Klinger over, they never hear another word about her.

Tailor other repercussions to the course that the operation took. Further occult investigations, having to cover up wholesale murder, covering up for an extradimensional monstrosity turned loose in the Chicago suburbs—the Agents face many dangers after the horrors of "Observer Effect."

Characters

The guards and most of the staff at the Array can be represented with interchangeable stats.

Security Guards

Henry Gonzales and Karen Henson.

Breckenridge Guard

STR 14 **CON** 13 **DEX** 12 **INT** 11 **POW** 12 **CHA** 10

HP 14 **WP** 10 **SAN** 45 **BREAKING POINT** 36

DISORDERS AND ADAPTATIONS: Each guard has begun behaving strangely, and will manifest a new disorder in the next few days, thanks to the effects of the Array.

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Dodge 40%, Drive Auto 50%, Firearms 50%, HUMINT 40%, Law 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Persuade 40%, Search 50%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: H&K USP 9mm pistol 50% (Damage 1D10, 15 shots, Base Range 15 m.)

Night stick 50% (Damage 1D6+1)

Unarmed 50% (Damage 1D4)

ARMOR AND EQUIPMENT: Kevlar vest (Armor 3), three extra pistol magazines, flashlight, night-vision goggles, a dozen cable ties (for use as plastic handcuffs).

Holobeam Array Staffers

Each has lost WP and SAN to the Array's effects.

Researcher or Engineer

STR 8 **CON** 10 **DEX** 10 **INT** 18 **POW** 10 **CHA** 10

HP 9 **WP** 7 **SAN** 40 **BREAKING POINT** 30

DISORDERS AND ADAPTATIONS: Each staffer has begun behaving strangely, and will manifest a new disorder in the next few days, thanks to the effects of the Array.

SKILLS—RESEARCHERS: Bureaucracy 50%, Computer Science 40%, Occult 70% *(Dr. Black only)*, Persuade 40%, Science (Physics) 80%, Unnatural 15% (*Dr. Black only*).

SKILLS—ENGINEERS: Computer Science 60%, Craft (Electrician) 70%, Craft (Laser Optics) 70%, Science (Engineering) 80%, Science (Physics) 40%.

SKILLS—INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY: Computer Science 80%, Craft (Electrician) 50%, Craft (Microelectronics) 70%, Science (Physics) 40%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 40% (Damage 1D4−1).

Heavy improvised weapon 30% (Damage 1D6 from a wrench, fire extinguisher, chair, or computer monitor).

Dr. Helen Klinger

Klinger is driven by desperate, insane fury and strengthened by unnatural energies. While stalking victims, Dr. Klinger prefers the darkness—striking outside in the night, or disabling a room's lights before a victim comes in—because her deranged senses work just as well in dark as in light, and that grants her a +40% bonus to attacks and incurs a −40% penalty to opponents who can't see. She makes as little sound as her low Stealth will allow.

Dr. Klinger

STR 16 **CON** 15 **DEX** 10 **INT** 18 **POW** 10 **CHA** 10

HP 16 **WP** 10 **SAN** 0

SKILLS: Bureaucracy 50%, Computer Science 40%, Persuade 40%, Science (Physics) 80%, Stealth 10%, Unarmed Combat 40%.

DISORDERS AND ADAPTATIONS: Psychopathic.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 40%, damage 2D4 (Armor Piercing 5).

OUT OF PHASE: Any time an attack hits Dr. Klinger, there's a 50% chance that she has shifted out of phase with reality and is immune to the attack. Electrical, fire, laser, and magical attacks ignore this ability. Anyone who sees this for the first time loses 0/1D4 **SAN**.

DECOHERENCE: Every so often, Dr. Klinger vanishes in a flash of blue-white light. She reappears in a random direction 2D20 meters away. When that happens is up to you, but it should feel random.

BURNING STRENGTH: Dr. Klinger's hands burn with invisible energies, scorching flesh and melting through Kevlar. Even if her attack fails, it inflicts 1D4 damage (Armor Piercing 5) unless the target **Dodges** to get out of reach. It costs 0/1D4 **SAN** to be burned by her hands or see them burn a friend.

INHUMAN VISION: Dr. Klinger "sees" with organs other than eyes. No kind of darkness impedes her.

ONE WITH THE VOID: Dr. Klinger cannot be knocked unconscious. If reduced to 0 HP, her body twists with a surge of light as she shrieks. Her wounds open and gape, revealing a black void that draws the eye hypnotically. Then she vanishes and is not seen again.

SAN loss: 1/1D6.

The Extrusion

A roiling, bubbling mass or pure, cold blackness the size of a train car. Its bulk sucks in light and heat. It lashes out with tendrils and stutters from place to place as if only half in this reality. It emits a sound—for lack of a better word—like the insane gibbering of a thousand voices, none human.

STR 50 **CON** 40 **DEX** 10 **INT** 6 **POW** 30 **CHA** n/a

HP 45 **WP** 30 **SAN** n/a

ATTACKS: Crushing Tendrils, 50% (range 10 m.; if it hits, the Extrusion can immediately attempt to pin the victim; a pinned victim suffers 10% Lethality every round after that; once the Extrusion has pinned a victim, its tendrils can attack another victim).

ABSORPTION: When the Extrusion reduces a victim to 0 HP, it absorbs the victim's mass-energy in a loud crack and a flash of light. Keep count each time the Extrusion absorbs a character. The more of them it absorbs, the stronger its hold on Earth.

HUGE AND TRANSCENDENT: The Extrusion is a Huge target, but that's irrelevant; it's Transcendent, so it suffers no harm from physical attacks: bullets, explosions, fire, electricity, acid, you name it. It seems irritated by them but they pose it no risk.

INHUMAN POWER: The Extrusion's STR, CON, and POW tests all have a 99% chance to succeed. And unlike with a mere human, any roll equal to that stat's value or lower *(e.g.,* 50 or below for its STR) is a critical success.

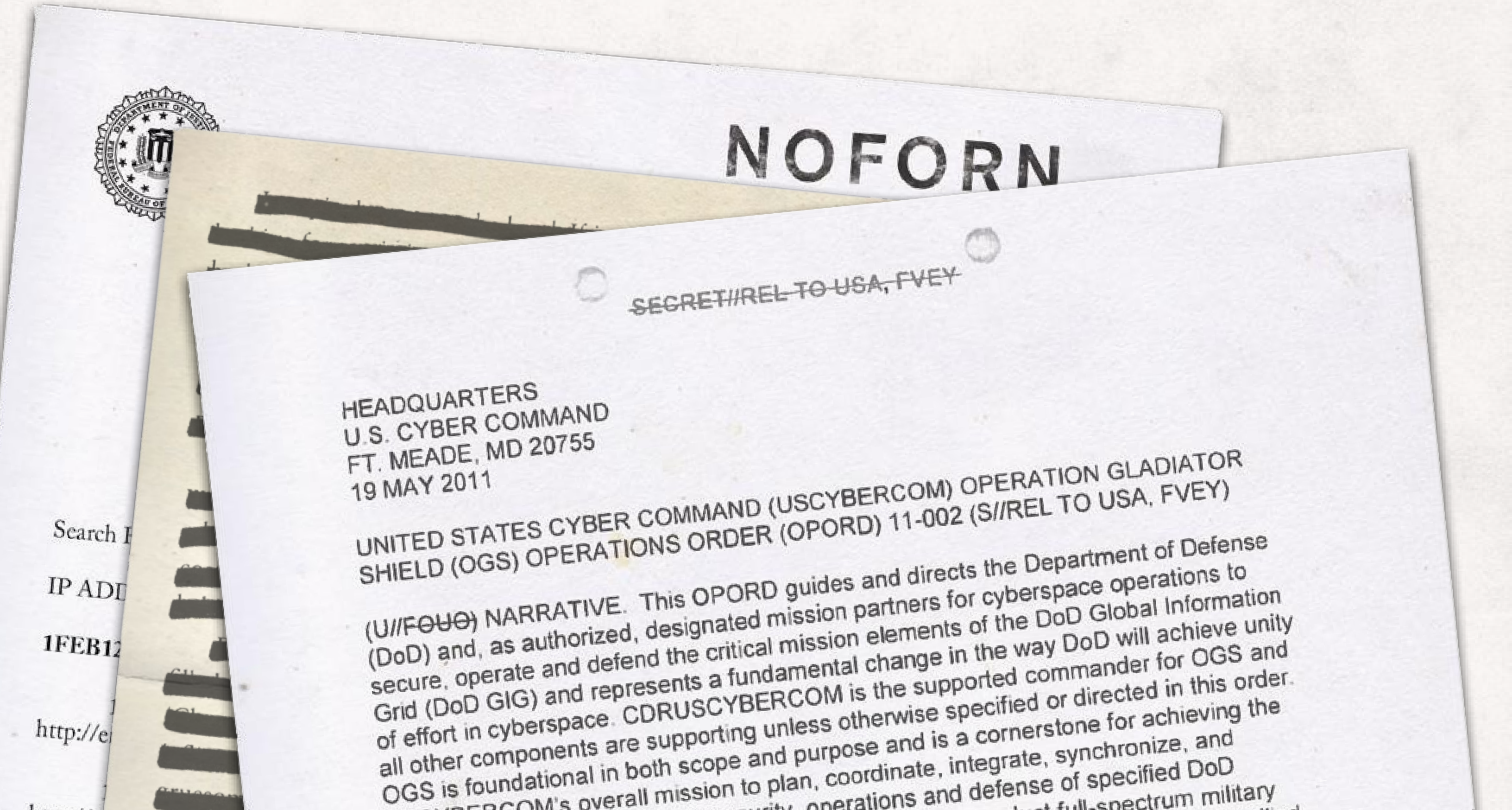
FLIGHT: The Extrusion whips through the air, grabbing at nothing with its tendrils and pulling itself at tremendous speed. It moves up to 50 meters per round in combat. Outside combat, it can fling itself through the atmosphere at nearly a thousand kph.

"PIPING AND DRUMMING": Each round after the Extrusion acts, roll 1D12. If the roll is greater than the count of characters that the Extrusion has absorbed (or greater than 10 in any event), this ability activates. The Extrusion emits a flash of brilliant white-blue energy with a sudden cacophony of thin, monotonous screeching. Every character within 50 meters must make a **CON** test or lose 1D6 HP and WP (armor and cover provide no protection), and suffer radiation sickness. The third time this ability activates, the Extrusion vanishes into the surge of light and noise, never to be seen again.

INHUMAN SENSES: The Extrusion "sees" with organs other than eyes and ears.

RADIATION SICKNESS: Radiation sickness acquired from the Extrusion (whether an Agent is afflicted once or more than once) is a disease with an Onset of 1D6 days, no Penalty, and a Damage rating of 1D6. Symptoms are nausea, cramps, and fever. There's no cure except recovery, but having medicines specifically meant for radiation sickness grants a +20% bonus to the **CON** test to resist the disease in each week when a doctor's Medicine roll succeeds. Whether the radiation leads to cancer in the long term we leave up to the Handler.

SAN LOSS: 1D6/1D20.



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~~SECRET//REL TO USA, FVEY~~

HEADQUARTERS
U.S. CYBER COMMAND
FT. MEADE, MD 20755
19 MAY 2011

UNITED STATES CYBER COMMAND (USCYBERCOM) OPERATION GLADIATOR SHIELD (OGS) OPERATIONS ORDER (OPORD) 11-002 (S//REL TO USA, FVEY)

(U//~~FOUO~~) NARRATIVE. This OPORD guides and directs the Department of Defense (DoD) and, as authorized, designated mission partners for cyberspace operations to secure, operate and defend the critical mission elements of the DoD Global Information Grid (DoD GIG) and represents a fundamental change in the way DoD will achieve unity of effort in cyberspace. CDRUSCYBERCOM is the supported commander for OGS and all other components are supporting unless otherwise specified or directed in this order. OGS is foundational in both scope and purpose and is a cornerstone for achieving the ERCOM's overall mission to plan, coordinate, integrate, synchronize, and

DELTA GREEN

PERSONAL DATA

1. LAST NAME, FIRST NAME, MIDDLE INITIAL Inspector Hua,	2. PROFESSION (RANK IF APPLICABLE) Scientist
3. EMPLOYER U.S. Department of Energy	4. NATIONALITY U.S.

5. SEX ☐ F ☐ M ☐ ________

6. AGE AND D.O.B. 45

7. EDUCATION AND OCCUPATIONAL HISTORY Ph.D. in nuclear engineering, Texas A&M University—College Station

STATISTICAL DATA

8. STATISTICS	SCORE	×5	DISTINGUISHING FEATURES
Strength (STR)	9	45%	
Constitution (CON)	12	60%	
Dexterity (DEX)	10	50%	
Intelligence (INT)	17	85%	Studious
Power (POW)	14	70%	Dependable
Charisma (CHA)	10	50%	

9. DERIVED ATTRIBUTES	MAXIMUM	CURRENT
Hit Points (HP)	11	
Willpower Points (WP)	14	11
Sanity Points (SAN)	99	61
Breaking Point (BP)		56

10. PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

PSYCHOLOGICAL DATA

11. BONDS	SCORE
Spouse and four children	10
Ex-colleague w/shared traumatic history	7
Parents	10

12. MOTIVATIONS AND MENTAL DISORDERS

13. INCIDENTS OF SAN LOSS WITHOUT GOING INSANE

Violence ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted* Helplessness ☐ ☐ ☐ *adapted*

RESTRICTED
TOP SECRET//ORCON/SPECIAL ACCESS REQUIRED
DELTA GREEN

APPLICABLE SKILL SETS

☐ Accounting (10%)	
☐ Alertness (20%)	
☐ Anthropology (0%)	
☐ Archeology (0%)	
☐ Art (0%):	
☐ Artillery (0%)	
☐ Athletics (30%)	
☐ Bureaucracy (10%)	60%
☐ Computer Science (0%)	60%
☐ Craft (0%): Electrician	60%
☐ Criminology (10%)	
☐ Demolitions (0%)	
☐ Disguise (10%)	
☐ Dodge (30%)	60%
☐ Drive (20%)	
☐ Firearms (20%)	30%

☐ First Aid (10%)	
☐ Forensics (0%)	
☐ Heavy Machinery (10%)	
☐ Heavy Weapons (0%)	
☐ History (10%)	
☐ HUMINT (10%)	
☐ Law (0%)	40%
☐ Medicine (0%)	
☐ Melee Weapons (30%)	
☐ Military Science (0%):	
☐ Navigate (10%)	
☐ Occult (10%)	30%
☐ Persuade (20%)	
☐ Pharmacy (0%)	
☐ Pilot (0%):	
☐ Psychotherapy (10%)	

☐ Ride (10%)	
☐ Science (0%): Engineering	80%
☐ Search (20%)	
☐ SIGINT (0%)	
☐ Stealth (10%)	
☐ Surgery (0%)	
☐ Survival (10%)	
☐ Swim (20%)	
☐ Unarmed Combat (40%)	50%
Unnatural (0%)	
Foreign Languages and Other Skills:	
☐ Craft (Microelectronics)	40%
☐ Language (Mandarin)	20%
☐ Science (Nuclear Physics)	70%
☐ Science (Chemistry)	60%
☐	
☐	

Check a box when you attempt to use a skill and fail. After the session, add 1 to each checked skill and erase all checks.

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INJURIES

14. WOUNDS AND AILMENTS

Has First Aid been attempted since the last injury? ☐ yes: only Medicine, Surgery, or long-term rest can help further

EQUIPMENT

15. ARMOR AND GEAR

Flashlight, digital camera, cellphone, high-fidelity audio recorder, electronics toolkit, first aid kit, laptop loaded with analysis software, radio earpiece with microphone, Geiger counter, electronic personal dosimeter.

Handheld stunner effects: target is stunned until he or she succeeds at a CON test and then is at −20% for 1D20 turns.

Body armor reduces the damage of all attacks except Called Shots and successful Lethality rolls.

16. WEAPONS	SKILL %	BASE RANGE	DAMAGE	ARMOR PIERCING	LETHALITY %	KILL RADIUS	AMMO
(a) Unarmed	50%	n/a	1D4–1	n/a	n/a	n/a	n/a
(b) Handheld stunner	50%	n/a	Stun	n/a	n/a	n/a	10
(c)							
(d)							
(e)							
(f)							
(g)							

REMARKS

17. PERSONAL DETAILS AND NOTES

Inspector Hua can be an NPC accompanying the Agents or be played by one of the players. Whoever plays Hua decides the inspector's gender, personality, full name, and Bond names.

Past hard experiences cost Hua a Bond with a longtime colleague and 5 points of SAN. It also raised Hua's skills in Dodge, Firearms, Occult, and Unarmed Combat.

18. DEVELOPMENTS WHICH AFFECT HOME AND FAMILY

Hua lost 4 SAN, 3 WP, and 3 points from a Bond at the scenario's beginning, which is already reflected in his scores.

19. SPECIAL TRAINING	SKILL OR STAT USED

Please indicate why this agent was recruited and why the agent agreed to be recruited.

20. AUTHORIZING OFFICER

21. AGENT SIGNATURE

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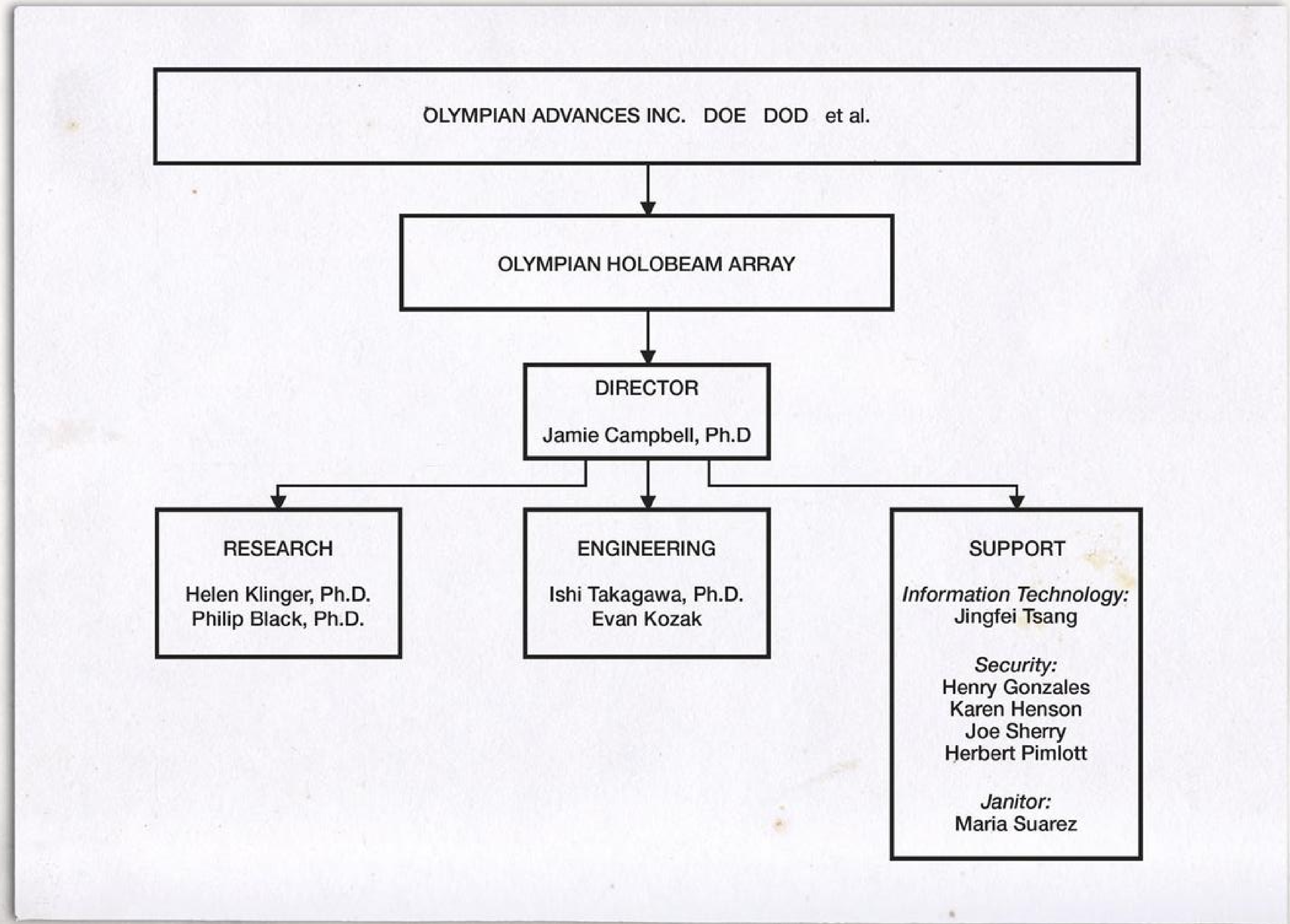
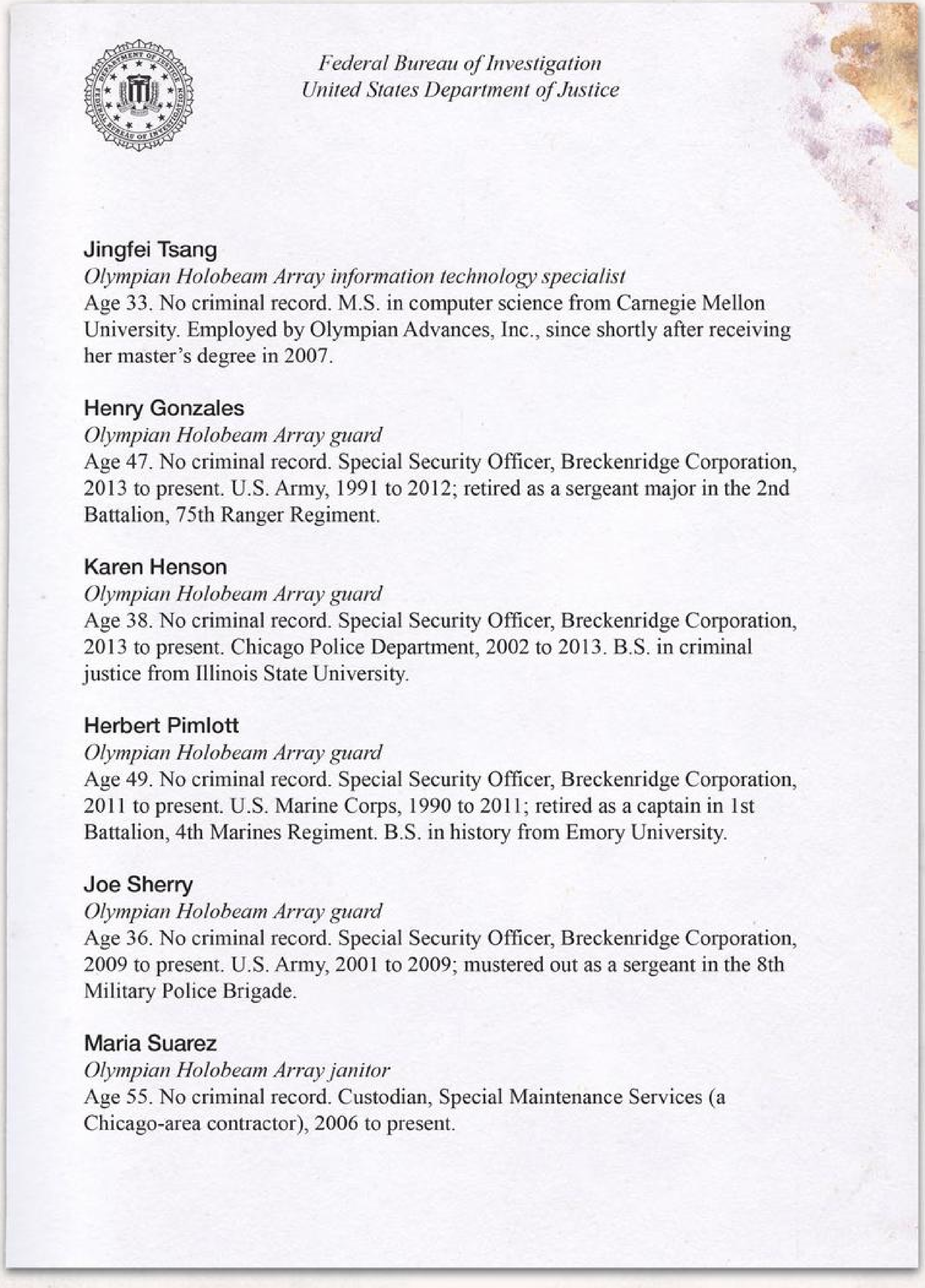
Holobeam Array Organization


OLYMPIAN ADVANCES INC. DOE DOD et al.
OLYMPIAN HOLOBEAM ARRAY
DIRECTOR
Jamie Campbell, Ph.D
RESEARCH
Helen Klinger, Ph.D.
Philip Black, Ph.D.
ENGINEERING
Ishi Takagawa, Ph.D.
Evan Kozak
SUPPORT
Information Technology:
Jingfei Tsang
Security:
Henry Gonzales
Karen Henson
Joe Sherry
Herbert Pimlott
Janitor:
Maria Suarez

Support Staff Background Summaries



Federal Bureau of Investigation
United States Department of Justice

Jingfei Tsang
Olympian Holobeam Array information technology specialist
Age 33. No criminal record. M.S. in computer science from Carnegie Mellon University. Employed by Olympian Advances, Inc., since shortly after receiving her master's degree in 2007.

Henry Gonzales
Olympian Holobeam Array guard
Age 47. No criminal record. Special Security Officer, Breckenridge Corporation, 2013 to present. U.S. Army, 1991 to 2012; retired as a sergeant major in the 2nd Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment.

Karen Henson
Olympian Holobeam Array guard
Age 38. No criminal record. Special Security Officer, Breckenridge Corporation, 2013 to present. Chicago Police Department, 2002 to 2013. B.S. in criminal justice from Illinois State University.

Herbert Pimlott
Olympian Holobeam Array guard
Age 49. No criminal record. Special Security Officer, Breckenridge Corporation, 2011 to present. U.S. Marine Corps, 1990 to 2011; retired as a captain in 1st Battalion, 4th Marines Regiment. B.S. in history from Emory University.

Joe Sherry
Olympian Holobeam Array guard
Age 36. No criminal record. Special Security Officer, Breckenridge Corporation, 2009 to present. U.S. Army, 2001 to 2009; mustered out as a sergeant in the 8th Military Police Brigade.

Maria Suarez
Olympian Holobeam Array janitor
Age 55. No criminal record. Custodian, Special Maintenance Services (a Chicago-area contractor), 2006 to present.

Dr. Black's Notes

Beyond space-time or SOURCE spacetime??

Flutes, drums
—high energy, low energy
—what does that really represent?

Dee
-patterns
-awareness?
[redacted]

"Observer Effect" Playtesters

Matthew Adams with Jeff Dobbs, Charles Miller, Thomas Snyder, John Solomon, and Martin Zmiejko; Andrew Tyler Baswell with Sam Balaban, Chris Fabrie, JJ Matejka, and Landon Williams; Shannon R. Bell with Anthony Bailey, Dr. Kori Callison, Daniel Clifford, Dawn Fischer, Owen Haskell, Brigette Hofmann, Ian the Mediocre, Ben "putting a beatin' on every Norwegian" Kahlie, and Christopher J. Rayner; Matthew Couch with Drew Devine, Kerry Jordan, and Rusty Stewart; Steve Dempsey with Jason "Handy" Woodburn and Gemma "Hoolihan" Mitchell; Steve Eckart with Kelley Eckart, Dave Hobson, Christina Owen, David Sinclair, and Jason Sanders; Claes Gerleman with Erik Berglund, David Bothén, Timea Jacobsson, Jonas Linde, and Robert Spjern; Kevin Ham with Junebug Jupiter, Arianna Manzo, Rev. Christopher Tutkus, Wadledo, and Patrick Walsh; Marissa Harris with Mike Glew, Rebecca Plush, Sarah Plush, Chris Ritchie, and Petra Shaw; Jason Janicki with Sidonie Brooks, Joshua Hatfield, Joe Long, Gabriel Stroe, and Jacob Tincknell; Rónán Kennedy with Sarah Deegan, Ruth Holland, Gesine Stanienda, and Kieran Turley; Vasil Khiznjak with Inna Alexeeva, Vladlen Ralchuk, Natalia Rodionova, and Pavel Rodionov; Ned Leffingwell with Andrew Bass, Barry Chance, and Michael Scott; Anthony Marchiafava with Anthony, Derek, Jacob, and Mike; Shane Mclean with Paul Dorritt, Robin Elliott, and Yvonne Mclean; Keith Mouradian with Ashley, Dan, Gaelen, George, Jason, and Nate; Sean Murphy with Alan Green and Elizabeth Murphy; Nicholas Nacario with Lillie Dickey, James Harrison, Steve Rosenstein, Kim Smeltzer, Spencer Triebull-Baireuther, Rodney Turner, and Wesley James Young; Dave von Nearing with Aaron, Adam, "D.," Geoff, Greg, and Slade; Megan Peterson with John T. d'Auteuil, Zachary Kline, Jonn Perry, Phil Tillsley, and Aser Tolentino; Nikica Pukšic with Filip Cerovecki, Tomislav Ivek, Ivan Juric, and Ivan Novosel; Chad Swenson with Erich Borchardt, Jeffery Dobberpuhl, Rurik Hover, and Jonathan Matzke; Akira Takayama with Nathaniel Dozier, Mike O'Hara, and Ryan Taylor; David Woo with Jason Carman, Shannon Henderson, Ryan O'Quinn, Jesse Saunders, and Derrick Walton; and to Noah Carden, Chris Malone, Jason Mical, Keith Potter, and Ross Rosenberg at Gen Con 2015, and Jen Cotton, Kenneth Lavender, and Edward Terry back in Birmingham.

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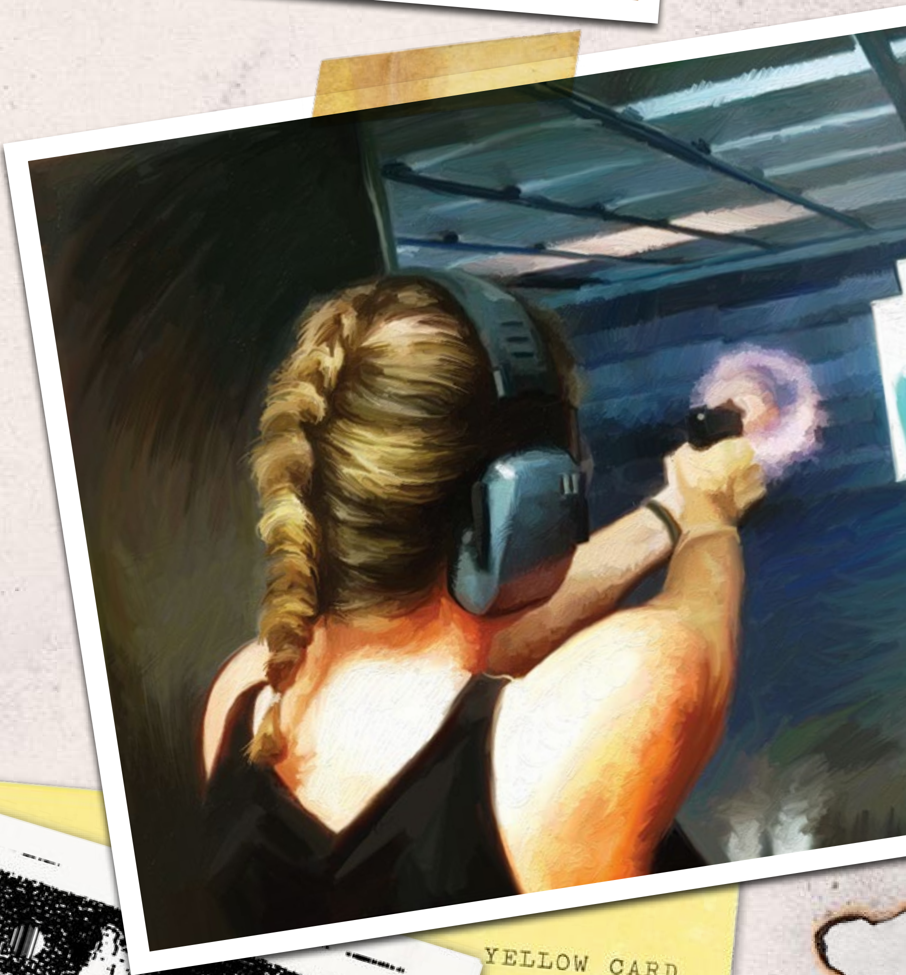

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
NEW YORK
SYNOPSIS OF FACTS:

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2. RIGHT INDEX

Agents' Standing Orders

These are operational priorities that every agent learns, although they must never be written down.

Delta Green agents protect their country from unnatural threats at any cost. It may be necessary to violate every law and principle that they once swore to uphold in order to confront threats that the law never anticipated. They are sworn to never tell anyone about Delta Green or its mission, nor the work they do on its behalf.

In a Delta Green operation, agents must first determine whether there has been an "unnatural" incursion. If there has, their orders are:

First Priority

Stop the incursion. Gather intelligence to ascertain the nature of the incursion and the best means of stopping it.

Second Priority

Obscure the incursion. Minimize awareness of it in order to prevent the damage from spreading. Prevent anyone else from being exposed to the threat or learning about the threat. Develop a plan to explain it away. Make sure the public has a mundane, boring story to tell. There must be no extended investigations. That also means there should be no unnecessary communication about the incursion. Say nothing on a phone or by email that someone could uncover later.

Third Priority

Obscure Delta Green's involvement. If possible, leave no identifying traces behind: computer records, metadata from phone calls or email, blood, hair, fingerprints, etc. Under no circumstances are you to reveal your real purpose or Delta Green's existence. If you're arrested, take the fall. Delta Green may be able to have a prosecution or lawsuit thrown out, later—if you keep silent and follow orders.

Fourth Priority

Secure advanced technology. Gather up all technological materials of an unconventionally advanced or non-terrene point of origin and prepare it for collection.

Fifth Priority

Save lives. As many as possible.